TEN BOOKS of Homers Iliades, *translated out of* French, By *Arthur Hall Esquire.*

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Cum Priuilegio.

Thom. Tanner


BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

To the right VVorshipfull his very good friend Sir Thomas Cicill Knight

A.H. wisheth all prosperitie.

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About two or three yeres past (good Knight) ransacking diuers olde and aside cast Papers of small moment: I found some fragments of Homers Iliades translated out of Frenche verse into Englishe metre at such time as I groped thereat, being a Scholer with you in my L. your fathers house: which when I had considered, & founde of as small reckening as the rest they were stored vp with, which was in truth none at all, I was about to bequeath thē to the fire. But being either better or worse aduised, for in your allowing & disallowing of this my proceeding consisteth the same: I tooke them againe in hand, & not onely as my leasure & capacitie did serue me, somwhat corrected my first Trāslatiō, which God knows needes eue now much meriding, and therefore in likelihood verie roughly hewed at the first: but also proceeded to finishe vp tenne whole Bookes. The which hauing performed this yeere, I haue till nowe rested in diuers myndes touching the Publication of them. In which warre with my selfe, I first did deale with mine owne want of abilitie to write any thing, much lesse to translate, and that out of verse into the same kinde, in my opinion the hardest matter belonges to the penne. Also I founde alwayes my selfe in such disquiet of minde, by meanes of some practise of my contraries (I must say vndeserued by me) such vexation in Lawe, and carefull turmoyle to preserue somewhat to my poore house, in a manner ouerthrowne by my vngouerned youth: that I was fully perswaded I coulde not goe thorowe well with my desire, being so harried otherwayes, for your selfe best knowes, that to a Poet there is no greater

poison, than vexation of sprite. Againe, when I considered of the ripe wittes of this age, and had read diuerse workes so exquisitely done in this kinde by our owne Nation. As the trauaile of M Barnabe Googe in Palingenius, the learned and painefull translation of part of Seneca by M. Iasper Heywood, the excellent and laudable labour of M. Arthur Golding, making Ouid speake English in no worse Termes, than the Authors owne gifts gaue him grace to write in Latine, the worthy workes of that noble Gentleman my L. of Buckhurst, the pretie and pythie conceites of M. George Gascoyne, and others in great number, no more to be liked than praised, and not so much to be praised, as to be recorded for their eternall commendation. These persons, whose bookes I am not worthy to carie, when I minded, I wished I had beene otherwise occupied, I condemned my trauaile, I scratched my head as men doe, when they are greatly barred of their willes. But when I lighted on M. Thomas Phaers Virgilian Englishe, quoth I, what haue I done? am I become senslesse, to trauaile to be laughed at, to presume, and to be scorned, and to put forth my selfe and not to be receiued: for I was so abashed looking vpon M. Phaers Heroicall Virgill, and my Satiricall Homer, as I cried out, enuying Virgils prosperitie, who gathered of Homer, that he had fallen into the oddest mans hands, that euer England bred. And lamented poore blind Homers case, who gathered of no body, to fall to me poore blinde soule, poorely and blindly to learne him to talke our mother Tongue. These stoppes laide before me, and considered, made me for a while cast my papers behinde mee. But as it is a propertie of euerie man soone to finde a reason to will him proceede with his owne humour, be it neuer so vnreasonably grounded, in like case fell it with me: for these were my Arguments against these sound persuasions obiected to staie me. First I remembred that about. 18. or. 19. yeeres past walking with M. Richard Askame, a verie good Grecian, and a familiar acquaintaunce of Homer, & reciting vpon occasion of talke betweene vs, certaine verses Englished by me of the said Author, he animated me much, with great entreatie to goe forwarde with my begun enterprise. The like did also about that time the erst named M. Iasper Heywood, a man then better learned than fortunate, and since more fortunate than he hath well bestowed (as it is thought) the gifts God and Nature hath liberally lent him. Secondly, I suppose also that indifferent Iudges will say, I haue my wares at the second hande, as by Fraunce out of Greece, because I am not able to trauaile so farre for them, not vnderstan-

ding

ding the language. Thirdly for asmuch as I did assure my selfe (good knight) that you, to whom I haue long vowed my labour, would regard my good will, more than the worthinesse of my Translation, which if you doe. I haue with a most contented minde made holiday. And wholy presuming therof, it hath made me blind Bayerd, as bold as euer blind Iade was: And that in putting my simple skill to the carping iudgement of so many as well learned, as vnskilfull heads: which latter sort, though they be as blind as my milhorse with neuer an eye, no doubt will be busier to iudge colours, & thinke they do it better then Poliphemus could, who had one perfect eye right in his forehead. Well, put case they do mislike, what helpe? If I thought I should in any Action please all men, I were fondly minded. And if I would goe about to content echones humour, I were meeter to carie Esopes Asse, than to be wisely occupied. My Author that most famous Poet had Momus and Zoilus, to take exceptions, & picke q̃uarels to his bookes, & that at such time, as no mā could iustly commend them enough, I may not thinke the Apprentise to be greater than his Maister, neither yet the Translator to be compared to the first writer, wherefore for such persons the care is taken. As touching the Author himselfe, I know you shall finde him worthy the Englishing, though not worthily done. What fruites are to be gathered out of him, is lost labour to rehearse, your owne iudgement, whē you haue read him, will tell you more than I can, who haue dealt no small time with him. That happie conqueroure Alexander the great, would not sleepe without him vnder his beddes head. He teacheth the dueties of many no small Babes, and in such sort as it shall not repent any man of his time imployed to reade him, as I haue sayde you can best iudge, and therefore for that here an ende. Some men haue condemned him heretofore, and doe, for his fonde fabling of the Gods, truely I cannot allowe them therein, for I am not persuaded his beliefe was so grosse touching them, but that he obserued a Poeticall manner of discourse, in citing so often the heauenly powers, as then they were taken, and that he had some peculiar meaning therein, which I conceyue in my opinion, and you I doubte not but will finde. In the latter ende of the Frenche seconde Booke, mention is made of the Cataloge of the Grecian Princes, that came from all partes to the besieging of Troy, and of the Troyan leaders and diuerse forreine Kings and Captaynes, that brought their people to the ayde of Priamus state: but looking to haue the same followe in the ende of the sayde Booke, I perceyue the Frenche Translater

hath

hath omitted it: yea considering howe necessarie the recitall of the same is, I sought out the Latine, and there founde it, the which I haue also added in his place. I earnestly beseeche you to take in good part my good meaning, which I alwayes haue, and doe beare toward you, bound therto, not onely by that honourable and rare fauour of my L. your father, euen from my childhood dayly continued, yea maugre of such my contraries, who euer wanted good disposition to loue worthily his Lordshippes vertues, and neuer wanted good will crosse me with careleſſe extremitie. To rehearse the particulers of your owne friendships towardes me, will aske long time, they are so diuers and many, and in this place not so needefull to repeate, as needefull in all other places for me to studie howe I may requite some part of them. To blase abroade the blessings of minde and otherwise, which God so aboundantly hath bestowed on you, and makes me the more to honour you, will lesse content you to heare your owne praise, than all the world well knowes you worthy thereof. And therefore wishing you all prosperitie, I committe you to him, who is best able, and no doubt will sende you enough.

Yours most assured to commaund. *A. H.*

Proposith of the Author, with inuocation of his Muse

THee beseech, O Goddesse milde,
the hatefull hate to plaine,
Whereby Achilles was so wronged,
and greiue in suche disdaine,
That thousandes of the Grekish Dukes,
in hard and beastie plight,
To Plutoes Courte did yelde their soules,
and gaping lay vpright,
Those senceleste trunckes of buriall voide, by them erst gastly horne,
By rauening curres, and carreine foules, in peeces to be torne.
Gainst Agamemn. of Ioue his swath, so kindled was the fire,
That he Achil to deere, and cruelle so dispeple did conspire.
O Lady shew what God begonne this hateful quarrell thus,
It was the heire of Latona, the gallant gay Phoebus,

Narratiō.

Who had to stire that mighty God, to hurle down his lightning throwes,
With stormes of haile, and thunder clapes the God in choller growes,
That Agamemn. roughly a suite his Chryses Priest refuse,
In Grekish wise his plages he flings, their fates which wrought the bale.
At that time Chryses did repayre vnto the shippes, that lay
At ancker before *Troy* besiegde, in the Porte of *Sigey*,

The comming of Chryses to the Greeks campe.

With verdant crown, wherewith Apoll his seemely head had clad,
With sceptre eke, with things of price, which he for ransome had,
His daughter captiue he me by Grekes by sworth his towne to lose,
To both Atrides and other kings, he breaken thus humbly.
O Princes greate, the lofty Gods aboue in earth beloue
Doe sende you lucke, this Priams towne to sacke and ouerthrowe,
And loden with the Troian wealth, ye safe to Greece retire,
If pitie in your hearts haue place, if willing ye desire
To reuerence the God I serue, if feeble aged dayes,

Chryses to Agamemnon, Menelaus & the other Princes.

A worthy lot, Nobilitie may tempre any wayes,
Let my mishap obtaine, I pray Chryses to beare to me,
O Kings accept these goodly giftes for raunsome here that be.
His suite was taken in that sorte, that al the Grekes did cry
Worshipfull his giftes, to yelde Chryses, and vse him reuerently,
Agamemn. was so far in loue with this so gentle maide,

Achilles

Agamemnō answveres Chryses & threatens him

Such sutes he coulde not he abide, to Chryses grimme hée saide,
Shaking aloffe his Lerne head: Ohatefull votard thou,
Henceforth in these quarters agoine take heede I see not you.
For no scepter, nor Apolloes, that holds my hand from thee,
Thinke not ertsoone Chryses to haue, the shalt reuaine with me:
In Coaster file thy Coulure rocke, my woofe to spinne and dight,
And bed to make, till vehemencie, to thon hoarie age shal light:
Hence out auoyd nor moue mine ire, I reade thou take good heede,
If safe and sounde vnto your Troian home to speede.
Whereat olde man thus threatned, feares place, both not abide,
He hides his griefe, nought to th'hoastes hard by the sounding sea:
But much in silence to himselfe, his olde wife vsde to plaine,
With prayers to Apollo, whom Goddesse Latona trulled.

Chryses prayer to Apollo.

Apollo thou the lord and commaunder, who rules the Cilles diuine,
Cilla, Chrisa, Smynthie, Tenedos, with force to thee obeyned,
O Phœbus heare thou my complaints, if euer I vaileil greene
Thy Temple, or fat Crissa brimme, or if I haue done
Thy holy Sanctuarie hath fraught, with hostie vowne to thée,
Of oxen, or of goates the fleshe, vouchsafe reuenge thy seruitors
On these gainst Greekes with thy shaft, your paine sire haue payed so faire,

Apollo descendes to the campe, and sendes therein a plague.

To plague y wrong, Lord alone the teare the wounding of thy bowe:
He pray'd, and Phœbus gaue eare, descending straight to grounde
Begerd with wrath his silver bowe, which gaue a dreadful sounde,
Leauing eight darts his impression of care, to bide effects dispose,
He draweth the mid to sight, and in the ranges shafte he loosed:
The noise bids flie nunge, the bowstring smacke, the shot so far it hit.
The standing Mules they die, and Dogs so vaine and running fit:
But since the ready bowe he sent, into the Greekish hoste,
In numbers huge their pestilent, in heighte the heapes they roste:
Hard by the shippes (O mysed gods) their scales no more,
Nine dayes Apollo bent angard, and them with sounding speede:

Achilles assembles the councel

But puissant Iuno Godesse thought, for Greeks in hart for ruth
During (this dear) of thold hard strife with pitie gaine to rue:
She put in mind Achilles her, that god-like so bold to call,
To sée by force helpe to all of the hoste which so doth dare the wrath
As much as vaunt in his effect, and eu so was all vrgent,

Achilles

Achilles putting forth himselfe this talke to them began.
O worthy Kings, aboue is Ioue, our hope to helpe vs all,
To Greece to Troie we must returne, but why I know not well.
That we the Trojans force do vanish, needs a matter vpon
God graunt the weapons of our foes, vse not vs to confound.
You see howe in this wretched warre our people dos decay.
And now this deadly noisome plague doth make them fast away.
Wherefore my Lordes, it needfull is to seeke and search about
Of some Diuine, Augur, or Priest to trie the matter out.
What is the cause: For who that dreames, can truly interprete well
(Sith that from Ioue the dreames proceede) the why shal quickly tell.
He soone will say whether Phœbus this direfull plague hath sent.
For that to do him sacrifice we haue here negligent.
Or that vnto his holy house he wordy offrings graue.
Or sheepe and goats, whereby appeased, same shielding vs may haue.

Achilles had no sooner saide, he sate him in his place.

Calchas an excellent Prophet.

Calchas arose, which from his youth Phœbus did verie suche grace.
The present times he knewe full well, the past he not forgot.
Of suche as were to sea vp with, what ships the secrete lot.
This greatly was to Prophet he, for to direct their trames.
The Grekes did rule by his counsaile and sayles thus he frames.

Achilles friend vnto the Gods, then counsell I shall thee shewe.
Vnto the hearers heare, from whence Apollos wrath doth grow.
I will it do, but sweare thou shalt, my safetie to defend.
For such a one as I haue, which shall offend the lord.
I much do dread his hand of force, for he shall my speeches heare.
Yea he, whome all the Greekes feare, shall greatly cause to smart.
And much amate: For might he gather although conceale they wot
A crosse receiued of simple wight, vttered then at the hot.
Whereon vnto ceaseth not, til they no yelde their vengeance due.
Assure me then with thy power defence, here that I speake.
Say why? Thou wilt quoth Achilles, for by the God of light.
Whose secretes thou so well dost know, I will defende thy right.
None of the Grekes, whereas I am, shall wrong or iniure thee.
No not the greatest of regarde, not Agamemnon he.

Calchas an excellent Prophet.

Then Calchas thus assurde by me, vnto vs he spake.

Calchas declareth through what cause of offence the pestilence.

Ye Grekes, this plague continues not, nor for that cause did light,
It fel not in the campe (I say) for want of sacrifice
To Phoebus bright in Countrey farre: this mischiefe whole doth rise,
For that you have unreuerently, the aged Chryses slide,
His daughter should've have bene restorde, and not his gifts refusde.
Til mends be made of this our fault, I thinke it will not cease,
The blacheeked Lady to hir home til she be brought in peace,
No raunsome paid, nor numbers tho our offerings let us slay,
To purchase fauour of the God, and turne his wrath away.

Agamemnon to Calchas.

Agamemnon forth standeth straite, with rage inflamed so,
As like a burning brand his eies did twinckle to and fro,
And thus he sayth, loking askance on Calchas furiously:
Unluckie Prophet that thou art, for neuer happily
Ought dost thou shewe, and sadly dost thou fortune bad dost tel,
And me to spite, now dost thou preach, forsooth a proper spel,
Auouching, that unto the camp this plague is from aboue,
Bycause I Chryses do withholde, whome I so greatly loue:
Hir beautie gay, and gallant gle, hath conquerd so my wit,
As wel I hope she in my house should've haue remayned stil
With Clytemnestra wife of mine, whome selfe I do regarde,
And rightly so, before hir she is maydes to be preferde
For countenaunce, for colour cleare, for stature and body gay.
But sith I needes must yelde hir up, to haue this sore away,
(Ah) take hir then, I do agree, hir home I rather craue,
Than that this people here should not their perils safely haue:
But quickly loke ye find me out, for me some present ready,
You wot wel inough, alone of Greks I will not be the bouteles.

Clytemnestra wife to Agamemnon.

Achilles an fwers Agamemnon.

Achilles (gallantest of the Greekes) to him replyed thus,
In presence of the princes all: Thou sonne of Atreus,
Thou pleasing seemest, thou thought'st hart, thou lothe minded hee,
Where dost thou thinke the Grekes shal find another gifte for thee?
In generall hoord of all that warre, dost thou not knowe thy selfe,
Long time ago among us all deuided is the pelfe?
Belike we must the spoiles unwalle, which is not easely done,
And bring the camp to mutine to: let not thy minde so runne,
Obey the Gods, yelde up the mayde, and four tymes richer graine

Thou

Thou shalt possesse, if Ioue vouchsafe that we the Troians raigne,
And Towers happe to lay ful lowe. Straight Agamemnon this
Said: Thou Achill thinke not (I reade) thy credite such, no, no,
Although thy forces in thewe compare with suche to Gods belong,
Thinke not that I wil followe thee, or beare this open wrong.
Doth reason beare, that eche his part, haue of the wealthy prayes?
Thinkst thou it fit I leaue the maide, and emptie go my wayes
Unrecompensde. I his forgoe, as reason so it would,
But see that I considered bee, as fit it is I should:
Else maugre thee and all thy might, that thyne by this possest,
Or Aiax, or Vlysses theirs, I le haue as I think best.
And care who list, who then shall deere, that I his portion take
And here an end. I thinke it good to shea we ready make
A vessell strong with thirtie gates, and eke that one of you
Accompany the Lady home vnto hir father nouo,
With hecatombs due religiously the Aultars high to reare,
To sacrifice that Apollo, with fauour vs forbeare.
When Achilles had hearkned wel to Agamemnons tale,
Disdainfully he lookte at him, and bleawe this bitter gale:
Thou impudent, thou iangler thou, what Greeke shall readye bee
Himselfe to fight at thy commaund, thy party for to take?
I came not from my Countrey I, the Troians stout to feare,
Or to reuenge my selfe on them: for in no broiles of warre,
They euer out my region fruites or cattaile tooke away,
Too large a sea, too mightie hilles, them diuerse twixt vs lay,
And champaines wide their fertile bar, through-out vs which they beare.
But I am come, sent at my traine, cutting the seas from thence
Under thy leading, not at al for any cause of ours,
But Menelaus wrong to venge, a brother he of yours:
Not minding thou the good we doe (thou face and dogshead thou)
In place of thankes I shoulde receiue, thou dispoyle threatens now,
To take away my gaine, my good, for so in traffik is:
For by my valde in the fielde I gained it ywis,
And whiche the Greekes in witnesse large vnto me giue of my defarts,
Of all the spoile: I haue more cause than thou to take at harte
These actions aye. Of pillage til I alwayes haue the worst,

Agamemnon to Achilles.

Agamemnon threatneth Achilles, Aiax, & Vlysses.

Achilles exclaimes of Agamemnon.

The victorie of wont is mine, in front I am the firste,
Yet what they giue, I will accepte. With home is peater quiet
Better than with a tyrant warre, I weare no more will trye it:
The working sea I will goe seke in point of morning gray,
With Saile and Oze to *Pthie* land my countrey taking way.
And making here thou thy abode, dishonor thou shalt gaine,
Thy substaunce great and massie wealth withall to waste in vaine.
And will you so (quoth Agamemnō) Amen, farewell adue,
I list not your abode arguente, ne for your presence sue,
There are enow will here abide, and tender my renowme,
Ne vnprouided mightie Ioue will leaue me in this rowme.
Of all these kings and Princes here, thou dost delight Achill
To bite and fling me of the mouth, and always bendes thy will,
Contentiously maintaining bate, presuming ouer much
Of force proceeding from the Gods in thee there is none such.
Farewel, your godly Pyramidones, command thē at your pleasure,
And your agoe and furie thus Ile care for at my leysure.
But herewith your audacitie that further I doe daunt,
Sith that Apollos pleasure is, and ordaines vs to graunt
What I Chryses restore againe, with speede as much as may
To olde Chryses my people shall the Lady soone conuay
To thy petition will I send fricke Brysida to bring
Thy best beloued, that alwey knowe how pusaunter a King
I am than thou, and that hencefoth none be so hardy holden
To put his head to match with me, by whom I am controlden.
Heere Achilles greeuously with wordes his soule vnsounde
With mightie Falcons (whether he should sit downe on the ground
Agamemn dead, or to appease the wrath he did conceaue,
To holde him still, to parle them fro, and rampany to leaue.
Yet rage in spite of reason ruled, his blade he out doth draw
But Iuno hearing from Wellen high this cruell iarre and braule
The bickering thus so sore in hand betwen them both she will defend,
And Pallas straight from loftie skies she raiseth to descend
Approching to Achill softly she take him by the haire,
Who speedily retirde, knowing the Goddesse to be there,
With twinckling eies vnceasingly, yet him might to neuer a man,

Pthie countrey of Achilles.

Agamemnō to Achilles

Achilles grooves in choler with Agamemnon.

Pallas keepeth Achilles frō killing Agamemnon.

But onely to himselfe, to whome his speache he thus begamme:
You heauenly daughter Pallas you, doe I your presence see?
Would you it know how Agamemn doth wrong and iniure me?
Give me some leaue, and for his pride you shall see by and by.
Before you here vppon the grasse his headlesse trunche to lye.

Achilles to Pallas.

Thy griefe to ease quoth Pallas is this counsaile here of mine;
If to be ruled by heauenly sawe thy selfe thou canst enclyne.
Dame Iuno seeing this dangerous strife, who fauours both so much;
Did bid me downe, thee to aduise to moderate him to touch.
But vp thy sworde it doth not wel, with words do wordes repayr
Assured be for his great pride thou shalt anothen dayes
And these thy hawnes, haue gallant gifts, yen layen in thy lappe,
If to obey this counsaile mine thy mind and meaning happe.

Pallas to Achilles.

Its more than meete quoth Achilles, and reason so doth will,
That what the Gods commaunde vs men, we wholly do fulfill,
Though fury would yt, thee to withdraw: Of Gods a puissant might
Obedience doth most please me, in euery manner wight.
And from his hest who doth not swarue, in fauour stil we see.
His massie falcon saying thus, in breath of bright some blew,
Of siluer braue he puttith vp, Pallas away she weares,
She leaues the Greekes, to Gods aloft in heauen she repaires.
The valiant Greeke in furie stil on Agamemn doth stare,
His rage abides; him thus in speech he raging wise declare.
Thou tipled knight, a snarring curre, to fight and shew thine arte;
Than Stagge beset at bay about more fearefull yet of harte,
Among the kings a coward vile, a slouthful shifting Ore,
Assaults, alarms, and battels fought, thou fearst for dread of knocks.
And lesse thou darste ambushments lay, for doubt to quell of Dyes.
Thou tyrant great, who dost deuoure the people cruelly
Oppressor thou scourge of the pore, delighting to disgrace
All men vnto thine appetite consenting giues not place.
If I my courage followed had, thou shouldst no more haue hereafter,
Al graceless straight thy carcas here to death I would haue charmde.
But hearke, for by this royall Sceptre on which I now doe sweare,
A worthy ornament to shine, in right hand which I beare,
Who hauing lost the sappe of stock, est growen esse cannot drawe;

Achilles obeys Pallas that is to say, reason.

The othe of Achilles.

True ornament for iudges all, who execute the lawes
Of Iupiter on mortall men: the day before thou wilt,
Wilt come, when to be shielded from sir Hectors murdering fit
(Who shal hacke down the Grecks in heapes) ỳ I shal be entreated,
And thou (thy lewdnesse fond confest) shal thoroughly be heated,
To haue despised carelesly, who most deserueth loes.
Thus said, from him in fury great his scepter down he throwes,
Ye sittes him downe. Agamemnon, whome anger forward straines,
Finding faire Bryseis still to haue, the quarrel he maintaines.

That speaker swéete delighting long therewith duke Nestor rose,
From Heauen had, much pleasaunter than Hony from him flowes,
By grace diuine, of triple life the yeares he also bare,
Ye to th'assembly as they sate his knowledge doth declare.

O what mishap, what parant losse for I on *Greece* to fall?
What ioy and hope to Priamus his sonnes and subiects all,
When as shall come vnto their eares, that in this campe of ours
By kindled heate in quarrell thus our greatest Princes lours?
This discorde leaue, this fury fly, than yours my yeares are more,
Your greaters and your grauers to, I known haue heretofore,
Who haue my counsel ay obeyed: I neuer knewe nor knowe
More bolde and mightie mortall men, than these and Perithoe,
Dryas in Prudence chiefe of price, Exadius, Polipheme,
Cenéis equall with the Gods, who by their force extreme
The Giants and the Lapythes slewe, whereby their glorie fledde
To Heauen highe, I called I, with them I often yedde
To battailes great and dangerous, in bloudy martial marte,
Whose force no lustie liuing tho to frunt in fight had hearte,
They alwaies built so on my word, as none would crosse my speech,
Wel shal you doe, if you performe by counsaile what I teach.
And first to you Agamemnon, be not also greate minde,
Thoughe chiefe thou be, perforce to take Bryseis, who is allignde
By all the Grecks his iust reward: Achill I thinke it good
You suffre vse, with farring wordes forbeare to crosse in moode.
Of al the sceptred Princes none so high is seated downe,
As ouer him Ioue applints the scepter and the crowne.
In force if so you more auaile, your Fiers that it reiches

The Author vttereth Nestor a murderer.

Nestor had lyued 300. yeares.

Nestor to Achilles & Agamemnō

The authoritie of Kings commeth from Iupiter.

Your mother she, but yet than yours his puissaunce further stretches,
For Nations more do him obey. And Agamemnon take it,
Appease your rage and your abuse, lette not your calling make it.
Achilles, for the loue of me, if true, I true reporte,
Forget this iarre, to Grékish campe in olde and wonted sorte
Shewe forth your selfe a bulwarke sure: Thou aged worthy sire,
Quoth Agamemn, what thou hast saide, beste reason doth require,
But here this mate by gallant heart triumphing Lorde will goe,
He will commaunde, he all will rule: but softe, he shall not so,
If I may chose: his force is greate, as sib to power diuine,
Hathe he then leaue all wrong to doe, as fancie shall encline?
Achilles straight for restlesse yet, from him the speache he toke,
I were (quoth he) a coward leude, if I agréed to broke
Thy gouernaunce, after thy will I rulde will be no more,
For no obedience loke of me, others commaunde therefore,
And build on this: For Bryseis faire, no quarrel I will make
With any man, sith obstinate you bent are for to take
The giste on me whiche was bestowed: but haue regarde to dare
(Yea for thy life) to touch the Gods in my possession are,
And be aboarde my vessels, thou a boteleste worke shouldest haue.
And if thou bést so gallant set, or yet so beastly braue,
Aduaunce thy selfe, thy valor shewe, and al men shal beholde
Me with my Launce to shed thy bloud, and lay thy carcasse colde.
The case debated thus at length, the Councell al they rose,
Achilles with his companye to his Pauillion goes.
A shippe well furnishte Agamemn on sea he causeth rise
With twentie Oxes, forgetting not things méete for Sacrifice,
And pucell Chryseis fitly there be shipped honest well,
And Vlysses for patron put, who Grékes did all excell
In good aduise, and pleasaunte speache, the waues at will they slice,
With winde in poupe, they hope full soone to finde hir father Chryse.
Againe home offerings more to fitte, Agamemn hyeth fast,
To cleanse the campe, and in the sea the ordure for to caste.
Then to the Altars reared high on shoare right beautifull,
He biddeth bring the wanton Goate, the Shéepe and mightie Bull,
Deuoutly for the army all, on Phœbus to bestowe,

Agamemnon reuvvetes Nestor.

Achilles to Agamemnon

The councell breaks vppe.

Vlysses goes vvyth Chryseis to hir father.

VVith sacrifice they purifie the campe.

Whereof the smel and vapor thicke to heauen right doth goe,
As burnt they were, the people eke in many sundry wise
Unto the Gods sent their demaunds, their prayers, and their cries.
But Agamemns wrath swageth not, he stil in rage doth roste,
Till he at pleasure Brysеis haue, for Chrysеis he hathe loste.
Two Heraultes straygbt he bids to come, he thought of best respect,
Talthybe, and Eurybate, to whome he spake to this effecte:
O Heraults here sеke out Achill, who in his tente nowe is,
Bring Brysе away, if he withstande, I present will not misse,
Spite of his tеth tofetche hir I, and wel vnto his paine.
Suche were his wordes, outragious, more fond and foolishe vaine.
To place the Heraultes quickly came, where lay ẏ valiant Grеk,
They him no soner sawe, but that their dreads were not to sеke,
Agast to touch so mightie a Prince, of whome when he did heare,
Although in grief he welcomde thē, and shewde thē pleasant chеre.
You Heraultes high, come on quoth he, no daunger dread at all,
For by youre disarde king, not you, this wrong on me doth fall,
Agamemn, who will me bereaue by force and tyranny
Of Brysеis liking presence, whyche so deare is in mine eye.
Petroclus mate and brother mine, of beautie fetche the dame,
Giue hir in handes to Heraults these: And here I doe proclaime
Before the Gods, ye Heraults eke, al people vnder Sunne,
This tyrant to, whose senses stil to worse and worse do runne:
To witnesse I do call you al, hereafter, if perhappes
The Grеkes haue nеde of my relicfe by meanes of afterclappes,
And peril comming to the campe, this doting dazeled Asse,
He knowes not good discourse, nor yet what ere good councel was.
He mindeth not, who hitherto hath bin the armies shield,
He knoweth not who hathe the power to saue the fame in fielde.
Herewith Patroclus bringeth forth Brysеis the Damsell gay,
He giues hir in the Heraultes handes, who onwarde take their way
Apace to Agamemnons shippes to leade the Lady faire,
Who much againste hir will, to him doth make hir new repaire.
By this farewel, the pleasures al of valiant Achill quailes,
He martirde so is with the griefe, with sheadding teares he wailes,
And from his people goes aparte. And better to abide

Talthybe and Burybate two Heraults of the Greeks.

Achilles to the heraults

Brysеis is brought to Agamenon.

This

His bitter paine, vnto the shoare he stealeth there aside,
Thus to his mother Thetis ofte shewing his wofull case:
Sith in my birth by fate full harde fewe yeares I doe embrace
Of life, then Ioue (quoth he) who sées al things from Welkin hye,
Some honour shoulde haue giuen me, before the time I dye,
And not to suffer Agamemn my solace thus to sterue,
By power to take that noble gift, whyche well I did deserue.
From deapth of wide and hollowe sea, hir sonne complaynyng thus
With piteous noise, Thetis gaue eare, leauing Oceanus
The aged sire in Marine Courte, in likenesse of a cloude
With spéede she comes to Achilles, in dolour where he stoode.
Kinde countenaunce and shewe she makes: Alas deare son quoth she,
What ayleth thée? whence commes thy griefe? Alas, what man is hée
That hathe thy minde disturbed thus? let me th'occasion sée,
That of thy doleful déering here, partaker I may be.
Yo sighing saide, muste I to you declare my martyring throwes?
The wrongs to me nowe lately done your selfe to too well knowes.
You knowe full wel howe for to harme King Priame and his kinde,
Many a subiect towne of his, and neighbors, quite haue bin
To ruine, sacke, and bottie brought, the walles of Ætion
The puissant king, by me were torne, whereof to euery one
The spoyles were parted equally: Chryseis of beautie moste
Was lefte to Agamemnons choice, who kept hir in the hoste.
Chryseis the sire shortly in campe his daughter faire he sought,
And for hir raunsome also due he gallant presents brought.
Vnto vs all in humble wise he lowly made request,
And eke to him that had hir rule, with whome the Maide did rest.
Of Phœbus cleare, olde Chryses was, cladde with the worthye weed,
Thereby to purchase more regarde. By vs it was agréed,
That she in frédome shoulde be sette, and giftes had in exchaunge,
But here oure Chiefetaine our aduise he toke it very straunge:
And maugre al, with choller ful, the hoarie haires he chode:
His presents thus refusde, good Chryse, right sorrowfull abode.
To Phœbus cleare he prayed harde, who put him not abacke:
For shortly numbers greate, by plague are put to direfull lacke.
This wofull plight, when plaine I sawe of Grékes by death ypent,

Thetis to Achilles his sonne.

Achilles to his mother.

Achilles to his mother.

Which Calchas wise saide from Apoll proceded ill content,
I did persuade the people al, the God to pacifie,
Thereby displeasing Agamemn, himselfe so gloriously
And sterne who beares. With outrages and threats he eke began,
And sayde, his losse muste healed be of me, I was the man:
He failed not to execute his filthie minde so false.
Chryseis in Galley scarce was put, and haled by the halse,
But that they Bryseis fetche away, whether she wil or no
Out of my Tent, King Agamemn to him will haue hir goe.
I this way of the goodly gifte, which all the Campe me gaue
Defrauded am. But if that you suche might and puissaunce haue
(As well I know your force is great) then ýelde thou some relefe
Unto your wofull sonne, whose soule is paulde with inward griefe.
Ascend, and licence crane of Ioue that I reuenge may take,
For once from danger you him drew, for mends let him this make.
I minde it well, I ofte haue heard you largely vaunt and bosse,
That, but for you and for your helpe, he life and laude had losse,
For Neptune ioyned with Pallas, and Iuno Dame that shrowe,
Had enterprisde to bind his hands, & down the heauens him throwe.
But their malitious harde deuise preuented was in time:
For you descending, to the Heauen you caused for to clime
Briareus callde Ægeon, the hundred handed Giant,
The fiercest of all mortall wights, who fiercely there resiant,
Did so agaīst the Seaish God, and other Goddish powers,
That Ioue as soueraigne still remaines, & none againſt him stoures.
Goe get you to him mother mine, and lowly on your knées
Minde him of this your seruice done, demaunding for your fées,
That he vouchsafe the Troyans sende suche courage to embrace,
That slaine or burnt, the Grékes to shore do fearefully giue place.
This mischiefe byding by their King, who then his faulte shal spie,
And lottie liking of himselfe, so little care, lowselie
Minding his prowesse, who of all in valor beares the Bell.
Thetis againe Achill hir sonne thus answers very wel,
With heauy hearte and wéping eyes: Alas (she said) my sonne,
Haue I thée hither thus brought vp: thy life hast thou begonne
(With in a trice it is cutte off) Why blissfull is it not:

Conspyracie of the Gods againste Iupiter.

The fable of Briareus had an hundred hãdes.

Thetis to Achilles.

Haue I conceiued thée deare sonne, to this vnhappy lote
What, is thy fate so hard, to giue thée short and doleful dayes?
Wel, thée to please, I wil to Ioue, perswading diuerse wayes,
In telling this, that to thy losse he be a setter on,
But two dayes past he with the Gods is gone th'ocean,
Wheras the Æthiopes do inuite the auntient Gods to théere,
Eleauen dayes it wil be ful, ere he returne I héere.
But then a suter will I be, til when I wish (my child)
You from the battayle do abstcine, and not your weapons wield.
Dispost your selfe vpon the waues, a ship-bosde take no care,
That it be wist vnto the Grékes how great your dolours are.
With this she leaues hir sonne Achil. A bosde he kéepes in paine
For Brisies gone, he séeles the smart, that thrils through euery vayne. Vlisses arriues in the Ile of Chrise, and deliuers Chriseis to hir Father.
That while Vlisse with winde in poupe, and trauaile of the Sea,
Of fertile Chrise he with the dame approcheth to the shore
And pleasant port: downe come the sayles, & round they roll thē fast,
Vpon the deck haeled adowne is layde the mightie Mast.
And then from Poupe with Cables harde the towhed Ancres sling
Their holde to take, and lay alande prouision which they bring
For sacrifice: Vlisses doth the mayde with careful charge
Vpon hir saddle sette, conuay to Phœbus temple large,
With minde ful milde, where to hir sier he giues hir in his handes,
And with these wosds: Thou Chrises Priest, so happy thou y stands, Vlisses to Chrises.
Agamemn, who commaunds the Grékes, to thée hath sent me hither
To bring thée home thy daughter here, and with hir ehe togither
Such bowes to offer to Apol, to pacifie his anger,
That Grékes therby so déeply pinde, be therewith plagde no läger.
The good olde man did ioye apace his daughter to possesse,
And forthwith bad to sacrifice they all things readie dresse.
And Barly cakes he cals to bring, and fingers washed faire,
Aloude he liketh vp his voyce, and ioyned hands doth reare. Chrises prayer to Apollo.
Oh puissāt Phœbus (thus he prayes) whose darts do al things teare,
Thou Phœbus cleare, Apollo God who siluer bow doth beare,
And Cyl, Chrysa, and Tenedos doth rule vnto thy liking,
If any time thou hast vouchsafte to graunt at my beseking
To shew the working of thy wrath on Grékes afflicted sore,

The plague ceaseth in the Greeks Campe.

Who wholely yéelde vnto thy wil, O Phœbus graunt therefore
To chaunge thy minde, & frō this Cāpe this bitter plague do banish.
No soner prayde, but Phœbus hearde, & plague it straight did banish.

Sacrifice.

Full furnishte were the offerings, when ended was to pray,
The sheepe are slaine, their skinnes of pluckt, & to the fire they lay
The gigots plumbe, and cut off legges: good Christe with wine so red
The Aulter throughly doth perfume: himselfe he careful sped
About the seruice of the God, and fier great doth kindle,
The loynes of the oblations dead, and other flesh they mingle,
And roundly rost on broches fiue, and gridorne on the Coales,
And euery one prepares himselfe vnto his cheare and boales.
A seemely sight it was to se the seamen plye their téeth,
Wherewith the Cups apace they walke, they wel content therwith.
Refreshed thus, Vlisses and the Grecians they do not spend
Idle the day, they Hymnes do chaunt, and ferly songs do send
Apollos prayse to herrie hie, wherof the pleasaunt tunes
Resounding in the God his eares, he pleasure great resumes.

Vlisses returnes to the Grekes Campe.

At night Vlisses coucheth him within his galley lowe,
At pœpe of day eche one prepares to plucke, to hale, to rowe.
To lofty seas the Wake they hoyse, Gods ayde they do not lacke,
For shortly with ỳ winde he gaue (which made their sayles to crack)
In port of safetie they arriue, where bloudie war doth roze,
And taking land, their vessel they do draw vpon the shore.
To his pauilion eche retires, or hieth him abrode.

This while Achilles kéepes his tent, for matters of the swoorde
He neither makes nor medles with, nor yet to counsel cōmes,
In minde with trouble ouercharged, he grieued fits, and glōmes,
Pyning away his valiaunt corps, a patterne odde produced.
Vnto the world of worthy shape: when as should be induced
Alarme among the Grecians, he gapes, whom Troyans should assaile,
God prose to shew his helpe, to them to be of great auaile.

The day now come of Ioues returne from th'Ocean solemn feast,
One morning Thetis from the sea to heauen hir selfe doth prest.
The God aside the sitting saw, approching to him nie,
His knées hir left hand doth embrace, with countenaunce curteously
Hyr right to chin she moued soft, and humbly thus she prayde:

If any time (redoubted sire) that I haue with mine ayde
Thy high and mightie maiestie releeued in thy want,
I thée beseech this my request O father do it graunt,
Sith life is short, his honor to requite, yéelde thou vnto my sonne,
Let Agamemnon shortly know what wrong he hath him done,
Yéelding the Grékes a thorough feare, the Troyans courage hie,
So that the wracked Campe recouer his credite worthilie. Thetis to Iupiter.

To this the Goddesses milde spéech, the great God answerd nat,
But sadly musing with himselfe he stil, in silence sat.
The Goddesse eftsone wearie now, this silence long that spies,
In humble sort vpon hir knées intreateth in this wise: Thetis eftsone entreteth Iupiter
Say yea, or no, Oh Iupiter, ende both my hope and feare,
For you of whom to stand in dread, I know none like doth beare:
Say on therfore, that I may sée, in fauour how I stand,
How smal regarded or estéemde, I craue it at your hand.

With fetched sigh Ioue answeres thus: Oh harde and heauy case, Iupiter to Thetis.
Sith my wife Iuno I must stirre, and haue hir froward grace.
T'is she, t'is she of all the Gods with me that most doth iarre,
Alleaging that I Priams part support do in this warre.
That she do not our meaning finde, down straight desiéd your ways,
And your demaunde I wil fulfil, affarde without delayes.
And that you know my promise sound, I wil you shew a signe Token of the certaintie of Iupiters promis
To ease your doubt, this shal it be, to bow my heade diuine,
A token aye that neuer fayles, when any thing of waight
Vnto the Gods I do behight. His head he shaketh straight,
And bended browes so raiseth he, that of his holy heare Theolimpus shaketh.
By only shake, Olympus large doth tremble fast for feare.
Thetis to depth of sea descendes, the God his mansion kéepes, Iupiter returnes to Heauen.
In Welkin Countrey he remaines, with other Gods he méetes,
In troupe, not missing no not one, themselues they humbly show,
Amid them all right gloriously on throne he sitteth tho.
Then Iuno chafed at the full, now found the secrete tricke
Of Ioue, to wracke of Grékish Campe, which touchts hir ay quick. Iuno angry vvith Iupiter.
With hart audatious thus she says: thou God with malice fraught,
What subtile toy, what prettie práke, haue you (I pray you) wrought
With that my maisters Pariter: from whence now doth it grow

That

That I with you must not conferre, nor must your counsels know:
Delighting that your dealings close to other knowen be,
Iupiter to Iuno. I fur alouse a straunger I. Hope not then aunsweared he
My secrets I acquaint you with, your gaine it would be lesse,
Although my wife and sister both, you are, I do confesse.
In Counsayles which are fitte for you, you full shal haue your right;
None calos so sone, no not the God, that greatest is of might.
If, what I haue determined plaine, none is shall know the matter,
Then let me rest, to search it out you ought not thus to patter.
Iuno to Iupiter. Out cried the Goddesse loude, alas, O crabbed rusticke Ioue,
So like an Asse or vndiscrete, when did I euer roue,
To seeke the things of secrecie, but still I am excluded,
You crabbed you, your secrete deedes without me are concluded.
Which made me careful, when I saw Thetis that spiteful peate
Thys morning here so perting sitte at elbow by your seate.
I greatly dread hir sonne to venge, obtainde some suite she hath,
Wherby to danger down the Greekes, & worke their harme & scath.
Iupiter to Iuno. To this the God did cal hir hag, (quoth he) I cannot shift,
But thy suspitious sealous heade aye findeth out my drift.
But how much more (I smel) you thinke to alter what I meane,
I so much more in spite of you do stil contrarie cleane,
The rather for your kicking thus. If I vnto Thetis
Haue promist anye thing at all, sith so my pleasure is,
And you it knowe, why should not you agree as wel as I?
Go sit you downe, and talke no more so sonde and foolishly,
Least moued I, with both my fistes I giue you banging lawes,
And in such sort, as no God here can saue you from my clawes.
By this so great and dreadful threat, dame Iuno more she feares,
She quiet growes, she goes hir wayes, & visage downe she beares,
Among the Gods she takes hir place: this while the heauenly route,
By this contention greeued are, and troubled thorow out.
Wherby with pitie Vulcane bare to Iuno, which he had,
With doubt this fraysling would proceed to worse, which was to bad:
With courteous speech he did his best, to comfort hir, as thus:
Vulcane to Iuno his Mother. My mother deare, if this despite remaine, and that with vs
Immortal Gods we quarrel haue, for mortal peoples case,

I surely see decay to fal vpon this goodly race.
The banquets shal be brought to nought, and quailed with disquiet,
Wherat we all are fill refresht, and reason why, for coyst
In mischiefe like makes better head, than better can attaine.
You must more kind and louing be: oh noble dames refraine
Your choller now vnto my fire, how, best your selfe doth knowe,
Else by this rigour of debate the case will fall out so,
As all the Gods, both you and I, shal finde no little griefe,
If once he grow into a rage. He mightie is and chiefe,
He from the heauens will vs hunte, wherby our iunkets gay,
Our sport, our chat of louing toyes shal cleane be tane away,
And more of this our mansion hie, all counsels endes quite.
I you beseech to haue some care this daunger do not light,
Agree your selfe vnto his will, with words of milde allay,
And what you lik, you shal obtaine, he can you not denay.
With this a boule of Nectar ful, in hand sir Vulcane toke,
And to his mother did present it with a comely loke.
Beare mother mine, (quoth he to hir) refuse not to obay
To Ioue, though care doth maister you, and foils you answere nay,
Least greater shame you hap to haue, he laying you on flore.
And though I would, no help at all I could for you procure,
Nor yet resist his power diuine: haue you forgot so soone,
How you to rescue from his hand, he had me almost done
To death: when so his furie wore, from skies he did me throw
Down by the foote, where in the ayre I tumbled to and fro,
A whole day through, and fel at last with bones and body burst,
In *Lemnos* Ile, in manner dead, wheras I fel at furst.
Wheras I was wel entertained there by the *Lemnos* dweller,
With bountie great. When Iuno heard thus Vulcane for to tel his,
She was appeased, and gan to smile, the cup to lips she set,
With Nectar sweete, celestial iuyce, hir mouth and hart she wet.
It was a pastime to behold the pleasaunt Vulcane God,
In taking say to al the rest, with halting haunches plod.
Whereat the Gods do laugh apace, much liking of the iest.
And then prepared is forthwith, the high and heauenly feast.
From morning cleare which vnto night was drawen out along.

Vulcane presenteth drinke to Iuno.

Vulcane once throwen out of Heauen fel in Lemnos Ile.

Iuno drinketh of Nectar and is appeased.

The Gods feast. Phœbus & the muses.

With great and glorious aray, the Muses with their song
Chimeth in full, with Phœbus he his pouled Harpe doth strike
Agreeing in sweete Harmonie, wherwith they greatly like
The worthy router the sun gone downe, ech one with beanie eyes
Retires vnto his seuerall home, in buildings which do rise
By skil of cunning Artysane: Ioue to his Chamber hies,
And down he coucheth on his bed, and Iuno by him lyes.

Iupiter and the Gods to rest.

Finis Libri primi.

¶ The seconde Booke.

THe Heauenly fires and mortal folke
passed the night as the
Inpleasaunt slepe, yelding to it
full fre of care and wo.
But Ioue sticking with toth and nayle
fast vnto hys behest
To Thetis made, with irkesome cheare
because it was of his rest,
Casting how he Achilles fame vnto the starres might raise,
And now some victory in the Greeks Cãpe to their losse any ways.
Iohn dreaming God he calles to him, that God chiefe God of il,
Common this carrier of euery lye, thus saying him his wil: (here
Thou cankerd dreame thinke on thy charge, & leaue thy seate nowe
And straight to Agamemnons ships this message see thou beare,
Without abode that he do arme the Grekish crue and bande,
His enterprise to ende, my selfe wil put an helping hande.
For now the Gods do all agree that *Troy* to ruine goe,
Among them though hath bene great tug whether it should be so.
Throughly by Iuno brought thereto, whose wil and whole desire
Is both the Troyan towne and folke to daunt with smoke and fire.

Iupiter can not sleepe for the care he hath of Achilles.

Iupiter to the God of dreame.

Hauing

Hauing his errand thus from Ioue, the dreaming God him sped
Forthwith to Agamemn that Prince, whom he found then abed,
By sleepe refreshing to his spirites of toyle and trauaile gone,
Of Nestor olde that famous wight the shape that God put on,
Saying: Oh valiant Atreus heire, sleepst thou or dost thou wake?
A Princes dutie is not thus himselfe to sloth to take,
Who hath the charge of such a crue of knights and army big,
For not throughout to sleepe a night the care of them would twig.
Sith Ioue so much thy fame desires, and eke thy name to raise,
And for thy sake hath causde such broyles he bids without delayes,
That next when Titan shewes his face this, Orizon to light,
In order you your armies range of battaile for to fight.
For now the time is right at hand, yea this is now the daye
Wherein the Troyan Citie shal be giuen to Grekes in praye.
The Gods as now yelde all therto, agreeing in this case
Willing to follow Iunoes vaine, whom great desires embrace
Of *Troy* to see the Towers downe towne, and euend with the ground,
And Ioue that God, of others most, that stirring doth whole soundes.
The Troyans little to esteeme his Godhead he doth know,
Thinke on oh King that I haue saide, my message do not slow.
His errand done, as he was wilde, he toke his flight from thence,
Leauing Prince Agamemnon then in dumpe and in suspence.
And casting for to make exployte and end without delayes,
To spoyle the *Troyan* towne and line, and not to take more dayes.
But the great Calfe mist of his counte, for Ioue had laydes a bayte
As wel the Grekes as Dardanes kind them both a shame to waite.
But then he rose, leauing his bed, and sitting downe thereon,
He clad himselfe with garments newe, and put a Mantle on.
And on his feete full delicate cleane shoes right feate he set,
And to his side a swoorde he girt, with golden nayles pret.
Thus clad, holding in his right hand his own paternal Mace,
Went from his tent vnto the ships to consult of the case.

When as Aurora gan to clime vpon Olimpus hie,
And brought to men message of light before the Sunne in skie,
Agamemnon went to counsel his Heraldes crying out
Both great and small, yea more and lesse of all the Grekish rout

The dreame to Agamemnon.

A prince in warr ought not to sleep the whole night.

Agamemnon thinkes of his dreame.

Agamemnon arriseth and maketh him readie.

The Sunne rising.

Came to the tal,but ere he would his minde to them declare
He called the auntients of the hoſt,they that moſt worthy were,
The Counſell aſſembles Whoſe counſel was the beſt eſteemde,to whom he thus began
Somewhat with ioy in Neſtors chippe that famous worthy man.
Againſt his dreame. How this laſt night the dreame diuine did ſet my thought on fire
Heare now my friends,when as he came reſembling this old ſire.
This reſt becõmes thee not,quoth he, you child of Atreus kinde,
But rather on thy charge to thinke,and there to ſet thy minde.
A wiſe man the which ſubiect is to euery kinde of ill,
Ought not in reſt ſpende all the night,or ſléepe therein his fil.
Giue eare therefore vnto my words:ſith Ioue now willing is
T'aduance thy name & great renoume, cõmands, thou doſt not miſſe
But in the fielo to raunge thy power to morrow for to fight,
For therein thou ſhalt bring adowne the Troyan pride and might,
And ſacke their Citie, ſith the Gods no more are at diſcorde,
To ſuccour them,their foe Iuno,hath wrought them to accorde.
And namely Ioue againſt Priam will follow his reuenge,
And as a foman, ſo of him,himſelf himſelfe will benge.
This meſſage done,the dreame me left,and I addreſſe likewiſe
My ſelfe to you my friends,to know your counſaile and aduiſe,
How to furniſh this enterprize:but ere we do beginne
Our armour to put on,lets ſée what mindes our men be in.
I ſpée thinke good,to Countrey home I will them will to hie,
And with faire words will counſayle them,& willing ſéeme will I.
But you ſhal argue and reply againſt that my requeſt,
Conſtrayning them by word and déede to tarrie and areſt,
Neſtor perſuades the Greekes to beleeue Agamemnon Til that a thorow ende be made: then Neſtor vp did riſe
Straight at his tale,and to them al he gan ſpeake in this wiſe.
Oh Princes famous of renoume,if any preſently
But Agamemn ſhould counte this tale, we would it hold a lye,
And making him a laughing ſtocke,his credite ſhould be ſmal:
But ſith this tale is his,who hath the leading of vs al,
We muſt to it our credite giue,not ſpending time in this,
But to aſſent is my deuiſe vnto theſe words of his.
Encouraging our ſouldiours all for to commiſſe to winde,
And th'aduaunce our endignes all with courage good and minde.

This sentence of Nestor allowde, Agamemnon straight raise,
The Péeres accompanying him, ẏ rout w̄ zeale of newes now gone,
Ye, who hath séene the busie Bées, whē Prime time firſt forth leaps, Similitudes of Bees.
Issuing off the sliued rockes, flying in swarmes and heapes,
To smel the odour of the floures, of the small blossomde trées:
Suppose, that from al quarters came, both great and small likewise,
Folowing their chieftains at the héeles, for news to heare they cast,
Togither so to the sea stronde they hyed them to haste.
The messenger of Ioue so swift with wing as may be thought, The famous messenger of Iupiter.
Fame with the help of his strong pens, did leaue no place vnsought,
But stirres eche man with doubled wordes to haste vnto the rout,
That with ẏ noise of those that came the earth trembled throughout:
And in the ayre the brute resoundes, right hapily he was set,
That could by chance find out some place among such prease so gret, The preasse
Ye preaseth him, him he again, shouldring ech one his fére,
They labor stil with heaue and shoue, eche one to drawe more nére.
But the Heraults silence to make, nine times th'Dies did crie, The Heraults make silence.
To the Kings wordes praying the Gréekes to hearke attentively.
Agamemnon him ready made, and on a place of state
Ye mounted vppe, in his right hande his Sceptre bearyng Agamnons Sceptre.
Wrought lately by the God Vulcane, to Ioue it with great care
Did he present, eke by whose gifte eke Mercurie it bare,
And Mercurie in present gaue it to Pelops the greate,
Who it did yéelde to Atreus, and in his hand it set.
And Atreus yéelding by the Ghost, to Thyestes the strong
Ye it bequeathde, with other things which to it did belong.
This Sceptre Agamemnon helde, and it possest indéede,
For to the soile of Argos riche as heire he did succéede,
And eke to other Cities more in lande right strong and fast,
With Iles, whose beauties to beholde eche minde would be agast.
Wherefore vaunting this royall Mace in his right hand before,
Whiche eke Pelops his auncestor had borne himselfe of yore,
With stately loke vpon his crues, he set and firt his eies,
With stretched lims he gan him shroude, and spake thē in this wise: Agamemnō to the soldiours to feele their mindes.
With griefly plague not to be borne, O host of Gréekishe soile,
Famous by Armes, Ioue hathe me deserde, and put me to the soile,

And il hath fauourde our affaires: for promise he did make
To me, that long ere this we should the towne to flame betake
And that we should to *Greece* returne al safe in prosprous plight
But I see he hath laid a traine to trappe vs if he might.
For chaunging now his iust deuise: he counsels at the lacke
Home to returne, when at this siege greate perils we haue pack,
Which we this long time haue sustaind: thus wil this God of powre
Bring downe mens force if he so please in moment of an houre.
And Cities huge he layes in dust, euen as his pleasure is,
And brings eche mightie strength to ruine: oh what mishap is this:
Suche warped keeles for to behold fleeting vpon the seas,
And dead so many worthy Knightes on the earth sundry wayes,
And *Troy* to sacke haue had no might, who nowe cannot abide:
Comparisō. For if a present proofe were made, and that it might be tryde,
That Troians as our frendes and feres were numbred āl in one,
And that we Grekes diuided were, by tens and tens eche one,
Appointing to eche troupe of vs but one Troyan by name,
To retche the Cuppe at our requests, when we call for the same,
A man should see thousandes of Grekes (the Troyans be so scant.)
That calling in their thirst for drinke, their butlers they should want,
So much our number theirs surmounts, which be of Troyan bloud.
But truth it is, that numbers great are come of nations good,
Resolued wightes themselues haue vowde to dye in their defence.
Whiche not a little grieues me nowe, and casts me in suspence,
Not being of force for to preuaile, and yet nine yeares throughout
We haue this *Troy* strongly besiegde on eche side round about.
Yet they our Machins haue withstoode: what hope then in the same
Of them to gaine should we now haue, but mere reproche & shame:
And of our ships the deckes be broke, and whole there is no saile,
Our saile yards rotten, our masts yspent, & tackling ginnes to faile.
For our returne to take in hand they are in sorie plight.
And yet againe our dolorous wiues doe wish of vs some sight,
And haue done long with ardent zeale, hearing the guiltlesse cries
Of the small babes, with our returne wishing to baite their eyes.
And we now brought into distresse, and voide of our purpose,
Our honor, fame, and good renowme, and like our time we lose.

For

For wel we knowe, and certaine be, that we can not destroy,
Nor put to flame this Citie nowe impugnable of *Troy*.
And other councell I knowe none, but this for beste I chose,
That to our houses we returne, and not our honours lose.
Doing as reason eke requires, let vs the Gods obay,
And that eche man hie to his home, let no man thinke of stay.
These words at pleasure thus pronoũst, did yéld ỹ Grécks a mind
Of full desire of their returne, and so they ganne to wind,
With whispering noise, yélding a sounde, as oft the seas we sée
The storme the boistrous surge to raise, weltring now low now hie,
And with the strength of southern blast is driuen against eche rocke,
It doth redound with griesly roare, when on them it doth knocke:
Or else, when as the westerne winde doth méete a field of graine,
In harueste time, ẽ cause the eares to whosh throughout the plaine.
Eche man such haste made vnto shippe, that yet before their eryes
The dust into the aire was raisde aloste into the skyes.
Which was a griefe vnto them al, yet suche desire they had
Of their returne, that eche his friend beganne thereof to glad,
And councel gaue their Masts to hoise, and eke their sailes to spred,
With such a noise, as to the stars their cries and clamors yed.
In truth the selfe same morning then eche his returne did hie,
And al agréd were of the same, maugre the destinie:
Had not Iuno spit on hir handes, and taken better holde,
And prayed Pallas of hir help when these things wared colde.
Minerua thou my friendly mate, shall we before our eyes
Suffer vppon these Grékishe bandes such infamie to rise,
And shamefully to tãke their flight by armes not sacking *Troy*,
Not winning Helene, who is cause of all this great annoy,
To king Priames immortall fame, and honor of his kinne:
If oft thy godly wisedome hath preuaild mens hearts to winne,
And them to change from sentence set, the same now for to vse
Is méete, to cause the Grékes to change, and thys their way refuse.
And that from *Troy* no shippe departe, haste downe I thée desire,
Till *Greece*, who hath receiude this wrong, do venge hirselfe by fire.
Whẽ as ỹ grẽn eyed Goddesse thus had heard dame Iunoes talk,
To finde the wilie Vlysses straight downe she toke hir walke.

The author describes the incõstãcie of the multitude by twoo fine comparisons.

Iuno to Pallas.

Pallas descendeth and commeth to Vlysses.

Who

Who hauing lefte the other Grékes in care, then plunged was,
With sorrowe sore, séeing how ill the warre was brought to passe.
Who semblance none, nor countnãce made, homward to take ẏ seas,
Nor once t'imbarke himselfe, this ende so muche did him displease.

Pallas to Vlysses.

Is it agréd, saide Pallas then, O thou Vlysses wise,
That this shamefull departure thus be taken in thys wise?
Shall thus the Grékes be séene to flye, and Troyans to enioy
That beautie, which al *Greece* to win, brought their whole strẽgth t
These rauishing beasts hir to possesse, to sée dost ẏ not burne? (*Troy*
I pray thée hast with pleasant wordes to stay the Grékes returne,
Here to abide, vntil such time, as ye haue séene eche one
The Troyan towne within the walles and tower of *Ilion*.
The warie Gréke hearing the voice diuine, without delay
Threwe off his wéed, and to the campe he toke the neareste way,
The lighter clad to make more spéede, and méeter to make haste,
The which an Herault straight toke vp, and folowed him as fast.

Vlysses takes Agamemnons Sceptre.

And Agamemnon as he ranne, he mette right in the face,
Of whome (the more to be estéemde) he toke hys golden Mace.

Vlysses speakes curteously to the Princes.

By happe, if in this hurly burle, with Prince or King he met,
With gentle spéeche he causde them stay, these words he forward set.
Ah fellowe mine, it is not méete, that we, who beare the porte
Of Kings and heads, should shew our selues as do the meaner sorte,
Daald dastards, but our parte it is, from slouth them to refraine,
And to leade them by counsel good, to things more for their gaine.
Agamemns fetch you do not féele, who by a gentle way
Doth proue to sée which Grecian heart most faites and faints away,
Or who holdes out: so his reward or punishment to bestow,
Ye is too wise that eche man should his minde and secrets know.

The vvrath of a King.

Wherefore we ought all to foresée, that he finde cause no where
In vs to stirre: for a Kings wrath is burthen great to beare.

The raigne comes from God.

For that power, by the whiche he rules, procédes from grace aboue,
And who commands here in Gods place, him God doth alway loue.

Vlysses chastiseth mutinous souldiours.

Vlysses to his fellow Knightes thus curteously did say,
Not irously, but if he founde a knaue carefull of pray,
Or mutinous, who made as though he home would passe the seas,
With his Sceptre he dealt some blows, &, beastly wretche he sayes:

Becoms

Becomes it thée, thou Hedgehog thou, who loues no toile but eáse,
With murmorous wordes to go about thy Captaine to displeáse:
Retire and stande, my friend I say, with those are of thy bande,
To heare the Kings, who can appoint whats méetst to take in hand.
Eche one of honor maye not be a King and Ruler straight,
For worthy Fame and great renoume are things that are of waight,
If they be Marshalled by one: wherfore in euery cáse
Let vs obey that King, whome loue hath set here in his place.
Suche gentle wordes Vlysses vse, that so they did retire,
And straight they left their ships, in troups & plũps ỹ kings to heare,
Making such noise as doth the sea, when with some boisterous brag
It makes the shoare whistle along, with beating on eche crag.
Ech one did chose himselfe a place, whereas he heare might beste,
Saue Therstites among them al without a roume did rest.
This Therstits was a surly knaue, and eke a dogged swine,
Not knowing honor nor his good, and alwaies spent his time,
And toke delight to mocke and scorne, and vse with trifling toyes
Euen the chiefe: and in such trickes consisted al his ioyes:
Thinking that it became him wel, when he did them contrary:
And worse: he was the vgliest beast, that ere the earth did carry:
It séemde Nature had sought hir wit his foulenesse for to shape:
All limmde he was, and for his head, it pilde was like an Ape,
A *Crassum caput*, and his eares they were of Asses last,
His limmes gourdie, croked, and lame: in fine, take thys at last,
His forme was monstrous to beholde, his shape none euer had,
Ye reaked not, though he were thought in trouble still to gad.
All his contention and debate was broadly to gainsay
Vlysses and Achill, and ofte like part, yea, woulde be play
With Agamemnon, who, bycause he knewe th'ole host of late,
Or moste of it, did stomacke then, for that so fonde debate,
Bycause he helde Brysеis the faire: he spéedes to him amaine,
Thus scornfully to anger him, and moue him in eche vaine.
What doste thou lacke Agamemnon, t'accomplish thy desire:
What wouldst thou haue: what grieues thy hart: & sets it so on fire:
What doth it else demaunde: for first thy coffers full they be
Of golde, siluer, and iewels heapt, thy ships and tents we sée

The Monarchie commended in all common vvealths.
Obedience to Kings.
Comparisõ.
Homer in the name of Therstites describes a seditious person.
Therstites vvas deformed.
Therstites to Agamẽnon.

Beset with passing Damsels through, which we the Grækes bestow
In gifte on thée, when by assaulte we bring a Citie lowe.
If to vs chaunce a prisoner rich, we can thée not deny,
But bring to thée (strangely me thinke) his raunsome by and by:
For all these things at thy desire, yet art thou not content,
But if thou séest a captiue, whome nature hath beautie lent,
Yir straycht t'abuse thy corage serues: wherfore what should mẽ say,
Shall we al our allegeance beare, and such an head obey,
Or honor him, we very beastes and Grækes infamde? nay, nay,
Not Grækish knights, but Greciã dames, what get we here to bide?
This Auarice here let vs leaue, that perish may this pride,
And he of causing wrong debates may know the irkesome gaines,
Lets leaue him here, and he shal know what wrong Achill sustaines,
For Agamemn thou hadst good hap when as the quarrell greiwe,
For, if that he reuenge had sought, downe there he had thée sleiwe.

Vlysses to Therstites.

Vlysse hearing this arrogant foole, with austere loke drew neare,
And loking through his browes at him, he spake as you shall heare:
Thou knaue declamde, thou busse Jacke, although I knowe by kind
Thou arte a rayler, hold thy tongue, and set not thus thy minde,
Aught in reproch of him to say, whome we as chiefe do chuse,
For not the beste, euen of vs al, ought him in wordes misuse,
And much lesse thou, who of the campe art refuse and outcast,
What a trim Counsellour is this, who prates and talkes thus fast.
Of our departure from this siege, without respect to knowe
Whether our good or losse it be? and (his vile minde to showe)
Commes here to taunt Agamemnon, and casteth in his téeth
The gift, which his desert did craue, and we rewarded with.

Vlysses threatneth Therstytes.

But hearke thou Jacke, and be thou sure, that if little or muche
I finde thée chatte agaynst the kyngs, or else their honor touche,
Othe of Vlysses.
That from my necke my head I lose, I pray the Gods aboue,
And that mine onely sonne do dye, whome I entirely loue,
If straight as cruelly as I can, I strippe thée not of all,
Yea mother nakte, no not thy shirt to couer thée withall,
And then in eche my hands a whip I scourge thée through the plaine,
Careleste the Grækes and thou thy selfe shalte bide for shame & paine.
So saying, with his Mace he hent him sixe or seauen bangs,

That

That on his crooked backe and bombes, the bloudy drops so hangs.
Then Therſites set vp with ſhame, grunting with chére full ill,
Dreading that worſer broiles might hap, wyth ſobs so held him ſtil.
Which made th'aſſembly all to ſmile, (though troubled as before)
Laughing at him with open mouth, and at this ſkirmiſh ſore.
Eche one lauding Vlyſſes muche, they thus reporte of him:
O what good zeale and wiſedome great, with care of him so trimme.
His valyantneſſe we knowe long ſince, and eche man well eſpies
Ye péereleſſe is, hardie in warre, and eke in councell wiſe:
Yet neuer did he better déede, than coursing this rebel,
For henceforth nothing ſhal be moue, whiche dutie thinkes not well.
And Pallas played the Heraultes parte, exclayming to eche one
To holde them ſtill, the flowing Gréeke to heare, ſeconde to none.
Who séeyng them al so whuſht to heark, ſpake thus before the thrōg:
Agamemnon thou worthy Prince, thou haſte to open wrong,
Of al theſe Gréeks vnder thy charge, to *Greece* who homward would
Againſt the promiſe they haue made, which rather kéepe they ſhould,
The whyche they made not to returne, til *Troy* were in thy hande,
Like Babes and Widowes full of rage, themſelues alone to ſtande,
Deſtring to their pleaſure thus their Countrey earth to gaine,
Which rather they ſhould flée, knowing their toile hath bin in vaine,
And truth it is, that the pilot a whole month on the ſeas
Toſſe with the ſurge and weltring waue, is penſiue diuers wayes,
And on his houſe, and wife at home, his whole deſire doth goe:
Likewiſe theſe men ſome reaſon haue, to grieue and ſorrowe ſo.
But if we ſhoulde wel weigh our caſe, Reproch we cannot flye,
But loſe our honor and renoumme, whiche loſſe is now to nie,
When men ſhall know our long abode: I doe aduiſe and pray,
Al you my friends, plucke vp your harts, for your own wealth I ſay.
What, ſuffer nowe yet one yeare more, that we Gréeks know therby
Whether the knowledge of Calchas truth tolde or elſe did lye.
What he declarde by Prophecie, I thinke you all well knewe,
In *Aulis* towne of *Beocie*, he then as Prophet true.
Where all the Gréekes aſſembled were reuenge for to deuiſe
Againſte Priam, it hapned then in doing ſacrifice,
To Iupiter to be our guide, vnder a Béeche right gréene

Vlyſſes ſtrikes Therſites vvith his Sceptre.

The opinion had of Vlyſſes.

Pallas plaieth the Herait to keep ſilence.

Vlyſſes to Agamēnon, and the reſt

Compariſō of a Pilate of the ſea.

The token appered to the Greeks I the towvn of Aulis in Beotie.

With shadow fresh, by which to rise a lively spring was seene,
That of the Grekes who stoutest is, his heart for dreade was colde,
From th'aultars foote, a Dragon crept, so hideous to beholde:
For huge he was, and to all sighte righte terrible in shape,
The colour painted on his scales, was as the scarlet Grape.
The Dragon drawing to the tree, to highest braunche did creepe,
Where in the leaues he sparrowes found 8. yong that loud did peepe,
Which sodainly he rauend vp, and hir birdes to forgo,
The Damme alone lamenting much, he straight deuourd also:
But by and by his figure chaungde, when he had eat the Damme,
And of a monstrous Serpent tho, a rocke he straight became,
We present there, and loking on, and eke astonied all
At this so dreadfull beast and chaunce, that erst did so befall.

The prophecie of Calchas.

Then Calchas said: O people Grèek, what makes thée in this maze,
The mightie heyre of Saturne high thine honor meanes to blase,
And hath declarde a perfect signe of thy renowme to raise,
The time shall serue, though long it be. to thine eternal praise.
And as the Dragon did deuour these séely little ones,
And eke the Damme, in number nine, did swallow all at once:
Likewise great daungers we shall passe in this our warre of *Troy*,
For nine yeares space, we shall returne to oure twice double ioy.
For in the tenth yeare we shall sée *Troy* sackte, and Priame slaine:
Thus Calchas tolde this secret hidde, which hitherto is plaine.
Beholde the end at hand: Wherefore a while attende the same,
That hauing victorie of this towne, we parte with lasting fame.

Vlysses wordes and zeale so wel receiude was of the rout,
There of the Tents, the ships, and shoare, bare witnesse al about,
Resounding with the peoples noise, praysing his iudgement wise,
Whiche being stilld, the hoare Nestor to speake then straight did rise.

Nestor to the Greeks

Oh hatefull case, worthy reproche, thus Nestor did begin,
O ye most variable folke, what mischiefe are we in:
As for our braueries heretofore, and councels diuers wayes,
As farre as I sée, are but toyes. and little childrens playes,
Who trauaile with their whole delight in foolishe trifles more
Than things aught worth, where are ỹ vowes & promises erst swore:
The othes so déepe and plighted faiths: where is the hatred greate

Against

Againſt Priam remaynes it yet, or elſe the cruel threate?
No, no, all theſe things quite are gone, and cleane you do forget
You minde them not, your idleneſſe hath you ſo fully mette,
That without harming any wayes our enmies here of *Troy*,
We ſtriue among our ſelues in words of eche inuented toye,
And none there is ſo wiſe, which mindes how now may ended be
This warre begonne: Agamemnon, the thiug belongs to thée,
And if thy duetie I declare, thy pardon I require:
Togither for to plucke thy ſpirits ſhould be thy chiefe deſire,
And on theſe Campes, as reaſon is, to ſet thy care and minde,
As to the chiefe of all the hoſt, and chiefetaine is aſſignde.
And if ſome one withdrawe himſelfe, and wil not bide the fray,
And do refuſe what thou commaundſt, leaue him for nought away.
(Hauing indured ſuch hurrie harde) what Grécke wil here requeſt
For to depart, no knowledge, whether the plighted heſt
Which Ioue did make, be true or no: for ſure by letting fal
The dreadful flames of lightning fire among vs Grecians al,
On our right hands we martching on, did giue vs for to know,
That he himſelfe would point a meane, and once the time wold ſhow
Wherein we ſhould cleane take away by ſword the Troyan route.
What: courage ſirs my ſelowes al, and yet a while holde out,
For we are almoſt at a pointe: wherefore what néedes this haſt,
Til that eche one here of vs al, at wil and eaſe be plaſt
With Troyan Dames, and of Priam ſome daughter eke of his
Their owne parents and huſbands by, to venge vs of Paris,
That wicked whelpe, who toke in hande, and that ſo lewdly durſt
Raviſh from vs, and ſteale away from *Greece* our Heleine furſt:
And in meane time, if any wretch or coward dareleſſe knaue,
Do hardly beare this our abode, or elſe miſliking haue,
And home wil runne, him hang you vp: & much you ought to héede,
And be aduiſde with careful minde, how al things do procéede,
Conferre, both giue and counſel take, but who the beſt are tryde,
Thoſe follow ſtil: I thinke it good your Campe you do deuide
By nations here, as they do martch, ſome diſtance leaue betwéene,
That if apart they happe to fight, they ſhal be better ſéene,
Than if confuſedly they went: and plainely ſhal you ſée

The lightning on the right hande good token for the Greekes.

Which of them beſt their duties do, and whether ſo it be
That for prolonging of this war the Gods do it agrée.
And ſtil continue do the ſame by heauens hie decrée,
Or that the fault is in their Campe which liſteth not to fight.
To this good counſel Agamemn aunſwers the aged wight:
What ioy quoth he, is for to heare in wiſdome how you paſſe,
Oh worthy ſire, ech *Grecian* Prince that is, or euer was.
Oh Ioue, oh Phœbus, oh Pallas, would God ſuch Neſtors ten
Were for to comfort now I had, you ſhould ſée quickly then
By their good conduct Priam tane, and down his Citie torne,
The Gods ſo would, and my miſhap that I to furie borne
So hateful gainſt Achil ſhould be, for loue ſole of a dame,
For which I only am in fault, and no man elſe to blame:
But if it pleaſe thy heauenly grace, that we two may agrée,
Maugre all force, ſonne Ilion quite in Aſhes you ſhall ſée.
To make vs ſtronger, let vs dine, and then draw out our power,
To front our foes maze valiauntly, and ech one for to ſcoure
His gallant brightſome armour tricke, let him ſome care apply,
And trim their ſhields and bucklers all, your Chariots alſo hie
To binde ſo faſt, they ſtagger not, and chiefe, as beſt is wont,
Do throughly prouend wel your Horſſe, for they muſt bide the brunt.
The battel and the murder wil indure til ſunne doth ſet,
Where many a luſtie ſouldiour ſhal vnder his Baudrike ſwet,
In playing the man with Target borne himſelf for to defend,
And laying from him with his ſword to bring his enmies end.
And eke ỳ ſtéeds orehaeld by draught, ſhal ſcarce haue power to blow.
In fine, if any Gréeke there be ſo lewde, that I may knowe
The fight to flye, and for to runne out of the troupe and bandes,
In ſhip himſelfe to hide, no helpe ſhal ſaue him from my handes
But forthwith die, yea die he ſhal, to graue none ſhal him beare,
The dogs and flying foules for foode ſhal him aſunder teare.
This ſpéech which Agamemnon had, doth greatly ioy the Gréekes,
They ſuch a noyſe and whirring made, as round the ayre it ſtrikes:
The ſound was like vnto the ſea when as the whirling blaſts
The fléeting waue it roring loude, on rockie mountaines caſts.
Ech one repaireth to his tent, and dines contented wel

To mightie Gods they sacrifice and to their prayers fel.
They pray that that dayes iourney end, and to their daunger none.
To Ioue oblation doth prepare also Agamemnon,
As best becõmes the Captaine chiefe: an Ore of fiue yeares old
Ful thicke and fat, to dine with him the Prince also he woulde
Haue of the Campe the chiefest Përes, who sent for, there did mëte:
Nestor of all came first, and then Idomene king of *Creete*,
The Aiax twaine, Diomede fifth, the sixth Vlisses slie,
To whom also then Menelau presents himselfe them by,
Ful certaine of the burden great, his brother then did beare
Sole for his sake in those turmoyles: they all assembled there.
And th'offring brought into the place, and cakes on Aulter layed,
As best deuotion then did bid: Agamemn thus he prayed:
Of Gods thou Ioue the soueraigne chiefe, and Lord of Welkin hie
Of aire, and of this earth below, who lets the thunder flie,
The stormes of Haile & pashing showers, grãt me this day thy grace
That I this Citie set a fire, or night do come in place
Which hath so long wõstod our force, grant ỹ my sworde doe sheare
This day the shirt of Hector stout, on brest which he doth weare,
And that by me he end his dayes, vieiwing hys souldiours al,
Enforcing them to saue his life, in bloudie death to fall.
Ye prayed thus: but Ioue was deafe, he pleased not to heare,
For all his offering there so great, he doth him greatly deare.
Then is the hoste slaine and flayde, and part on gridorne put,
The liuer and lights they comely sëth and euery little gut.
The gigots and the other flesh in pëces they did spit,
Which rost, tipling the pleasaunt wine they downe to table sit.
At pleasure hauing fed their fil, old Nestor was the furst
Who could not rest, but with these words their talking tales he burst:
It is no time Agamemnon to laugh or chat at all,
But execute we must the thing, to which Ioue vs doth call.
Commaund then all the Heraults here that they go crie amaine,
And hither warne the Campe to come, and then let vs againe
Ech one in field go raunge his bande, and there with curteous wordes
Exhort them, that right souldiour like they wëlde, & vse their swords.
Agamemn bids the Heraults goo to go from band to band,

And

And cal ỹ Gréekes, who Heraults heard, ỹ came straight out of hand.
A séemely sight it was to sée th'array in euery thing,
And armour of the warlike Gréekes ech following his king:
But goodlier was it to behold, those great and mightie Kings,
What paine they toke, the multitude who there in order brings.
Wyth them stode Pallas al vnknowen, come down frõ Welkin hie:
Of Ioue the God inuincible, who liues immortally,
The Target hung, and gastful so, she on hir shoulder bare,
About the which hanging of gold an hundred pendants were.
So richly framde, as ech was worth of beues an hundred told.
So armde, of doughtie Grecians so the harts she doth embolde
To play the men, with dreadlesse minds, and do as souldiours right:
They nothing more wishe, than their liues to venter, and to fight.
The shining of their armor bright, gret Targets, shields of weight
Amid the plaine, was like in shew to those on mountaine height,
As is the fire in forrest made, which men do sée a farre:
So shone their harneis gainst the sunne, and weapons for the warre.
And like a gay great heard of Cranes, or flock of swans like snow,
Or Géese a lesser foule, with Charme, and sundry singing go,
Harde by the pleasaunt *Caister* flood, vnder the clothed trées,
That all the places rounde about do sound in sundry wise:
So Gréekes armde at *Scamanderbanke*, for fight in euery thing,
Such noise they yéelde, as fur alwse they make the medowes ring.
With treading of the Horse likewise the valley long did sound
To battayle martch, as many Gréeks, as flowers on the ground.
And as you sée great swarmes of flies, flie oft out hollow hoales,
And come in skul into the place wheras the shepheard foldes,
And gathers at the spring the milke, which of his shéepe he reapes:
Euen so suppose the Gréeks, they came out order al in heapes.
But their good leaders them, dispose, as heardsmen who with cars
At euen aye their flockes in field, to seuer do prepare.
Whom al aboue, Prince Agamemn himselfe did shew at ful,
As chiefe in name, so chiefe in déede, who brauing as a Bul
Came fierce, triumphes, and rule he wil, ouer the Oxen brééde:
So he the puissant King commaundes how matters shal proceéde.
For head he lokt that day like Ioue, like Neptune for his brest,

You would haue iudgde him presently God Mars for all the reste.
It was the pleasure then of Ioue such dethings to bestow
On Agamemn, that more thereby his honor he might showe.
Now Muses who in heauen hie your place and dwellings haue,
The fauourers of vertuous woorkes, teach me I humbly craue,
To tell that now I cannot write, yée all and all do knowe,
Recite the Princes who to *Troy* did with the army goe,
Recite their countrys and their ships: but heareſay, nought haue we,
It shall suffise to tell the names of those, who chiefest be.
For no man can with all his wittes rehearse of all the men
The number and the proper names, though tongues, yea, fully ten
Right god he hap, and mouthes like, wel spécht that open weren
If euerlasting voyce I had, and breast of brasse did beare,
Without your fauour I may haue, in this, I am but lost.
Of Ioue you daughters Goddesses, of grace and vertue most,
Oh teach me then to name the kings and shippes of Grékish host.

¶ The Catalogue of the Grecian Princes, and of their nauie that came to the siege of Troye,

and also of the *Troyan* Dukes, and forrain Kings who came to Priams ayde: Translated out of the Latine.

THe *Troyan* rout from *Beotie* fiue warlike leaders sent,
Pencle, Prothæno, and Leiton,
Arceſilaus, Clonius,
These people hath *Beotia* lande,
they who do hyrles eare,
With Scænon, Scolon, Aulida,
which stonie earth doth beare,

The Beotiã Dukes.
The places of Beotia.

And also from this *Ereonum*, bespred with Myrtle grouue,
Thespia, *Graea*, *Mycalee*, and towne *Dalmidaene*
With *Harma* olde, the *Ilesij*, and those that pasture on
The auntient soyle of *Eeythra*, and men of *Eleon*,
Of *Peteon*, and *Hilie* eke, and those in *Copa* dwel
And in *Medeon*, who for walls in prise doth so excel,
With *Thisbes*, which doth so abound with bones of wanton swil,
Who *Eutresis*, and *Coronee*, and *Platea* gay do tit.
Th'inhabitaunts of *Aliarte*, which is so fraught with grasse,
And who do stately *Thebes* holde, and liue about *Glissas*,
Orchestus too, with sacred groue to Neptunes godhead bowde,
And *Arne*, where the trees of vines with waight of grapes are bowde,
Midea faire, *Nissa* diuine, and lastly, who do liue
In *Anthedo*, whose fields about do fraught of flowers giue.
50. Beotian ships. With fiftie ships they come full stuft with weapon and with men,
Ech one an hundred souldiours brought, and also double tenne.
Orchomenians. Who from watred *Orchomenon*, with *Minyeus* floud,
Whose Citie is *Aspledona*, two knights of Mars his bloud
Ascalaphus and Ialmen leade: Astyoche the fayre
While she a virgin Actors childe, did by hir selfe repaire
To Parler sole, Mars hir deflourde, and forth she brought the twinne,
Those two wel furnisht at the ful with thirtie sayle come in.
The Captaines of the Phocenses. From *Phocis* opposite against, such numbers as were sent,
With Schedius and Epistrophus two souldiours odde they went.
Them Iphitus Eubole begat: they all of *Cyparis*,
Of rockie *Pytho*, of *Crissa*, of *Panop* and *Daulis*,
Of loftie *Hyampole*, and wholy on *Cephisson* flowd,
In *Anemore*, whose dwellings to, at head of *Lilee* stwde,
From whence *Cephissa* riuer runnes, with fortie ships they swéepe,
And as *Beotians* faithful mates, their left hand side they kéepe.
Locrenses. The diuerse armed *Locrenses*, haliaunt Oileus sonne
The noble Aiax he did guide, who did as swiftly runne
As Eterne winges, but lesse in fact and eke in name likewise,
For néere to Aiax Telamon in heigth he did not rise,
But weaker much with members lesse, yet bare he mightie brest,
And for the throwing of a Dart he passed all the rest.

These lands the *Locrenses* do holde: *Cynos*, *Opuis*, *Scarphen*, The coūtry of Locris.
Calliaron, the pleasaunt *Augæ*, *Thronium* and *Tarphen*,
Bessa, and people who do bide about *Boagrius* banke,
All ioynde to warre, with fortie ships to *Troy* they come in ranke.
Against sacred *Euboea* shore the *Locrija* region lyes:
The *Abantes* who hold *Euboea*, out whose mouthes force out fyes, Eubœens.
Who *Chalcida*, *Eretria*, and wine *Histia* haue,
Cerinthus by the sea, the town of Iupiter so braue,
With *Carystos*, and in *Styra* who dwelling do abide,
Those doth a martiall worthy Prince Elphenor Captaine guide,
The *Calcydons* like a guider stoute, of the *Abantes* bandes,
Who were the best throwers of Dartes, that euer threw with hands.
And cunning shakers of the staffe to hit their foe a farre,
These also fortie Bottomes big did bring vnto the warre.
From mightie walled *Secropia* town where people so do flourish
Of Erechthus, whom bred in field Ioues daughter great did nourishe, Athenians
To him a Temple *Athens* raisde, on them he first did raigne,
For yearely sacred offerings there both neate and lambes are slayne,
The doughtie mightie Menestheus the army out he leades,
No man his match for placing Horse, and furnishing of steades,
And marchaling of souldiours close, wherin though Nestor ware
His better both for vse and yeares, therein he durst compare.
With fiftie warlike Keeles he came from *Athens* straight as line,
And twice fyre Aiax Telamon did bring from *Salamine*, The Salaminians.
The which he plast hard on the shore, the *Cecrop* sayles them by.
Who Grecish Iunoes Argos holds, and *Tyrinth* walled hye,
Hermiones, and *Asines*, *Troëzene* hie in shore,
Eiöne sacred *Epidaure*, of Vines which hath such store,
Who are in wealthy *Egina*, and in *Masita* bred, D. Diomedes, Stenelus, & Eurialus they go saile.
Those Diomedes big of boyce, and Sthenelus led
The sonne of noble Capaneus, two men of prowes odde,
With them the third Eurialus, in vertue like to God.
Meeest of *Telaios* was his sire, but doughtie Diomede
Did rule as chiefe, with fourscore saile they came right wel arayde.
Who do *Mycenas* stately frontes inhabite and maintaine; The coūtry Mycenæ.
Who in rich *Corinthes* walls of pride, and in *Ornias* raigne,

Who in *Cleonas* building braue, and *Arethyrea* bin,
With fruiteful fallowes round beset, and line *Sicion* in,
Where once Adraſtus great was king: *Gonoeſſa* on the hill,
Hyperesie, *Pellenis*, and *Ægion*, who do til,
Aga: king 100. ships. All who dwel on the croked ſhoze, and in the region large
Of *Helissen*, thoſe Agamemn *Atrides* hath in charge.
Gallies and Gallions riggde he brought an hundzed foz reliefe,
Whom people and the Pzinces all did chooſe to be their chiefe.
Foz as in power he paſſed furre, his valure was not ſmal,
Wherefoze by Grækes conſent he had the gouernement of al.

The Lacedemonians and their dwellings King Menelaus. 60. shippes. Who people do the Bulwarkes pzoude of *Lacedemon* towne
Fiſhing ſurnamde, who loftie *Sparte*, and *Par* in loſh adowne,
Who *Meſſis* full of doues, and *Augæ*, that is ſo pleaſaunt aye,
Bryſas, and who of *Amyclare* enioy the græenes ſo gay,
Who *Helon*, and the fenniſh ſhoze, and *Tylon* do frequent
With *Laan*, theſe with threſcoze ſaile with Menelaus went,
With men and weapons furniſht ful, a man of doughtie pzide,
Wel tounged, he alſo bzother was vnto the great Atride,
His wife by ſtealth him taken fro, to deadly wzath he gretw,
Foz Helenes ſake with teares and plaints the Grækes to war he bzew.

The Pylizs and their dwellings. Who kéepe in *Pilon Neleida*, and in *Areius* tilde,
Thryon, and *Alphes* mæting fozdes, and *Epy* hielie hilde.
With towers aloft, *Cyparissa*, and *Enean* alwap græne,
The fable of Thamyris, depriued by the muſes, of verſifying. And who in *Pteleon* and *Helos*, and *Dorion* dwellers bæne,
Where Muſes did bereaue of *Thrace* Thamyris of his skill
Of verſifying, with whom he met with hap vnluckie ill:
When from Eurythus he did come, of *Oechalie* the king,
And ſwéeter than the Goddeſſes he boaſted he did ſing,
Ak they durſt trye with him in ſong: Ioues children græbde thereat,
His ſong and Harping they doe marre, ſo vainely who did chat.
D Neſter, 90 ships. Theſe ſouldiours bzings Duke Neſtor he, the oldeſt foz his yeares,
With ninetie ſtrong and warlike barkes wel armed he appeares.

The Arcades and their dwellings. The nations of *Arcadie* townes, which ſo doth ſwarme with men,
And who doe dwel about the foote of mountaine hie *Cyllen*
Hard by the graue ſo highly heapt, where mightie bodies lie,
Of many worthy warlike men, who in the feut did die,

In *Pheneon*, who leade their liues, and in rich *Orchomen*,
By meanes of Lambes so finely fleesde, in *Rhipes Stratien*,
In *Enispes*, subiect alway to winde where so it blowe,
Tigea, and *Mantina* gay, and who in *Stymphalo*,
And stately seated *Parrhasis*: to these Agapenore
Is Prince, the worthy Ances sonne, who came with full threescore
Right romy keeles, with souldiours fraught, but they him giuen was
By the great king Atride, the sea of *Nigropont* to passe,
Bycause the *Arcades* farre from sea, and shore thereof doe fare,
They little reake for marine worke, and small for shipping care.

The natiue men of *Buprasis*, and of *Elidadie*,
Of *Hyrmin*, of furthest *Myrsin*, harde to the ridges hie
Of craggie *Olen*, and who dwell as farre as *Alise* olde,
These forward came with doubtie Dukes ful foure in number tolde.
Eche one with twice fiue vessels armde, as any could desire,
Amphimach first, sharpe Thalpy nert, to whome Eurite was sire,
And Eteato to Amphimache, thirde Amaryncis was
Diores cleapte, Polyxen fourth in shape who so *Dis* passe,
Ioues sonne by Auge, of *Epeis* they did bring a mightie masse.

The Epeians & their townes.

The nations of *Dulichium*, and set aloft in waues,
Sacred *Echinald*, *Elidis* for Region fine that braues,
Meges a matche for Mars himselfe, their Captaine him they wull,
With toles of warre, he Brigants brought in number fortie full.
The rider good Philæus Auge at *Duliche*, gote him there,
When from his wrathfull sire he fled, whom Ioue did fauor beare.

Dulichiens.

The warlike bandes of *Cephalee*, with crags and rockie hilles,
And of *Neriton* sterile earth, which mightie trées so filles,
And of the little *Ithache* fieldes, so barraine and so bad,
Of hard *Crocilia*, and the soile of *Ægelipee* clad,
With bareneese strange, and torne Torres of *Samon*, of *Zacin*,
Whose pastures be so ful of woodde, and al the folke within
The Countrey hie, the sea alose, Vlysse a Ioue for head,
Did ouer-rule, twelue shippes he brought, their sternes al okard red.

Cephaleni-ens, and their borderers.

Th'*Etolien* men of *Pleuronis* and loftie *Olenon*
Of *Chalcis* hie, high *Pyles* shore, and stony *Cahydon*,
Andræmons sonne Duke Thoas rulde, the *Etoles* all he lead,

Cretenses. For all Oeneas flocke was failde, himselfe ehe lately dead,
Nor yellow Meleager did lyue, with vessels foure times teine
He did augment the naule, and with thousandes so of men.
The worthy souldior Idomene the *Cretian* crues he brought,
Leuied out of *Cineson* and *Gorthyna* walld aloft,
And *Lycta* olde for buildings fainde, and *Lycast* white as Snowe,
With *Phest*, *Miler*, and *Rhytion*, well peopled townes you knowe,
100 Cities of Creta. The whole supplie of *Creta*, whiche the roomie sea vesets,
With Cities large an hundred full, doubtie Idomene sets,
And Meryan a Mars indeede, with fourescore foiles in tale,
And harnest Hulkes, with picked men they come with mery gale.
Great Tlepoleme great Herculs sonne, for war and bones a m
The Rhodians. Their Townes The *Rhodians* they in number great with him to naule ranne,
With Galleis nine of fertile *Rhodes*, where men tricke so their ha
Of *Lindus*, *Ialisse*, and *Camire*, who snowish hewe doth weare,
With them to *Troy* Tlepoleme commes, of greate Alcidas saede,
Whome it is sayde Astyoche bare, when Alcide did procede
His mightie fire to conquere realmes, he him from *Ephyre* toke,
And out that countrey brought him home from nie *Sellentees* bro
Where growing now to riper yeares, he slewe his fathers frien
Alide in bloud, a vertuous wight, Licymnion had his end,
An aged man by slaughter his. Which done, his mates he calles,
And halting straight vnto the sea, to flight he forwarde falles:
For al the flocke of Herculs breede themselues to vengeance call,
Nireus Capitaine of the Symei 3 shippes. He scapte them al, with sundrie toiles he seas and countries pas
And light at *Rhodes*, which Ile beset three Cities namde before,
The whiche, for his sake mightie Ioue did bielle with wealthie st
With fore gates three from *Syma* went Aglaies Nireus,
A king he had to father his that hight Caropæus,
Next Achilles he vvas the godliest man. Of all that came to *Troy*, he was a man for making odde,
Achill except, yet fewe he lead, because he was a lobbe.
Calidneians and other Insulans, vvhose princes vvere Phidippus and Antiphus thirtye shippes. The *Nysire* youth Capathus, Cast, and Euripile, not greate,
And al the Ile *Calidnes* cleapt, whereon the waues do beate,
Phidippus and Antiphus brings, Thessalees sonnes that were,
Pelasgiens. Amphytrios nephewes, Carauels they seas with thir tie there
Thessaliens The Breekers of *Pelasgicke*, *Argo*, *Alopen*, and *Alon*,

Trachine small, wel walld *Phtie*, and many a Myrmidon,
Bred of ful of many mothers faire, Achæs and Helens bight,
Who are also the Hellades eke, these Achill led aright
To *Troy*, there fiftie Argosies, both bigge and small he brought,
These yole people of the warres vnhapppy neuer thought.
The mates who set their mind on muck no man wil bring to fight,
Achill then loytering kept aboord, doled with griefe and spite,
And wroth for leauing of Bryseis his tricke and gallant trull,
For whome he taken had such toile when as he downe did pull
The Bullwarkes proude of *Lyrnessis* in strong and warlike mart,
And wonne hir there, and *Thebes* sackte, and also claue the heart
Of Minite and Epistrophon, who sonnes of Euen were,
And also brethren vnto hir, whome nowe he helde so dere,
And for whose sake he mourning lies, with dreaming still of her,
That absent was, yet he againe to turne vnto the war.

Myrmidõs, Hellades &c. whose leader was Achilles 50. shippes.

Who seated are in *Philaca*, and in *Pyrrhason* wood
So fully fraught with *Ceres* plants, and *Iton* breeder good
Of waighty felterd felled sheepe: and *Antro* in the shore,
With *Ptelcon* of Wedlockes rytes that makes so great a store:
To these was Prince Protesilau, with forty saile he hyed
Straight vnto *Troy*, a souldior right, whereas he quickly dyed.
For whome his wife Laodame with teares ful mourning is,
And wayling stands that princely Court, who doth ỹ Maister misse.
He was the firste of all the Greekes on *Phrygian* shore that lepte,
Who there a worthy warrior slue of *Troy* to him that stepte.
These people were not Princeless yet, nor left vnarmed quite,
Podarce rich, Iphiclus his sonne, them rules, a warlike wight,
Brother to stout Protesilau, but lesse of yeares and deede,
A good man yet, and therefore glad his souldiors forth to leade.

Phylaceens and their dwellings.

Protesilaus ruler forty shippes.

His slayer is taken to be Hector.

The folke of *Pheres* and *Baben*, *Glaphyre*, and *Bebeide*,
In femnish scite, *Iaolcon* which in houses beares such showe.
Eumel with fiue wel harnest Hoyes augments the naute there,
Who to Admetus Alcest's breede, of beautie odde, did beare.
The garrison of *Methonie*, and nert *Taumacie* fieldes
Melibe, and *Olizenes*, whiche stony countrey yeldes,
The cunning shot Philoctetes in seauen shippes doth bring

Phereiens.

Methonies, and their borders.

and

Philoctetes vvounded, and left in Lemnos, of vvhom is a Greekishe Tragedie.

And mates they were not easly matcht with such as Jauelins fling
In eche shippe fiftie souldiours were: but lefte in *Lemnos* he
Was by the Greekes, where wounded sore his chance it was to be
With festered wound, that deerde him so, ystroke with Hydras bloud
The *Argiues* yet him doe desire, not Dukelesse though they stode.
To them is Medon Coronell, the bastard of *Oiley*,
To whome his mother Rhene him bare, then Medon leades the way.

Triccenses, Ithomenien ses, and Oechaliens.

The *Triccen* men, and who abide in rockes aboute *Itho*,
And *Oechalie*, whiche Euryte ruled, with saile thrice tenne they goe,
Their Generals were brethren two, their syre Coronis bare
Nephewes to Phœbus, in Phisicke they cunning Doctors ware,
Both men of warre, Machaon one, and Podalire his mate.

Ormeniens vvith their borderers.

Of Ormen who and Hypen spring, nie *Aster* holdes the state
By top of *Titan* full of snow: their Duke was Eurypile
Euemons sonne, he vessels brought forty to *Troy* that while.

Argissei vvith their borderers.

Argissa lads on *Peneid* shore, and who do *Gyrtho* tyll,
Orthen, Elone, white Oloos they followe with good wil,
Meneptoleme a doubtie chief, he was Perithoes sonne,
Whome Ioue on Hypodame begote, where *Pelis* mount dothe runne
So nigh the skies, and where he sire the hairie Centaures bred,
And to *Macedon* coaste remoude, yet was he not the head
Of them alone, Leonteus was ioynde with him in charge,
A captaine good Coronus sonne, with many an armed barge,
And furnysht foist, yea fortie full, they come in for an ayde.

Ciphei.

From *Cypho* towne Guneus brought, barkes twentie two arayed
Whose ensignes th'Eniens and eke the worthy Perebs would
Fast followe on, and at *Dodo*, who dwell in countrey colde,
And who about *Titaresis*, whiche ay so softly floes,
As thoughe sweete *Peneon* runnes therein, not mixt with it, it goes,
Perhappes for there the iuices fatte of Pallas Olives runne,
The head from *Stygian* Lake, by whiche the Gods to sweare do shunne.

Magnetes, & Prothous their prince An other Prothous 40. Shippes.

The standards of *Magnesia*, begot by Terthredon
Prothous leades, but people elfe of pleasant *Peneon*
And *Pelion* so beset with wood, an other Prothous namde
A forwarde man doth order be, with two score galleys framde
Fit for the fight: these two do come, and loe, here haue I tolde

The King and Princes euery one, to *Troy* that came so bold.
Now say my Muse, which of the Grèeks the best and worthiest was,
And whiche horse of the horses all in praise did there surpasse,
Whiche came to the *Dardanian* walles by conduct of Atride,
The Mares of *Eumel* were the best, as swift as though they flyde,
Both of a yere, both of a haire, and both in colour like,
And like the smooth and ryped Grapes, their backes were sofle & slike,
Apollo in *Pieria* their dammes he fostred stoute,
With mightie breaths, from nostrels whose they furie breathed out.
Aiax Telamon bare the name of all the Grèekish crues
Next to Achill, who waring wroth the battaile did refuse:
Of the *Achiues* he was the prime for strength, for bones, for pith,
His horses eke they odde one were, but now at variance with
Atride the Chiefetaine of them all, aboord he loyters still,
His mates yet met, in diuers mirth the shore in sporting fil.
Some quaite, some exercise their bowes, and on the dankey shore
The Chariots stande, the stèedes do fèede in manger them before,
Great foyson of their liked fode, wilde Smallage was their fare,
While that their Chariots to the fielde the Princes do prepare.
To these so forward to the fight when as they do requeste
A hand victorious them to leade, the no he doth protest.
Through all the campe they vp and downe do rolle and linger on,
There is no leaue that they may fight or else to battaile gon.
But now of Grèekes the army whole doth martch with stately grace,
And al their brazen armor shone, as of the earth the face
Had bin on fire, and all the fieldes had flamed ore with flashe,
And like as Ioue wood mad lightning and thunder downe doth dashe,
With drifling shoures, so large aboute the fields they do resound
With rushing of the weapons bright, and stamping on the grounde.
Oras when on Typhoeus tombe, whereon huge mountaines lyes,
He scourges with his tempest blacke, ysent from *Arimise*,
The Giants Caue, as it is sayd, such noyse their trampling yèelds,
They mouing in a bodie whole, hasting out further fieldes.
And Iris Pursuant to Ioue, from heauen takes hir flight,
To Troyan state brings dolefull newes, and at the gates dothe light
Of Priam King, where on a plumpe consult bothe yong and olde,

The goodnes of the men & horses in this vvarre.

Eumels Mares the best.

Aiax Telamon the best souldiour nexte Achilles.

Achilles horses the best.

Comparisō of the Greckish march.

An other comparison

Of things of waight, quicke Iris there to them this tale she told.
The fained shape and voice she toke, of Polite Priams sonne
So swift of foote, to Eesites tombe, whom Priam made to runne
Aloft to viewe, and woorde to bring, if Grækes did haply sturre,
Light Iris like to him in legges, she enters in thus furre.
Delightst thou still O aged sire (quoth she) to spend thy time
In nedlesse talke, as when in peace did stande this state of thine:
Great warres and destinie thée déeres, and here vpon the gréene
Such swarmes and millions flocke of men, as neuer hath bin séene.
To sande and leaues they are much like, their number is so great,
They fil the ample fields: this towne they harry wil they threat.
Do thou now Hector take the charge, sith thou hast in thy walles
Such great supply, and nations séere as beste it now befalles,
Commaunde the people ruled be by Princes of their own,
Assigne eche language leaders like, and enslignes to be knowne.
Thus Iris spake, but Hector well the voice diuine he knewe,
The Councell brake, from quarters all to towne the souldiors drewe,
And wide they open all the gates, the footmen forth they rushe,
The Cornets of the horsemen placed eke in order forward pushe,
With tumult and with clamor great, and nowe with heate they frie:
In sight amidst of all the field yplaced is on hie,
Batias sepulchre. A sepulchre lostie and large, which men *Batia* call,
But Gods Myrynes tombe it cleape: here méete the Troyans all,
The Battailons and Phalanges of footemen Marshald be,
The troupes of horsemen eke, to whyche the Captaines sée.
The Catalogue of the Troian leaders. Gay Hector was the Troyans chiefe, of Priam King the sonne,
Under whose enslignes many a feate of doubtie war was done,
Ye toly forward souldiors had, men méete for Sword and launce.
Dardaniens To *Dardans* stout and beautifull Æneas leades the daunce,
Whom Venus white vnto Anchyse of *Dardanie* did beare,
In clothed shade of *Ida* hilles, with him when ioyde she there.
Enee alone not ruled all, with him appointed are
Antenors sonnes, Archilach, and Acamas men of war.
The bands of *Zele* in *Lycie* land, at foote of *Ida* springs,
Aphneiens The *Aphnees* braue, Lycaons sonne the noble Pandare brings,
The *Æsapes* eke, who dayly bib of *Troes* that water blacke,

Who golden Apollo taught to shote, and bowe to beare at backe.
The aydes of the *Adastreans* sent out Pytiean,
And Apease rich, and Tercthie, to these the Dukes were than
The sonnes of Mecops, Percosis, Adraston, Amphion,
Whose sire the future haps did knowe, yet forward would they on,
All his persuasions sette aparte, vnto that deadly warre,
They woulde withstande the destinie, which both the men did marre.
Who *Percot* and *Praction* townes, who *Sestos*, and *Abyde*,
Who holde Arisbaes Princely valies, a King ful noble tride.
Asius Hyrtacis governde, from riche Arisba sent
With worthy coursers for their feate, from riuer *Selleent*.
The willing people of *Pelasge* and *Lariss*e fertile lands,
Hippothous and Pyleus both brethren, lead their bands.
Of *Thracians*, and next *Hellespont*, to war the crues are brought,
By worthy Acam and Peiro, a haughtie Heroe thought.
The launced troupes of *Cicones* al Euphemus doth commaunde,
The noble sonne of Trœzenus Ceada hight le Graunde.
The cunning shot of Peony, Pyrecheies Marshals all
Farre off from *Amydon* that came, where *Axius* broke doth fall
So wholly with his glassie hue. Pylæmen Prince is found
Of *Paphlagons* from *Enet* sent, where numbers so abound
Of clownish breede: to these the seates, to *Cytor* ioyned nie
Sesamon one, and *Erythnie* on mountaine placed hie,
And Cities proud, *Cronna*, and eke *Aegiah* gay to loke,
Yplaced on the pleasaunt bankes of *Partheneia* broke.
On *Halizons* Epistrophus and Dius Rulers raignde,
Of *Alyb* farre whose soile ful deepe with siluer Oze is vainde.
Two warlike youths of *Mysiens*, Cromis, and Eunomus
Did guide: the last a Prophet good, yet could he not discusse
To flee his fate, and scape the fist, and fierce force of Achill,
When he so many wretches drounde, and field with Mortes did fill.
The mightie Legions of *Phrygie* to Phorcis did obay,
And to *Ascanius* proude of forme, who both had tane their way
From *Ascame*, a countrey farre, the loue of warre it brings
Two gallants gay armed at ful to fight they stie with wings.
With brethren Mesthles and Antyph the *Meons* came to fight.

Adrastiens, vvhose leaders vvere Adrastus & Amphius.
Percosij. Sestiens. Abdyeni.
Asius Price of the Arisbeiens.
Hippolochus & Pyleus Dukes of the Pelasgiens.
Acamas & Pirous Princes of the Thracians.
Euphemus captaine of the Cicons.
Pyrechnes duke of the Peones.
Pylemenes ruler of the Paphlagões Eneti.
Epistroph? and Dius Dukes of the Halizones.
Eunomus and Chromus Capitaines of the Mesiẽs
The Dukes of the Phrygiens, Phorcis, & Ascanius.
Antiphus, & Mesthles brought the Meoniens.

Who dwel nie *Tmole*, Gyga their Dame, their sire Pylemene hight.
The *Cares*, the Dullardes in our speech, of *Mileton* the rankes,
And men of *Phthiron* shaded Mount, and of *Meander* bankes,
And who dwel on *Michales* hilles, them, as they did desire,
Amphimach ioynde with Nastes rulde, to both was Nomion sire.
Amphimach, like some wanton wench in golden robes was cladde,
And so into a stubborne warre did thrust himselfe as madde.
No fence in golde, death fled he not, he falleth in the floud
Aëacis dothe bereaue his golde, and eke there spilles his bloud.
On lustie laddes of *Lycie* land, Sarpedon beareth sway,
Drawne from his Countrey *Xanthus* far, where that brook takes by
With him was feere vnto the fielde in armor Glaucus gay. (way,

Amphimachus & Nastes broght the Cares & Mileſiẽs.

Lyciens.

Finis Libri secundi.

¶ The third Booke.

After the Troyans troupes came forth
new rannged on the soyle
With manly mindes and courage good
to put their foes to foyle,
In sodain with a maiestie, they martch
on Grecish hoste,
And like the Cranes they to the skies
their cries and clamours tost, (to fal,
Who leaue their hils and mountaines hie, great shoures knowing
And seek their foode by Neptunes shore, where they their armies cal,
For the Pygmeis, with whom ful oft war cruel they do hold,
With stroke of wing, of bil and foote, if they their foree vnfold.
The Greeks againe come forward on, yeelding no noise nor crie,
Full wood with rage them to reuenge with furie they drewe nie,
With ardent minde for the desire of victors onely fame,
Eche rescuing his feere, who fought to death to gaine the same.

Comparisõ of the Cranes vvho vvar vvith the Pigmeis

And as you see in winter time ful oft how fares the mist,
Which western winds scouring ỹ plains on moũtaines hie doth rest,
As much vnto the sheapheards losse as to the robbers gaine:
For who can see a stones throw of ought thing in land or plaine:
Euen so the troupes, when they approcht, the dust was rearde on hie
That neyther Troyan, ne yet Greeke could one another spie. (harde,

Comparisõ of the mist.

And when the armies both were raunge, Greekes by the Troyans
Paris with stalking pace aduaunce himself to the Grèks warde
Stoutly calling of the Grèkes the valiantst to the fighte,
Body to bodie was his demaunde, to shew therby his might.
The armour which he bare that day, was of Leopardus skinne,
With bow stif bent, and with quiuer, and many a shaft therein,
His sword in hand, and two braue Dartes armed with stèle at all,
Which he gan shake, when as the Grèkes to combat he did call.

The rashnesse of prouoking the Grekes to the combat.
Paris his armour.

But Menelau his boldnesse spyde, of whom he knowledge had
To be his foe, his hart it leapes, for ioy he groweth glad,
Wost Lion like mèting an Hart or Gote he sèking pray
Amid the woods, forst by the Houndes, and Hunters to the bay,
If kild, he taking his repast, is pleasd at his good chaunce:
The Grèke so chosing Paris out, for very ioy doth daunce,
Th'occasion offred to reuenge the wrong him lately done,
And armed as he was, he leapt down from his Chariot sone.

Comparisõ of a Lion meeting an Hart.

But Paris who saw Menelau this fight in hand should take,
Could not holde out, but yea almost for verie dread gan quake.
And hasting straight reculde, he dred the daunger in this case,
And did retire among his fères to raunge him in his place,
Euen as the trauelling man ful oft passing Hils great and hie,
Not loked for right in his way finding a Serpent lye,
Doth shunne the way, and step abacke, with colour pale and wan,
With trembling limmes, more like the death than any liuing man.
With this so villanous retreate sir Hector gay was wroth,
The slaunder sèeing now would grow, chid Paris for his sloth.
Unhappie Paris, bearing shew as doughtie as the best,
Yet in effect but feminate, with lurure to detest.
Oh would to God thou cowarde vile, in birth thou hadst bene lost:
Such shame to bring thy dolorous sire, and eke thy Country cost:

Feare and covvardise of Paris.

Comparisõ of a traueller meeting a Dragon.

The vehement speech of Hector to Paris.

Dárſt thou the mirth the Grékes do make for this thy vile retreate,
Who thought thy corpes for braune and bones of armes to beare the (feate.
And this is ech mans ſpéech & crie, behold the Grékiſh ſides,
Behold a Maſſe of fleſh, wherin no ſpirite or ſtrength abides.
You were of force, I know, ere now, your ſhips to arme and band,
And hoyſe your ſayles, and turne your courſe to fetch a ſtrangers lád:
And like a yong man being receivde, into a Princes houſe
Didſt ſteale away againſt all right a worthy King his ſpouſe,
To the diſhonor and reproch of all the Troyan name,
And by the ſame there doth redounde to King Priam a ſhame,
To Grékes a ioy, to thée a griefe, and yet thou wert afright
And erſt for dread began to pale with Menelau to fight.
This is thy feare, thou caſteſt thus, that he ſhould thée of life
Menelaus. Depriue, whom thou vnworthy haſt depriued of his wife.
Thy voice ſo ſwéete, thy pleaſaunte tongue, thy lims ſo feately layed,
Thy buſh ſo ſémely to thy ſight, thy giftes if all be wayed
Which Venus hath beſtowde on thée, ſhould ſerue to little end
Thy life to ſaue, if in the fielde with him thou ſhouldſt contende:
Thy coward hart hath in ſuch caſe now brought ech Troyan wight
Séeing in thée nought worthy praiſe, that they refuſe to fight.
Thy déed deſerues to great reproch, wherfore now hie thée hence
Out of my ſight, go packe the fourth, and hide in ſome defence.
Paris to Hector. Hector chiding Paris thus, tricke Paris ſtraight confeſt,
Oh brother deare, of right to me this ſpéech you haue addreſt.
Compariſō of Hectors force to an Axe. For why, your force is of ſuche fauour your courage eke ſo hie,
That toyle and trauayle is there none it can be hurt thereby.
No more than doth the workmans axe tourne edge, or waxeth blunt
When tymber trées, his worke to ende, the man to hew is wont.
But yet of God the giftes yée ought not thus caſt in my téeth,
For Gods the ſame on men beſtow for to reward them with:
And ſith of Gods thoſe giftes they haue, let them yéelde him ỹ praiſe,
Not metting them by their deſerts, but by his wil alwayes.
Paris vvill fight. Wel, if you wil with Menalau the combat I attend,
Appoint the place, that of this ſtrife we two may make an ende.
Turne vs two loſe here, in the Grékes and in the Troyans ſight,
Placed about vs, let them ſée of vs the martiall fight.

Who

Who victor shal be, let him haue to recompence his peine,
To make him merry, all the pray, let him possesse Heleine,
And let the Troyans vnto *Troy*, the Grékes to *Greece* repeare,
And couenant firmely for to kéepe, let both the nations sweare.
Hector séeing Paris thus, buskle vnto the fray,
Parualles with ioy, before his bands he steps out in the way,
His pike in midst aloft he beares, he wils them al to holde,
And stay thẽselues, which straight they did as souldiors wel cõtrold:
The Grékes cease not to martch, their stones & darts at randõ flye,
Gauling the Troyans, til such time Agamemnon did cry,
Cease, cease, (quoth he good Grékes I say) no more do shote or thro, Agamemnõ to the Greekes.
To stay his men, out of the troupe the king doth also go:
Content yée yong and worthy lads, I yonder Hector sée,
To talke with vs he by his signes doth willing séeme to bée.
The shafts they cease, & straight the Darts no mã doth sée to flie, Obedience of the Greekes.
The Campe was stil as possible might in twinckling of an eye.
Hector séeing such silence made betwéen the hostes, began,
These were the words among them all of that most worthy man.
Heare oh yée Grékes and Troyans both what Paris doth offer Hector to the Greeks & Troyans
Vnto you all, my brother here the author of this war.
He thinkes it good to make an ende of this so mortal fight
That yée aside your weapons laye, and to decide the right
Twixt him and Menelau, he would sharpe weapons should it try,
Faire Heleine should the victor haue him rendred by and by.
With all the pray, and that forthwith, to morrow else by day
Assurance made to kéepe the pact ech one depart his way.
The worthy Hector scarse an ende had made now of this case,
But stoute and forwarde Menelau spake thus in open place:
Giue eare yée Grécks and Troyans both vnto these words of mine, Menelaus to the Greeks and Troyans.
Who shall declare vnto you al my griefe and grieuous pine,
I do agrée now for to end this daungerous debate,
Considering erst the trauailes great and mischiefs, which of late
And long sith by both campes sustainde, for the adulterie,
And the iust cause whiche prickes me forth to venge this miserie,
That all men rest, and that Paris against me come, whereby
All yée shall sée, who ordainde is by fate to liue or dye.

And

For the sacrifice.

And to effect that all be done, th'oblation whyche of due
The Gods in such case ought to haue, the pacte to holde more true,
It nédeful is, by the Troyans two lambes there be assignde,
The one coale blacke, the other white, Male and Female by kinde,
An old ceremone. White be the Male, the female blacke, vnto the sunne most cleare
To shed their bloud, and to the earth, of all men dame so deare,
Benigne and auncient mother of man, and we a thirde wil bring,
Which shal be offred vnto Ioue that great and mighty King.
I woulde also for suretie more, one went for olde Priam,
That for this pact and couenaunt made, he ratifie the same,
Youth inconstant. For his children all *Greece* wel knows, are promise breakers all,
Falsers of Faith, and vnto chaunge yong heades are alway thral:
The olde man if he sweare the othe, if bounde he sée he be,
Ye wil abide no treason then, nor offer iniurie.

This sight agréed, the Citizens, and souldiors strange of *Troy*
The Troyans all, the Grékes ech one, hereof beginne to ioy,
In hope an end shall now be made of this their wretched warre,
With busie toile they rounde about do place their horse afarre,
And kéeping order, forthwith then they from their Chariots light,
Herault. Their shields, their launces down they lay, and harnesse fit for fight,
Leauing good scope betwéene them both, ful fit by fight to trye.
The holy Hector Heraults two to *Troy* sends by and by,
Two Lambes to fetche, and hast Priam t'allowe all this accorde.
Talthybius eke went to the shippes, commanded by his Lord
Agamemn, to fetche the Lambe vnto the company,
Which was appointed as before, for the ceremonie.

Iris messenger of the Gods.

This while from the *Olympus* high Iris made hir repaire
To *Troy*, to tell these newes to hir, who fairest is of faire.
Laodices daughter of Priame. The shape she toke of hir sister belodde, faire Laodice,
Who marryed had Elicaon, Anthenors sonne the wise.

Helins exercise.

She founde the faire not idle tho, but working busilie,
She in hir chamber made a péece of worthy Chiualrie,
Wherin was wrought of Troyans and of Greekes the worthy Acts,
Most cunningly in portrature, their sallies and their facts,
Their chargings oft, their cruel fight, their méetings one to one,
Which both the Campes continually, made for hir loue alone.

Arise

Arise quoth Iris, come Heleine, and in the plaine hard by,
The Citie here, thou straight shalt see things wondrous to thine eye:
Those whom thou hast ech day beheld, in wont deale doleful blowes,
In daungerous war, thou shalt see rest, togither in sundry rowes.
And some there leaning on their shields, wel wearie of their toyles,
And Menelau with Paris shal (to end these wars and broyles)
Fight hand to hand, and he who shall the better part obtaine,
Thée shall he haue by one consent, as glorie of his gaine.
These newes declarde, with a desire this Heleines minde is sped
Of hir first spouse, and countrey towne, wherein she first was bred,
Of hir parents, to see them once, a time this Heleine prayes
With them to leade hir life againe, and furnish forth hir dayes.
She riseth vp, and deckes hir selfe with gorgeous attire,
And out she goes, distilling teares, as they wel saw stode by hir.
And not alone, she with hir led Climean and Aethrea,
And goes vnto the greatest port that named is *Scien.*
Where on the Bulwarkes they might see at ease the fields so wide,
There king Priam with Lordes of state was set on every side,
To shrowde them in the shade within the pentus of the Wal,
Tymots, Lampus, Clytus, Panthus, in vertues famous all,
Hicetaon renoumde in warre, also Vcalegon
Of late that was of boysteous braine, and eke Anthenor one,
As good a man of warre as they, but now for councel out,
The aged dads there closely sit, the scorching heate they dout.
As Grashoppers the olde men chat, when two or three are founde
In Sommer time amid the Gralle, and make a charming sounde.
They loking on the heauenly Grecke, good cause confessed, why
Both campes should make such toile & stirre, and eke so long should try,
Hir beautie, wayed that was more than any earthly worke,
Which in hir Goddesse vilage there did shine and seeme to lurke:
Yet they auoucht, it better were to yelde hir home to goe,
Without abode, for to eschew the mischiefes, which might grow
By keeping hir stil as they did: as she arriued than
Wheras they sat, the king hir callde, and thus to hir began.
Come thou to me my daughter faire, here down by me do sit,
Leaue off thy mone, leaue off thy teares, which from thine eyes do slit.

Heleins minde doth chaunge.

The olde Troyans for counsell.

Comparisō of Grashoppers.

Aduise of the Troyās to render Heleine.

Priam to Heleine.

Do not consume lamenting thus, come sée thy husband here,
And all the Grékes thy kinsmen eke, and cosins all so déere.
Oh Ioues wil is not that in thée I should th'occasion lay
Of my mishaps, which yéldes my griefe, no, no, the gods are they
Who for the better to reuenge themselues of me and mine,
Desire by this wretched warre t'afflict vs all with pine.
Come néere, and leaue your bashfulnesse, and of the Grékes declare
Your neighbours kindred and alies, and who you néerest are.
What, who is he is formost there, of middle pitch and bone,
With countenaunce graue, as I forethinke, I neuer saw yet one
Since I was borne, so wel beséene as he in euery thing,
And sure he beares the port and shew, and grace of some great king.

Heleine to Priam.

Then answerde Heleine thus the king with humble voyce & saide,
My most deare Lord, thy reuerent state doeth yéelde me wel afraide,
When to thy presence I resort, but would to God by death
Before the turmoyles of this warre I yélded had my breath:
And chiefely when to follow with thy sonne, I was so mad,
Leauing my husband, many a Dame and gentle phéere I had,
My brethren, and my daughter both, then both we frée from ws
Had bene as now, but what helpe when il lucke wil haue it so:
Sent for to do your graces will, who doth commaunde the same:

Heleine shewes Agam: to Priam.

For him you aske, that prince he hath Agamemnon to name.
A king both wise and stoute in warre, of Atreus eke the heire,
To whom the Campe in all obeyes, and their alliegance beare.
Who now long sith, when we in peace and suretie al did swim,
Was vnto me brother in law, and I sister to him.

Priam commendeth Agamemnō

The péereles faire holding hir peace, Priam with maruel mazde,
Hearing Agamemnons honor thus declarde, set forth and blazde,
Could not himselfe then hold his peace, but gan his prayse to crie,
O fortune good, thou Agamemn art more than twice happie
Sith worthy Prince of chiualrie, the hie Gods in thy hands
To thy good hap do put the Grékes, to leade and rule their bands.
So that by thée is gouernde now, conducted at thy wyll,
So great an host arriued here, whiche doth al *Phrigie* fil.
When I was yong, and baliance had, and prowesse, I do minde,

Amazones.

That on this land the *Amazones* did warre, women in kind,

yet

Yet folke in warre of great exploites, whose force for to withstand,
We driuen were to call such strength, as nere was in this lande.
Then Otrus and Migdon marching againste them in their way,
Their footemen and their horsemen both did in a valley stay,
Nie *Sangar* flonde with streame so long, to their succors I came,
They made me chief, yet our gay bands ỹ Grécks now passe ỹ same.
After he castes his sight aside on Vlysses, and sayes,
Ah gods, daughter mine yet once againe come on your wayes,
Tel me what Gréeke is that I sée, with shoulders, breast, and wast
So well beset, and not so high as Agamemnon last,
Who wt so good a grace, and arind goes round about the Grékes,
As doth the mightie Belweather with hairie cote and chékes,
Who for the better képing in the goodly flockes of shéepe,
Goes by them stil, and rounde about, and from them doth not kéepe.
It is (quoth she) Vlysses of a good and séemely shape,
Yet wiser in his fetchers, who, although he had the hap
To be brought vp in Countrie rude among the countrie clownes,
Yet he in head and witte doth passe the Grékish kings renownes.
Worthy Princesse, thou sayest most true bespake Anthenor then,
My selfe doth know it very wel: for I remember when
Both he and Menelaus did Embassadors come hither,
They wer then lodgde at my pore house, whom I receivde togither,
And made them suche chére as I could, as they my sons had béene,
Where I their counsel, mind, and gifts do think my selfe haue séene.
Or my coniecture thought them great, and chiefly when to vs
In counsell they themselues were calld, their message to discusse.
Menelaus standing vp was taller for his height,
But being set, Vlisses séemde more graue in things of weight,
And abler to maintaine the case, for Menelaus was
A man of fewe words, and in vaine from him did nothing passe.
His spéech was pithie, wise and apt, and ful of gentlenesse,
And though Vlisses had more yeares, he vsed no excesse
Of words, but when it came to point that speake Vlisses should,
Wert nére so little, in the ayre cast vp his head he would.
And would a while cast down his sight most like a senseless loute,
As one by rage and choller were from reason cleane put out.

Sangar.

Pryame to Helene.

Comparisō of the deep vvoolled Rammes.

Helene declares Vlisses.

Ithache Ile.

Antenor to Helene. Vlysses and Menelaus Embassadors once to Troye.

Descriptiō of Menelaus & Vlisses

Vlesses eloquence.

Wlhich well was shewed by his pace, which he vnhansome bare,
But when he spake, he eloquence most heauenly did declare.
His wordes came forth like winter snow, such store he did vnfolde,
As hauing done, none with him durst any contention holde,
Nor yet of any thing he sayde did any doubt at all,
Nor question aske, his talke was such, as to the Gods befall.

Priame to Helene.

King Priam curious more to know, had cast aside his eyes,
And finding Aiax, of Heleine enquired in this wise:
Who is that goodly Prince, (to aske the old man doth begin)
Who is a Giaunt to the rest, none of them reeth his chin.

Helene to Priame shewing him Aiax Telamō Idomene king of Crete.

She vnto this made aunswere thus: It is Aiax the strong,
Who is best hope, defence and wall, that to the Grékes belong.
And he, who stands hard by him there, is the good king of *Creete*
Idomene, among his folke obeyed with honor great,
As if some mightie God he were, whom often I haue séene
(He passing by) with Menelau at our house to haue bene.
And many moe, as wel as he, whose names I wel do know,
But not to sée my brethren here, doth cause my griefe to grow.
The Castor gay that worthy knight with Pollux without péere

Castor and Pollux.

In feats of armes, in they in this war haue not vouchsaft I feare
To take a part, but if they did arriue here with the rest,
The irksome sorrow, griefe and care, which hath their minds oppressed,
To sée my wants and my mishaps, and chaunce, yea very filth,
Hath sent them home, & they abasht, with cares their harts it filth.
Thus saide the faire, but hir brethren long ere these things befel

Castor and Pollux dead in Spart.

Were dead, and in the towne of *Sparte* they were intombed wel.

Preparatiō for the ceremonies

This while the two Heraults they did prepare all things at ful,
That best shuld serue, they from the flocke two sōbes of choyce did cull
And with good wine that licour likt, of Goate a ful great hide
They fild top vp, the which was brought by th'Arault called Ide
They for the misterie most méete a massie balen brought

VVine the licour commended.

Of polisht gold, and eke of gold two cups most finely wrought.
Thus furnisht, to king Priam they shewed their Embassaide

The Heraultes to Pryam.

They willing him to come himself, these were the words they sayde:
O péereles king of all renowme, we feare we haue bene sloe,
The chiefest of thy subiects all in field attend thée loe,

The Grékes will now make such accorde, in mind that ay shall last,
Your sonne Paris his right to trie, with Menelau doth cast,
By hand to hand and force of fight, who victor shall arise,
Shal in reward haue faire Helene, and gifts of worthy price.
All discordes by this meane shall end, for Grékes to *Greece* shall hie,
Troyans shall haue for war sustaind, their peace wishte earnestly.
Without your Grace nought can be done, for it is méete you sweare
For full suretie of this combate which is agréd on there.
The good olde man was fearfull straight, for wel he knew, in hand
Fondly was take this enterprise, wherets they meane to stande:
Yet he commaundes his Chariot, and for his horses calles,
They ioinde to it, all things were done, which in such case befalles.
With him he toke Antenor olde, and to the field they haste,
Who scouring with a swéping pace, came to the campe at laste,
And in the midst présente themselues: and lighted when they were,
Vlysses graue, and Agamemn, did come and méete them there.
The Heraults there eke shewde themselues, right gay and richly clad
With ornaments whych longs them to, and no delay was had,
But straight procédes before them all to the ceremonie:
And first with good and pleasant wine, they skinke the cuppes on hie
To the chiefe Lords, this pacte t'allowe, to wash one water beares:
The great Grék then doth draw his knife, ỹ which he always weares
By his left side, and of the Lambes the woll he doth cut out
From twixt the browes, for the Heraults to part amids the rout
To the Princes, that hereafter repent none of them can.
The woll receivde, his handes eke washt, Agamemn thus began,
With ioyned hands, and lifted vp, his prayer thus did make:
O mightie Ioue, who dost vouchsafe thy dwelling for to take
On *Ida* hil, and there to rule, O Sunne most bright I call,
Who sées this plaine, and knowes all things: O earth and riuers all,
I you beséech my prayers heare, you God infernall eake
So full of power, who al mischiefe so egerly do wreake,
Of fondling folke, who cal the Gods their witnes when they sweare,
And straight to be most false forsworne they neither care nor feare,
Be *Testes* here, cause this accorde so sacred be fulfilld:
If it so be, that by Paris, or Menelau be killd,

Priam and Antenor go to the cãpe.

Vlysses.

The auntiẽtie of Heraults.

Without repining we agrée faire Helene shall be his,
The gods he shall enioy, the whiche he rauend once amisse,
Here promising to raise the siege, and straight to *Greece* returne,
If Menelau my brother like (if hap so serue his turne)
With hand this Paris do subdue, that then this Gretian faire
With worthy mends for wrong sustaind to vs forthwith repaire,
And yearly that there be some rent, or tribute for the same
Assignde our heires for our renowme, to shew their fault and shame.
And if that he shoulde vanquish thus, and Priams sonnes refuse
To kéepe their othe and promise made, and so the Gods abuse,
If king Priam shall also hap for lacke and want of harte
To fault the same: I here protest I wil not hence departe
Agamēnōs othe. This countrey fro, nor turne elsewhere, vntil I sée it wast,
The Troyans slaine, their Citie burnt, and therein fiers plast.
Thus hauing sayd, then with his knife the two yong lambs he sine,
And weakly sprawling in their blond, on ground from him he threw,
And many present in that place, the same did also powre,
And powring wine vppon the earth thereof they did allowe.
A souldiors prayer. Among the which some Troyan knight, or Onea souldior Gréeke
Nowe spent and worne with the warres, thus made his prayer eke:
O Gods of mercie, who wel sées, what here is done alway,
O graunt that he for whose default now this accord shal stay,
(As rebel vnto your decrées) with brayning be he sped,
And for his gilte, let of his ympes the braines be also shed.
And let an other haue his wife their prayer thus did go.
But for al this their iust request, the Gods yet would not so.
Priam to the Troyās & Greekes Againe Priam perceiuing well, that thus this geare woulde lodge,
Said to the Gréekes and Troyans both, I thinke it best I trodge,
If you my Lordes so thinke it good, my grief will not in sight
That I this quarrell for to end, should sée my sonne to fight.
The mightie Gods agrée, that death for one shall be his gaine,
And haue appointed whych of both with conquest shal remaine.
The place of the combate met out by Hector and Vlysses. Forthwith with him he toke the Lābs, & mounteth on his chaire,
And Antenor, and from the preasse to *Troy* they straight repaire.
The luckie Hector and Vlysse this while do go about
To mette the place, most fit for fight, the which they measure out

In mids betwéne the armies both: and then for prwfe they craue,
Of the first stroke for t'assaile who shall the honor haue:
Two lots they make, as in suche case the custome is to trie,
And in an helmet they do put two billets by and by,
For eche of the Combatants one: who first was drawne by lot,
Of first assailing of his fére the licence thereby got.
The souldiors all carefull to sée, did fixe their minds and eyes
On this helmet, and to the Gods with heart thus sent their cryes:
O Ioue thou God of Gods, of men high king, and king most chief,
Grant thou that grace this day, that he, who causeth this mischiefe,
May downe to the infernall shades descend, and there arest,
And that the Grékes and Troyans fré, may liue in peace and rest.
Hector from his helmet then his countnance hauing wried,
To parte the lots did turne them oft, them better to diuide.
He putteth in his hand, and out the lot of Paris drewe,
And forthwith straight to voide the place himselfech man withdrew,
And glad eche one sits round about: and Paris who assaile
Must Menelau, at all points wel to arme him doth not faile.
Then firste his gallant greues he toke which customly he ware,
His Cuysses which were fastened to by art and mickle care,
With buttons gay, and buckles great of siluer therevppon,
And of Lycaon strong and sure he put the Curets on.
One would haue thought (they séemd so fit) it moulded was for him:
A mastie sword he girt, which hong with siluer nailes ful trimme.
And on his shoulder he doth cast a strong and mightie targe,
His head to hap an helmet rych, with crest right long and large,
Gastful to sée, made of the taile of some horse very great,
As oft as he cast vp his head, it also séemd to threat.
In fine, an armed Darte with stéle to his right hand doth yéld,
And thus with porte, and visage fierce, he commes into the fielde.
There was no souldior, no so stout, for feare who did not quake,
To sée the hazarde of the case, when they beganne to shake
Their Darts at their approch, & more, their marks & gestures bold.
Paris stoutly stalking out, first there the fielde doth holde,
He manly first assailes, and forth his dart doth strongly launce,
The which in mids of the Grékes shield did stifly hit by chaunce,

Lot vvhi-
che of the
tvvo shold
gyue the
first blovve
The prayer
of the Grek
and Troyã
souldiors.

Paris lot is
first drawn

Paris is ar-
mied vvith
other armes

Lycaon.

Paris assay-
leth first.

But

But onely saue the vtter skin, no force it had to sturre,
The shields defence so put it backe, that pierce it coulde not furre.
For this yet was not Menelau one whit appalld at all,
He bid the blowe, and stepping forth, to prayer thus doth fall:
Menelaus prayer to Iupiter.
O mightie Ioue, who knowes the right, the man do thou me make,
Who of his foe for his offence nowe iuste reuenge may take,
Direct good Lorde, that he may dye, as his deserts do craue,
That babes not born, may heare & know what stroke his fault should haue,
To make them feare their friendly *Ius*, as wretches to defile,
Where strangers are with ciuiltie well vsed euery while.
Forthwith he shoke his speare, when as these words he did rehearse,
And with such force at Paris threwe, that it his shielde did pierce,
His Curets eke it thirled throwe, and al the cloutes he ware
Hard to his shirte, and eft the steele had kist his carcasse bare,
But then that Paris wried at last, and so the blowe did shunne.
After the stroke, then Menelau his gorgeous blade begunne
Out of his siluer sheath to drawe, which heauing vp he takes,
And striking him vpon his helme, his foe amazed makes.
Menelaus blasphemeth.
Still laying on, at the thirde stroke his sworde in péeces flue,
Wherewith, as one distraught he cryed: O Ioue, thou God vntrue,
I nowe well sée you can doe naught, Of al the Gods you are
The most malitious, yea of all, who in the skies repaire:
Alas I thought the time was come my foe I should confound,
But nowe my Iauelin I haue sent, not causing any wounde,
My sword in two: yet raging wood vpon him he doth fly,
And by the Creste he caught him fast, enforcing mightily
To driue and thrust him out of field, as one had conqueste wonne,
By meanes his chin band chokte him so: the same then had he done,
Venus saueth Paris.
But Venus who his safetie would, did cause it breake in twaine,
So saue his moreyne, Menelau had naught else for his gaine:
Venus.
Which he among his mates doth throw, and meaning for to pay
His bared pate, the Goddesse tho, forthwith conueyed away
The Carpet Knight, bewrapping him in cloude of mistie aire,
She brought to towne, wher she pluckte off the armor which he ware,
His bones to reste, she plaste him in, one of his Chambers all,
Helene.
Which most did smoke wyth pleasant smels, and Helene went to cal.

Who

Who in a Towre past the time, about hir many moe,
Both Troyan Dames and gentle folke deuising to and fro.
Venus not willing to be knowne, in humaine shape appeares
In Greas forme, the god handmaid, nowe wel ystept in yeares,
In broiderie worke a minion odde, no lesse in spinning eake,
Who pulling Helen by the skirte, did thus the silence breake.
Madame, your Paris doth commaunde, that I should will you hie
His lodging to, where in such ray, you shal there find him lie,
You will not trow he lookes so fresh, he commes now from the fight,
Youle iudge he coms frō dauncing sport, he seems so tricke a wight.
Thus spake the amorous Goddesse tho, inspiring in hir spite,
The mighty flame, who knowing wel hir breast and necke so white,
Beholding wel the flaming eye there of the heauenly flocke.
What mean you quoth she by this trade me this wise for to mocke:
What, nowe yet once againe as wise to giue me do you meane
In *Phrigie* townes or *Meonie*, or in some further realme,
For to reward some seruant thine, sith he, who by strong hand
Tooke me away, thou banquisht seest, and I to Grekish lande
Yet once againe must make returne: and wherefore do you vse
This fained talke, and hyde your shape me onely to abuse:
I do beleeue the blinde desire of this thy Paris loue
Which hotds thee now, hath causd thee leaue the skies & Gods aboue,
To be the slaue and Concubine of him thy darling dere,
Sith it is so, then plie him well, stir not but tarry here.
Ile couche no more with thee god Knight, within a paire of sheetes,
(I force no deale) I promise him, with me he never meetes.
The Dames of state and Troyan wiues might scorn at me their fil,
With fleering taunts & flinting sleights, for spite which wold me kill.
When as the Goddesse heard these words, which forth in heat she
She spake hir thus: O wretched elfe I reade thee hold thy tong, (throw.
Striue not with me if thou best wise, least if thou stirre mine ire,
And that I kindly count thee to, little to thy desire.
And least that as I haue bin friend I do become thy foe,
And seeke suche meanes as Goddesse nowe to vnque against thee for:
Thy Grekish hearts & Troyans both, yea al thy hope cleane gone,
The death with one consent they shall bestowe on thee anone.

Grea the Chambrer to Helene

Venus to Helene.

Helene to Venus.

Venus threatneth Helen.

Helene followeth Venus to seek Paris.

The faire was mated by this rage, she with a countnance sowre,
Couering hir face with hir riche robe roms down straighte from the towre,
And softly followed Venus there, who hir to chaber brought,
The traine to talke, and some to weaue, and some the distaffe caught.
The place was trickly decked vp, the place where Helene sat
By Venus will was placed there before hir husband flat,
Who did him earnestly behold, and swelling yea with wrath,
The very botome of hir minde she doth declare, and saith:

Helene to Paris.

Then you are come you sorie sir, and luckie carpet knight
From this combat so daungerous, and eke fierce warlike fight.
O would to God my first husband had hapt thy life to daunt,
In field with thee he durst not cope thou wonted wert to vaunt,
You would haue eate him at the first, and now you run away:
Leaue him, and be no more so brag his force for to assay,
If that you loue your selfe: the Greeke brast out these words in rage,
But Paris curteously desires hir furie to assuage.

Paris to Helene.

Sweet heart (quoth he) this passion leaue, and with me be not greued,
Though that the Greeke haue warde me nowe, for y he was releued
By Minerua, the time will be, that I shall be his rod,
And vanquish him, when as I shal be fauourd by some God:
I knowe I am not so farre gone out of their fauors cleane,
But in my great affaires somewhat to aide me they do meane.
I pray thee now mine own swet hart some better countnance showe,
Be mery once, and vnto rest let vs togither goe.
For (as me thinke) greater desire I had not any while,
No, when with thee I cabband first within Crance the Ile.

The Ile Crance.

Paris lieth with Helē

After these words, the faire was brought to bed so gorgeous dell,
Where without further doe they both two louers went to rest.

The Troians stirred against Paris for his want of valor.

This while Menelau raging wod, more furious than the wilde
And sauage beast, doth nought but seeke his foe about the fielde,
To ridde him quite, but no Troyan, nor of themselues not one
Could him descrie, for they wist not, nowe whether he was gone,
And if they had, to keepe him close, there serue no friendship could,
But to the campe to shewe him forth they meant and surely would.

Agamemnō to the Troians.

For now th'aduoutrie broad and knowne, & laid thus in their dishe
For sodaine end & fearful death with hate the foule lours with.

Agamem

Agamemnon then séeing plaine that there to ech mans sight
The famous conquest did belong to Menelau of right,
Il so that they would rightly iudge, stept forth, and thus he spake,
Ye Troyan crues, and forraines, who their quarrell good to make,
Come vnder their ensignes to war, I peale vnto you all,
You Menelau haue séene by force (your faith and truths I call)
And martiall sight to ouercome your Paris, who is fled.
Restore the Gréeke, and wealth wherewith once theése away he yed,
Cause that we nowe be satisfied, and more for honor due
Which is deserued, do ye to Gréeks a certaine rent renue,
To vs and our posteritie by Troyans to be payed.
Herewith his souldiors praise him much, and lo the wordes he sayed.

Finis tertij Libri.

¶ The fourth Booke.

Hebe Cupbearer.

THe Gods were in the Pallaice gay
of Ioue so curious wrought,
To counceil come, whom Nectar swéet
the gentle Hebe brought.
Wherefore they tripled ech so well,
the golden Cuppe so fine
Among the rout from one to one,
did passe with pleasant wine.
And hauing alwayes their regarde, with sight and mind they viewe
The long besieged Cittie thus, whiche wearie now doth rue.
Then Ioue disposd he of his wife to make a sporte afar,
To nettle hir a talke beganne, which quickly tickled her.
In this combate, quoth he, the Gods immortall put in handes
Iupiter to the Gods.
Knowe ye, to Menelaus helpe two Goddesses do standes,
Who now at pleasure toy they sit, to laugh they couers séeke,
Our Iuno one girnes in his fáce, with pleasant Pallas cheke.

But courteous Venus she againe with finger in hir eye,
On th'other side doth sorrowe mute he hir Paris hap to spie,
She hauing made no small adoe, to shield him from his end:
Ye neither force nor heart she knew in field had to contend,
Against the Grecke, who victor stoode. Well now we muste aduise,
To which of both their pleasures moste our fauor ought to rise.
If best to make them enimies still, or cause them to agree,
A stable concord to them both must surely welcome be.
For by Helens returne, the Grekes thir souldiors they shall ease,
Of trauels great, and Priams towne, whom fame so much doth raise,
Shall ay with people fraighted be: thus fained wordes agog
So set the Goddesse, that they in anger gan to shog,
But Pallas kept hir anger in, against hir kindly sire,
And mekely bare hir selfe, though spite did boile in hir as fire.
But Iuno rash and careless bold (hap ye a what happen can)
Iuno to Iupiter. Could not hir furie once refraine, but thus hir tale beganne:
O crabbed husband why to mine still diuers is thy minde?
Such treason for to vse with me what reason dost thou finde?
Wouldst thou the sweat and trauailes great of me, and of my horse
Of heauenly race all bootelesse toile, and be of fillie force?
In calling to this place such trues: hast thou founde out the meanes
To get a safegard for the state of Priam and Troyans?
Do what thou canst, the time will come, that *Troynam French* shal turn
The Gods and I will to prouide, but that shall serue our turne
Shal hap at all. But mighty Ioue seeing hir thus to fret,
Replyed againe, and from his breast a sigh he deepely set.
Iupiter to Iuno. Thou cankred Goddesse, what mischief, what harm, what hate, what
Hath Priam done, or yet his sons, y so their bain thou longs (wrongs
And mournest still the Troyan towne, if that thou wouldest not see
By Grecians sacke, and in such plight, as wars may make it bee?
I surely thinke but for the shame which causeth thee to stay,
And somwhat doth surmount the rage, thou wouldst haue taken way
Long time ere this to *Troy*, where like a fole enraged there
The skin and flesh of Priam King with teeth thou wouldest teare.
That one of vs can tunes at all, t'allaye thy furious fit.
Sith so it stands, henceforth on me lay vp your case of it.

Fulfil thy minde, and what exployts you still do enterprise;
There shal against thée let nor wood be vide in any wise.
In time to come my wrath appease, when I shal haply meane,
The fairest of thy Cities all, by grounde to raze it cleane,
Thinke not my minde then to withstãd, for coppet thou mightst get,
Sith he sin to content thée now thy will I nothing let.
I do agrée the ouerthrow of the most famous rich
Citie vnder the heauen cope, and of a kingdome
Renoum of al, whom most I loue, and honor most I ought
Of Duetie, for to honor me al wayes al meanes they sought
Vnto my Godhead day nor night, their hostias they do spare,
At no time of oblations fat my Altars emptie are.

Pallas.

The Cities deare to Iuno.

Then Iuno fully satisfied in having got hir will,
Answeareth: I loue three townes I haue, which manie people fill,
All gouerned by ciuil lawes, the which I loue at hart,
Argos for rich, *Athenes* the gay, and eke the mightie *Sparte*,
When you shall pleased of one or all the glorie downe to take
Your will be done, none shal gainesay, or yet resistaunce make:
And though I would, you ride so great, I know I coulde it not,
For your great power both gods and men obey in euery iote.
And I likewise great wrong should haue, if that my purpose now
Should nought preuaile, for a goddesse, I am as wel as you
A God, a Saturne impe, and borne to him in eldest place:
Why should not I then as your spouse esteemde be in each case
Aboue the rest: let peace be made, contention banish quite,
And let vs both as in this point our hartes in one vnite.
Wherwith then shall the heauenlye routes, who often troubled are,
And often moued by our iarres, shal be of mercie fare.
And shal in fine our mindes allow: commaund Minerue to hie
Vnto the Campe, there for to moue some braule and broyle, wherby
The Troyans may the pact infringe. The God consenting tho
To Pallas sayde, you daughter mine, se straight to *Troy* you go,
And couertly the promist league stir vp some Troyan crue
To breake, their Greekish enemies assailing them of new.
Yet after this he wils hir hast, wherwith such spéd she makes,
That by the spéde the goddesse came, on earth men dreadful quakes.

Iupiter to Pallas.

Comparison of the lightning.

For Venus loue doth lead the glaze of flash and lightning byande,
Which oft doth cause the fighting folke at gaze and feareful stand,
And thinke within themselues with those, who do the seas frequent,
That of a mischiefe to them like it is a token sente:
The Goddesse in like sort descendes, as star with flame and flash
Amid the Campe, wherewith she doth the bands and armies bash.
And of them there were certaine sayed, with wonder and affright
This token shewes vs luckie chaunce, or some mishap to light:
Either we shall haue by and by the happie peace we craue,
Or else the war continued, for long time shall we haue.
Pallas into the playne came downe, she straight hir selfe enrolde
In shape of one of the chiefe of the Antenorides,
Laodoc souldiour tricke and stoute with Troyans then she thronges
Pandarus. And forthwith for to heare some newes of Pandarus she longes,
That valiaunt Archer good and sure: she sought so in the route,
That there with gorgeous armour girt, at last she found him out.
Enuironde with a warlike sort, who al his legies were,
Bred vp by *Aesepus* the flood, who happie thought them there,
Under a lustie leader such to shew in proofe of their strength.
Pallas to Pandarus. The greene eide Goddesse then drew nie, & spake him thus at length
Victorious prince, one of the brode of graue Lycaons flocke,
An enterprise it selfe presentes, wherto if so you flocke,
Den shal thee eal the happiest this side the Ocean firre:
It thee behoues with piersing girde to cause thy arrow skirre
To wound the sturdie Menelaus if thou that martial act
Fulfillst, what fame shalt thou obtaine by that victorious fact:
What thankes of Alexander eke, when he shall see to flowe
His enmies blood: gay gifles with ioy on thee he shall bestowe.
Well courage then and readie make your bow with bowes adzest
To offer to Phoebus such sheepe, as in your flockes are best,
If he will graunt you t'accomplish the bonne which you do frame,
And giue you power and time your towne *Zelya* to see againe.
The coueting wordes caused Pandarus too fondly to agree,
Abowe made of the hornes of a wilde Goate. Whereof he sone repented him, out of the case then he
Drew out his great and gallant bow: garnisht with polisht brasse,
Which of the hornes of a wilde Goate right strangely shaped was.

Whom

Whom Pandarus so well did hunt vpon a mountaine side,
He girt and hurt him in the flankes, and of his hornes beside,
By cunning workemanship was made a fine and proper bow
Sixteene pace the hornes were long, ful hard it was I trow
To make it serue to be shot in, but erst the workmans craft
Was so employde, that now a bow they serude, and shot a shaft:
And gorgeouser to make the bow appeare to all mens sight,
He hornde and tipt the ends right well with beaten golde ful bright.
Then Pandarus without abode drew out his bow to bende,
And that now of his enterprise none of them all should wende,
He cauld his souldiours hap him well with buckler and with targe,
Least that the wily subtile Greekes might find his minde at large.
And sodaine broyle hys enterprise might let, and turne to nought:
His bow in point, an arrow he out of his quiuer cought,
Sure fealde at end with piercing head, and finely featherde wel,
Most fit by cruel wretched death an enimie to quell.
He nockes the shaft, and then his vowes to Phoebus God doth make,
And him behights his pretie lambes, if so his hast do take
God place and prayse by Phoebus meanes, his bow he thus ending:
With such a force he drew his bow, as that he bar de the stryng
To hys right pap, and straight the head, when as it euen stroode
Hard with the backe, he losde it quicke, as shoter sure and good.
Wherwith the bow with sturdye string, when forth the shaft it flung
A clange so great and strong it gaue, as wilde a bowe strong.
The Gods as then wh Menelau they were not farre from thee,
It was no time, Pallas hir selfe stoute armed there was she,
Of thy welfare hir selfe she shewed as careful as she cauld,
As when hir pretie sonne doth sleepe the tender mother would,
Haue good regard and charie eye, least that the busie flys
His tender flesh should bite or harme, or come his visage nie.
And he with like care Mynerue did, put by the mortall blow,
Yet stroke hys baudricke in the midst, and it it piereed so,
The buckle great of mallie gold, which did his girdle tie
Was pierst, and through his Curats eke and fealed head did flye,
And past so fur, of the stoute Greeke the flesh it thirled in
And presently before them all the bloud was seene to spin.

Pandarus breakes the agreement.

Pandarus shoteth.

Compassion of the mother helping his childe.

Menalaus hurt.

yea

Comparis̄ Yea euen as on the Ilyan mountayne the palmes of Cyparisse bend
Do wo3ke the pompe, and embost with bayuerie al wise,
To make the gallant gorgeous raines for courſers braue and gay,
Which for a king a decking is, it is ſo rich aray:
The die was like and fairer much on the trimme Gretians flesh
With ſcarlet blood, which by his thigh down to his heeles did deſh,
The great Agamemnon with this ſo ſore and ſodaine shot
Was grieued much, the wound eke ſeene the hurt man dolour got,
And colour chaunge: he ſighing ſore his brother gay drew nie,
And toke him by the hande, of Greekes moſt part then ſtanding by.
Agamemnō bewaileth his brother Ye piteouſly begins his mone, and thus he ſaith, alas,
My only hope, my brother deare, who as aſſured was
In aſſaying the Troyan freake, ſhalt it be now the meane
That after this body arooze thou tourtly be ſlaine?
The oth before the Gods ſo ſwo3ne, where it is now become
Of theſe periured wicked folke? can Gods iuſtice be mum
Alas at rancour ſo much fayne? I hope it wil not ſo,
For though the Gods do winke thereat a while, and let it goe,
Yea though mens faults they ſeeme to ſlip, at ends they pay for all,
Great time decers, doth cauſe the ſmart with rigor on them fal.
In time theſe filthy traytours ſhal ſo plagde be for their hire,
Themſelues, their ſons, and eke their wiues: & from the ſkies the fire
With hideous ſtorme they ſhal behold to light vpon their pate,
I know eyelong Troy ſhal to wracke, & Priam with his ſtate
Shal paſſe the bowre of Gods wrath which doth the deedes of al men ſpie
Is now againſt him ſo ſtrode vp, as thetis is no chilt.
But what mishap, alas, what griefe ſhal hap to be my ſhare,
If I ſhould leaue you here behinde, and death to be your fare,
With graue attacke, in forraine land, how wil all Greece cry out:
At my returne all Argos folke, and Grecia rounds about,
When they ſhal vnderſtand your death: and they who hether with vs are,
Shal they not ſet of their returne their duty minde and care?
Shal they not beare to Troyans fall ſo lucke ſo glorie at hand?
Shal they not reuet to vs the ſhame your tarcaſe in this lande (leine
(Which moſt me deares) ſhal they not leaue? ſhal they not leaue Hel-
Wherby hereafter to your tombe, there ſhal come ſome Troyans ons

And,

And loubʒing on the graſſe, ſhall crie, al puffed vp with pʒide,
To all Agamemns pʒactiſes God graunt like ende betide,
God graunt the Grækes here long abode, may haue the like ſucceſſe,
And after they maye hie them home with ſhame and wʒetchedneſſe:
The Troyan fierce he thus may chat, then not to be aliue
I do beſæch th'immoʒtal Gods, but that the earth do cliue
And ſwallow me. Although the hurt did cauſe a grieuous paine,
Yet Menelau with chæreful loke thus aunſwerde him againe,
And manlike to his bʒother ſayde: reioyce thou bʒother mine,
And courage take, foʒ wel thou maiſt by this mourning of thine
Impute ſuch feare in the Grækes harts, which eft they cannot flie:
I fæle ful wel the blow is ſuch therof I cannot die,
The golden buckle of my belt, my Turet gwd I know
Wherwith I armed am befoʒe, hath ſurely ſtayde the blow.
My friendly bʒother would to God (quoth Agamemnon he)
You were out of this daunger here, and that it ſo might be,
You might be healed of this wound: a ſurgeon gwd I wot,
Who ſhould ſo wel attende you then, that this your wounding got,
Which irkes you ſo, he ſhould delay: this ſaide, he cauſeth plod
Taltibius, to ſæke the ſonne of Eſculape the God,
Macaon hight, from bande to bande he willes the Herault pʒie
Him out, pʒaying thither to him, that he come by and by,
To viſite Menelaus there, his wound to ſearch and fæle,
Which one of *Licie* oʒ of *Troy* hath foʒſt by ſtroke of ſtæle,
In trayterous guile, thinking to Grækes there ſhould redound therby
Notoʒious ſhame, to Troyans all to ioyful victoʒie.
So diligent Taltibius goes, amidſt the Campe, that out
At laſt he finds the Phiſition, enuironde rounde about (*Trice*
With ſtrength of ſouldiers which he bʒought from his great town of
Where hoʒſes plentie are, & whence by graſſe great wealth doth riſe,
His meſſage to him he declares, beſæching him, that he
Wyll come to Agamemn the king, there Menelau to ſæ,
And careful to loke to his wounde, he ſtraight at the firſt daſh
Obeyes, but yet the ſodaine chaunce his minde doth greatly baſh.
He cõmes, & there on heapes he finds the Græciſh pʒinces ſtande
Loking foʒ him, with mindefull heartes the hurt to vnderſtand.

Menelaus to Agam: his brother

Agamemnõ to Menel.

Machaon Phiſition to Eſculapius.

The lech diuine strayght for his worke made all things very fitte,
And first the shaft he softly drew, and grieude him not a whit,
But tho the sharpe and bended barbe in plucking out it brake,
Ye soft vnarmes him, and his scarfe, and Curet off doth take,
That he, what harme ỳ wound hath done, might haue ỳ better sight,
How deepe it was and whether it in spéding place did light.

Machaon healeth Menelaus.

After he had beheld the stroke, and washte away the bloud,
And tended it, he layde vnto his oyntments perfect good
T'alwage the paine: the which whilom the cunning Chyron taughte
To Esculape, and Machaon of him his knowledge caught,
Which were *Probatum* oft to heale. This while the Troyans goe
To arme to fight, and battayle wise in fielde themselues they shoe.

The Greks and Troyans prepare to the battayle.

The Grékes againe the crueltie of them, them picking out
Were straight in order armed wel, yea forward, fierce and stout,
Their case on Troyans to reuenge: then Agamemn appeard
No whit to yéelde, or else retire, or ought with feare was steard,
But willing was as chiefetaine tho, and king of valiaunt hart,
To die and take such part as they, and from his chayre he start,
And it vnto Eurymedon his trustie guider gaue,
And him commaundes to follow him, and horses readie haue
To mount againe, if toyled he shall fæle himselfe to be,
In passing through and through the ranks their order for to sée.

The armies of this worthy host to viewe, a foote he went,
And those whom manly martch he sées, their courage doth augment,

Agamemnõ praiseth his souldiours.

And comforts thus: my very friends, of *Greece* ye floures al,
Forget not your accustounde force, this day your prowesse cal
To minde: thinke not that Ioue wil rue on these false Troyan freaks,
Who thus vniust and faithlesly their oth and promise breaks.
This is the time of our reuenge, the dogs their bones shal pick,
And Vultures teare their flesh, and down shal now both stone & stick
Of their buildings, their welth bereft, their daughters, sons, & wiues
Shal in our bottomes caried be, and we with victors liues
Shal to our countrey backe, and sée our home and children both,
The good king thus he spake: but such in martch he knew to sloth,

Agamemnõ blameth the lovvbacks.

He toke them vp, and threatens thus: O yée of Grecian race
The dishonor, of your reproch hath shame with you no place:

Dos

Do yée not blush, thus fearefully to be by terrour trodden,
Euen as the timorous hartes do houe, with head & hornes loden,
And prest and harde being laide vnto by, hunters, in the field
Do lag, and feareful are intrapt for force beginnes to yéeld.
What: wil you stay your martch, til that your foes your blood do spil
And that you sée them take their ships, and murder at their wil.
What: thinke you that some God wil come, & fight for your behoofe,
And saue your liues, vnlesse by fight your selues do make some proofe.
This done, he goes whereas he found the souldiours al of *Creete*
Preparing them about their Prince, who then in order set,
And godly raundge them as they should: and Meriones who hight
His friend, far of, to come forward makes al the hast he might.
The great Gréeke then bespake ỹ king with kind & curteous chéere:
Idomene, of all the kings who we haue followed here
From al the Gréekish prouinces, thy honor most I ment,
Yea stil in publike and in warre, or priuate in my tent,
Or else in open shew, when routes at banquetting were met.
It to be true, thy cup of wine is alwaye top full set
When as my greatest friend hath his with wine but halfe repleate,
Bycause I would declare to thée my fauours they be great,
Alway thou hauing at my hande what so thou dost request,
Thou to deserue this my good wil this day be readie prest,
And let me sée that thou at ful thy selfe do now acquite,
As oft you say among the stoutst be forward in the fight.
He answerde straight, amid ỹ prese, you shal me surely finde
As I haue sayd, that al men know I beare you faithful minde
And honor due, but do you hast, and wil the fight to guide
So carefully, that we abate the Troyan glorious pride,
By which, and by their arrogance from stricken pact they start.
Herewith Agamemn ioyes to sée Idomens loyal hart,
Wherwith he leaues him thus: and forth the king is forward gone,
And métes in téeth the both Aiax, their armour buckling on:
The which a great and gallant crue of fotemen in a roe
With buckles long, and tricklie Darts wel furnisht, after goe.
One would de haue toke them for a cloude ful of some drisling showre,
Or haile, which to the seaward coast, the wind doth often powre,

Comparisō of the vvary Hart.

Agamemnō to Idomene king of Crete.

Idomene to Agam:

The tvvo Aiax.

Similitude.

Which when the fearefull shepheard sées, to light vpon him like,
Constrainde, to hap his flockes and him, some hãging cliffe doth séeke.
Agam; to Aiax. Uiewing thys band, you to erhort (quoth he) I little néede
My mates to put your men in plight, you now make better spéede
Thãn any other do: would God that all in order such
Were prest and furnished as you, and couraged as much:
Our enemies should sone be put to take their flight abacke,
Their Citie straight destroyed be, and cruel put to sacke.
Nestor. Nestor the wise, the good old man, as further on he goes,
He findes, who toyling on the plaine his souldiours to dispose,
Fiue valiaunt Dukes and leaders stoute, with worthy Nestor was,
Pelagon, Emon, Alastor, Chronnyus and Brias,
His men in order for to raunge, and not to let them passe
His ordinaunce and his commaunde, in any kinde of case:
His Chariots first he puts in fronte, the force to beare and breake,
His choice fotemen the rereward kept, in midst he plast the weake.
That in such sort inclosed thus, although they were afraide
Nestors instruction to his souldiours for their order in fight. Ech one should fight, constraynde of force, in spite yea of his head.
He shewde his horsemen, in no wise that single they should presse
Out of their ranke, where they were plast, their fomen to suppresse:
Ne to defence, nor fight beginne, ne that they should in horsse
Commit more trust and confidence, than in their proper force.
For in forsaking their array so fondly, weake they ware,
Wherof ensues disorder great: again with sword or Axe
He telth them that it is not best with Chariots for to ioyne,
But rather with the shot and launce at them to pricke and foyne.
Thus doing, many auntient crues haue sundry Cities held,
And valiaunt déedes of warlike facts (saith he) did often welde,
In doing after my aduise: thus spake the worthy sire,
In th'army he to shew his helpe, doth greatly now desire.
Agamemnõ to Nestor. Then Agamemn he spake him thus: ah Prince of great renowne,
Oh would to God for this affaire, the Gods would send thée down
From heauen aboue at my request into this corpse of thine,
Such strength and force as wisedome doth thy spirite and senses line,
Alas, why is not this your age bequeathed to some lad
Whom whilom time hath taken away ỹ youth, which once you had,

Why ſée we not eft to reuiue, to vs to be a ſtay.
O gød olde ſire, now yong againe, why are you not I ſay?
I would (quoth he) that now I were as luſtie and as ſtrong, Neſtor to Agamemnō
As when Eurethali the ſtout theſe hands did lay along,
And ſlue: but what, al that is paſt, the Gods do nere beſtow
Upon vs men all things at once, but alwayes order ſo,
That after our vnbrideled youth coms ſage and wrinckled yeares,
We yong, now old my ſelfe I féele, as to you all appeares,
And far vnméete erploites to welde, as touching force of hand,
Yet for all that to do my beſt in councel wil I ſtand.
It is the honor of the olde to councell men aright,
And of the yong the glorie is, ſtoutly to deale in fight.
Who then can ſtrike, lay he it on, and I aſſuredly
Will haſt me to the horſemen here to raunge my ſelfe thereby,
And will inſtructe their déede to guide: Agamemnon right glad
In heart doth ware, and doth reioice when Neſtor heard he had.
A gød bow ſhote not further off warlike Meneſthee ſtode, Meneſthee Athenien.
Whome there he méets with his Captains amid his ſouldiors gød
Of *Athens* towne: nert him ful ſtill afote Vlyſſes King
Of *Cephelonie* was great routes him eke accompanying. Vlyſſes.
They ſtand both cloſe, martch do they not, the ſkirmiſh they do hark, Agamemnō to Meneſthee and Vlyſſes.
The which the ſouldiors ſhould beginne to ſet them all awarke.
The chieftain of the Gréekiſh camp their negligence doth blame:
O Meneſthee and Vlyſſes, what do you feare? for ſhame
Where is your forwardneſſe (quoth he) what mean you thus to lag?
What loke ye for? why do you not with firſte and formoſt wag?
In my gød cheare, in hieſt place you alwayes I do put,
The fleſh moſt trimmeſt roſted ay, for you is alſo cut,
And when you fancie for to drinke, the ſwéeteſt wine you haue.
Therfore in fight your ſelues ſhould be more forward & more braue
Than are the reſt that lag, and onward with ſuch willing mind,
As of your friends tenne bandes you might in danger leaue behind.
The wiſe Gréeke grieued at this talke, whoſe choler now doth riſe, Vlyſſes to Agamemnō
Makes anſwere thus, with bended browes a front his ſetled eyes:
O Atreus ſonne, what ſayſt thou here? thou Agamemnon trowes
Us daſtards and faint hearted folke, t'approche the Troyan foes:

What, braule no more, but if thou please, thy selfe come, and beholde
Who doth his duty beste this day, whether the father olde
Of people of *Telemach* kinde, both shields and Curets crush,
And giue into the Troyan prease the first of all the push,
Agamemnō to Vlysses. In better point than any prince: this heate he being in
Atridas sawe, wherefore againe he gently doth begin:
Illustre Prince, the impe and heire of good Laertes line,
Thy valiant actes are wel approvd by that same hand of thine.
I wil not thée reproche at all, I wrong thée should too much,
Greatly surpasse thy worthy déedes, the councell good is such
Of thy sage head, thy prowesse eke all men is layed before:
Content thy selfe, and of my wordes I pray thée thinke no more:
In time to come mends shal be made, for this time I thée pray
To shewe, and so behaue thy selfe, as al men of thée say,
And take the wordes, which I haue spoke, as simple fond, and daine.
He ending thus, doth leaue him there, and onward goes againe,
A little off, he findes the Prince Diomedes the stout
Upon his chare, not minding he of further setting out,
But talketh with his Chariot guide, called Stenelus by name,
Capanees sonne, to nothing he this iorney mindes to frame.
Agamemnō to Diomedes. Atridas rushing forth thus saith, when he his countnance saw,
The father of Diomedes. O Tydes heyre, whom doubt you here: for whom stand you in awe:
Belike you stay till we haue fought, and tryed in field at length,
Would you we should for you prepare an entrance in the strength
Of Troyans: wel, thy whilome sire had stomacke more at full,
He neuer quaild in mortall ioyne, ne yet in perillous pull,
But sole hath gone to front his foes: as oft I haue bin told
Of such as kept him company, and were his quaintance olde.
My selfe I neuer sawe the man, yet many do reporte
That he was at *Mycenas* once, my country towne, and forte:
That time, when as he warred on the warlike *Thebanes* towne,
He came then to demaunde some aide with Polynices downe,
Polynices. Such as their souldiors shoulde refreshe, and we with willing heart
His armie would haue easd at full, and taken eke his parte,
If Ioue my friends and lieges al by signes apparant plaine
Had not quite turnde, whereby aide lesse he did returne againe.

After

After he long abode had made, vnto his campe ypitched
By *Asope* floud, with store of graſſe whose bancks are much enriched.
There *Tydee*, as reporte doth goe, long bid not in his tent:
For euen that daye, yea al alone, the Gretians forth him sent
Embaſſador to *Thebane* foes, and to their King, who highte
Etheocles, to towne he came wel armd with yron bright,
Whereas he found the king in shade, with many a *Thebane* stout,
Discoursing this and that, and when he tolde his message out,
And shewd his courage and his might, he tild them for to tarye
And proue with him the combate there, and dead by him they dye.
For Goddesse Pallas did encrease his force and hautie minde:
The *Thebanes* payed, do threat reuenge, and it with othe they binde.
The same to doe, they ambush lay, which doubtie Meon lead,
With Mneptoleme, who tumbled oft so many wolues adead.
These leaders two ful fiftie men chose fit for such a feate
And secretly conduct him downe with weapons hid to beate.
What came thereof? he slue them all, he did them soundly souse,
Of all the traytors Meon sole he home sent to his house.
Whereby before all men he might the *Thebanes* lewdnesse lay,
And his valor. Such was the King of *Ætoly* I say,
The race is failed in the sonne, a goodlier man he is,
And better tongde to tell a tale, no souldior like ywis.
So Agamemn Diomede prickte, who nothing did replie,
Ashamde, he doubted for to moue the Kingly state so hie,
His mate who well the matter heard, his spéech he takes and sayes
O Agamemn, sith that the case is sure no manner wayes,
As you reporte, I you beséeche, the trueth do not disguise,
Nor do (I craue it at your handes) therein vs so despise.
For as for vs, I dare auouch, and stand to't to your face
Our force and valiantnesse ful far ore-méetes in euery case,
That of our auntient fathers past, as men more traind in warre.
The seauen gated *Thebes* towne had not withstoode so farre,
Ne yet hir walles, if so we two besiegde hir had aboute.
For sone you should haue séene them torne, & turnd vp from the rout,
Our fathers where in that assault by follie dead are done:
Then hold your peace, and father do not praise aboue the sonne.

The hiſtorie of the vvarre.

Diomedes

Diomede was full ill content, thus hardly for to heare
His fellow speake, he thus him blames in anger as he were:
What moues you for to talke thus much? your tong can you not hold
Out prating in this case of waight: Agamemn may be bold
For to complaine, and fault to finde, with such, as flie the fight:
For if he conquere, as to him belongs the honor right,
So if he conquerd be, againe with shame he shall be sped,
The honor and reproche of al doth lie vppon his head,
And as for vs, let vs go shew what men of warre we be.

With this he leapes, his Chariot downe, and as down leaped he,
His gay and gorgeous armor rich so sounded in the shake,
As yea the fiercest fighter there almost thereat did quake.
There might you see the battels rangd, and raking in aroe,
The gallant Grekes, and at the heles therof their leaders goe.
Like as the waues within the sea, so large, so hie, so deepe,
Forst by some flaw, yelds whushing noise, & shoring banks do sweepe.
The Captaines cease not to exhorte with wordes their souldiors still,
Who to their chiefetaines beare good minde, and them obey they wil,
They on do martch, and nothing dreade, to them they lift their eare,
As still as stones, they would haue saide tong tyed they had bin there.

But contrarie, the Troyans martch, they cries and clamors yeld,
And therewith rings the countrey round as they prepare to fielde:
Unto the goodly flockes of sheepe compard in euery thing,
Whiche sheepheard to his Maisters pen doth safe together bring,
The old and yong togither put, the milke of them to take,
The Ewes do bleate, the Lambs do bey, and noise not small do make.
Like clamors do the Troyans vse, the medowes ring at hand
With sundrie sound, and diuers tongues, as they of sundry lande.

The Grecians by Minerua they were boldned to the blade,
And Troyans they by cruel Mars were full couragious made.
Terror and dread did tend them both, and did their doings guide,
Strife mate and sister vnto Mars eke in the plaine was spide.

This Goddesse namde, although she be but poore and basely bred,
Yet rests she not till that she touch hie Heauen with hir head,
And yet on earth still keepes hir feete. Nowe came she in a throwe,
Of purpose, quarrels and debate, and mortall strife to sowe,

Whereby

Whereby thereafter might proceede a bad and wofull state,
With sobs and sighs, the which should bring repentance, but too late.
In place for fight the armies meete, the darts and arrowes fill
The aire aloft, and in the approch full many a man they kill.
But when it came to handie strokes, muche more the murder was.
Nought heard but dying grones, ỹ which frõ yelding spirites did pas,
And ioyfull cries of conquerors: hewing of harneste tough,
Shearing of shields, and who erst braue, now falles, & bathe ynough.
Of this slaughter the purple gore so runnes from them that bled,
And as the springs mountaine top, which ore the valleys spred,
Rushing with noise the shepheards heare, aloft that lodged are,
Euen so the noise of them that fight is heard both nie and far.
Of all the Grekish famed Knightes was first Antilochus
Did there of armes the first deede do, he slue Echepolus,
Fighting in formost Troyan ranckes: his top of helme he hit,
And with such force and courage stout the blow so doubled it,
That of the staffe the steeled point made in his forehead way,
And pierced down so in his mouth, that dead along he lay.
He fell as doth a tower hie, whych men do mine about:
His fall when as Elphenor sawe, he like a souldior stoute,
Did forye his body for to spoile: but Agenor he sent
His Iauelin to his bared flanckes, that backward downe he went.
The fight for these two bodies dead more fierce & mortal grewe,
As egre Wolues the souldiors all on one another flewe.
The holy Aiax then came in, Symosius he did daunt.
Symosius he a yonker was, who Troyan towne did haunt:
So called was he of his friends, bycause nie *Symois* head
That water cleare, his mother there, of him was brought abed:
She tardike tane, comming to viewe what pasturing then had
Hir flockes vpon the medow bancks. The yong mans lucke was bad:
To parents he couldoe neuer shew what honor due he ought,
For bitter and too hastie death too soone his carcasse cought.
Stout Aiax with his cruel launce so pierced his right pappe,
As like a mightie Poplar greene he downe on earth doth flappe,
Whiche by the water growing hie, by workmans force it reeles,
His Are it felles, a wood ful fit to forge the trolling wheeles

Of chariots, and also yokes, which on the riuer banckes
Ye leaues long time to drie, or elſe vppon ſome bourded planckes.
This Priams ſonne, gay Antyphus to hart he doth it take,
His death to venge, his ſéemly dart to Aiax he doth ſhake,
But miſſte the man, and Leucus hit, who was Vlyſſes friend,
Ye through his guts and bowels thruſt, and of him made an end.
Vlyſſe his friend thus ſéeing dead, in furie forth he fares,
Vnto the formoſt Troyan ranckes, whereas he ſtands and ſtares,
And ſtudies whom he ſhould aſſault, his enimies gaue place,
And ſwayde aſide, when as they ſawe ſuch fiercenelle in his face:
Yet forth his ſtaffe ful ſtiffe he flong, and toke vp by the way
Demócoon baſtard to Priam, as he did runne away,
But all to late: his temples both the ſtéele it thorow ſtept,
Ye dies. Long time in *Abydos* King Priam had him kept.
From whence he came, and left the ſtéeds and courſers of his ſire,
To go abroad a venturer then was it his deſire.
The Troyans all diſcomfited, retire, and almoſt flie,
The ſonne when they ſaw of their King all dead in field to lie.
Hector himſelfe, who had the charge and leading of the hoſt,
Doth mámer eke whats beſt to do, leaſt that his life be loſte.
In truth the warre had ended bin, if not Apollo he
Had turnd the chaunce from ſacred walles, the Troyans he did ſée
Out order, broke, the field they left, amaine he cries and calles,
Ye ſtayes them ſtraight, and that they fight he to exhort them falles.
Take hart (quoth he) yée Troyans ſtout, I pray you do not ſinke,
Dread not the Gréekiſh brauerie: a Gods name do you thinke,
That they of ſtone or ſtéele are made, and that your ſturdie Darts
And Cimyters cannot ſuffiſe to pierce and sheare their harts:
Aduance, aduance, and ſurely hope that conquere néeds you muſte,
For Achilles that mightie bugge (to me I tell yée truſte)
Who at his pleaſure wonted was your heads and helmes to cleaue,
Doth kéepe aborde in mourning rage, the battels he doth leaue.
The Troyans at the heauenly call renue againe the fray,
And Pallas bolds ỹ Gréekes, & blames whom fear doth there diſmay.
In this conflict Diorus fell, Pirus a *Thracian* Lorde
With pibble great his leggs he ſtrake & burſt eche vaine and cord.

And

And with his swoꝛd his bꝛeast he slitte, and guttes on grasse he laide,
With armes abꝛoad beꝛoꝛe the Gꝛéeks he falles, as asking aide.
Wherewith sir Thoas thꝛusteth in, and with a deadly bloe
His cruell darte did Pirus wounde, the head of it did goe
Under his pappe vnto the lungs, and yet not pleased is,
But ruthlesse cuttes in mids his paunch, with hand and swoꝛd of his:
And after foꝛceth al he may, the carcasse out to traine
The pꝛease, his armoꝛ and hys wéede to conquere foꝛ his paine.
The *Thracians* soꝛie foꝛ their Pꝛince, and hap that was so hard,
The doubtie Thoas do resist, and stand vppon their guard,
And that so well he carried nought although he were so strong:
The bones of these two valiant Dukes togither lye along.
And numbers great of souldioꝛs moꝛe with them died alas.
And if Minerue had graunted then a souldioꝛ olde to passe
Unhurt at all the armies thꝛough, to sée who there did besse,
With wonder he, such slaughter like, was neare he would pꝛotesse.

Finis quarti Libri.

¶ The fifth Booke.

PAllas she willing to set foꝛth
Diomedes his pꝛaise,
Among the Gꝛéeks his fame t'aduance
by any woꝛthy wayes,
Diuinely doth inspire his bꝛeast
with stout and haughtie heart,
And to his person foꝛce and strength
dame Pallas she doth part.
His armoꝛ she doth yéelde ful bꝛight, and eke his waighty targe,
His harnesse shone as doth the starre within the heauen large,
The whiche in Autumne time is raisd amid the mightie skie,
And bathes it selfe in *Occean* flood: afoote then by and by
The puissant Goddesse bꝛings him in the thickest of the host.

Comparisō of the Star vvhich is called Orions Dogge Dares Vulcans priest:

Now of king Priams subiects one, of all as rich as most,
Was Dares Priest of Vulcane God, the seruice tended hee:
Two sonnes he had, one Phegeus, the seconde called Idee,
Whose valiance in the Troian campe did cause their fame to flow:
Aboue the other souldiors much, the armour shining so,
Phegeus & Ideus sons of Dares assaile Diomedes. When as they spide of the stout Greeke, no time they tarryed then,
But fiercely assaild him from their chaire, and rode with him like mē:
Phegeus there aduaunced throwes his dart, a souldior stout
Whiche doth no harme, his poldrone it doth strike and flieth out.
Diomedes the mortall launce he girdes with better hap,
Diomedes slayes Phegeus. The whiche he sendeth to his foe, and wounds him on the pap,
And Phegeus the bloudie death receiued by the wounde,
And from the Chariot there (good soule) he falleth to the grounde:
His brother slaine, straight Idee left the Chariot where it stode,
And no resistaunce made, for why defence would doe no good.
For dyed he had, but that Vulcane he of his heauenly grace
Vulcane saues Ideus Preserud the man, and with a cloude he hapte him in the place,
With pitie he respecting now the Dares good forgone,
Who childelesse sonke with sorrow great, his age would end anone.
The filthy flight Diomede sawe, to sue he nothing spedde,
The horses braue he gaue his man, who them to hauen ledde.
When Troyans sawe these brethren two discomfit, as you heare,
One put to flight, the other slaine, they greatly ginne to feare,
Pallas to Mars. The warre they deeme not well for them, wherefore dame Pallas than
To Mars she cōmes, and takes his hand, and friendly thus begamme:
O bloudie Mars and gastfull God, O mightie Mars in rage,
Who townes and Tastels in their force, and fighters still doth gage,
And raselst quite when pleaseth thee: is it agreed that stil
We disagree, why, let the Greekes and Troyans fight their fil,
By teeth let them the matter trie, our discord bid farewell,
Let vs not breake our heads with them, or with their quarrels mell:
Who Ioue the victorie will giue, that all men well may knowe,
To leaue this enterprise as nowe my councell would it so.
And surelye so I thinke it beste: wel, let vs hence I pray,
Mars leaueth the battaile. Take heede we stirre not vpon vs, Ioues furie anye way.
The Goddesse sage nowe ending thus: she softly from the rout

Of

Of *Scamander* a pleasaunt shade to banckes she brought him out:
He gone, the Troyans host doth quayle, and yéld to shamefull slight,
Whom Gretians now as conquerors do follow al the night:
And then the Captaines wel did shew their worthy prowesse hie.
Agamemn leader of the warre, to earth he manfully
Of Alisones Odius hight, a doughtie Duke he downg,
The chin he cleaues, & pierst his breast with Dart he strongly flong,
Wherewith he from the Chariot fell, whose fal (the noise was such)
Causde wel be heard his trembling corpse and eke his armor rich.
Idomen Phestus also slew, the vertuous Meons heire,
The courtous Phestus from *Tarnee* his prouince did repaire
That fertile was, renowme to get, but die (alack) he must,
In his right side the Cretane doth his bloudie launce thrust:
He falleth downe, blacke death he féles, by souldiours he is spoylde,
His carcase all besmerde with bloud and filth, lyeth foulye foilde.
On the other side his valiantnesse wel sheweth Menelaie,
With stiffe and sturdie launce he doth Camander hunter slay.
Him Diane she did honor so, to him so friendly was,
Him cunning gaue and courage tw, t'assayle the beasts of chase:
The Goddesse and his goodly art in quiuer and in bow
Full ill doe serue, he in his flight behinde receiues the blow,
And down on earth he dead doth lye: Phereclus may no starte,
Meriones hand, a Carpenter, so cunning in his arte
That worke was none so excellent that any man did frame,
But that Phereclus by his skill with toole could cut the same,
Minerua wise so fauoured him, for Paris he of *Troy*
Did builde the ships, which were the cause of al this great annoy,
And to his Citie and himselfe such spoyle and mischiefe brought.
For to the Gods, who nillde ẏ same, he wold not wéeld his thought:
Without reuenge he yélds the ghost, him Merione doth smite
Upon the haunch with stéeled speare, and pierst his bladder quite,
When as he féles hys breath to part, he falleth on his knées,
With better teares, sith die he must, distilling from his eyes.
Meges also fiercely fought, for Phegeus wise and bold
Right down he slew, the bastard sonne of Antenorus olde,
Whom Theana his mother in Law had nouricht with great care

Agam: kils Odius.

Idomen king of Creete kils Phestus.

Menelaus kils Camãder the hunter.

Meriones kils Phereclus, vvho made the ships Paris stale Heleine vvith

Meges kils Phegeus Antenors Bastard son

The Poet to moue the more pitie, names the race and bringing vp of these are slaine.

To please his sire, euen as though legitimate he were,
By great mishap vnto the tæth, the dart doth teare his skul,
Ye on the plaine doth die, his mouth with bloud and yron ful.
Hard by the bastards bodie there Euripilus doth quell
Hipsenor Priest of *Scamander*, who serude the Temple well:
Whose maners good were liked much, yet forst, he rested there
In field: his right hande at a blow his falchon off did shere:
Wherwith him sodainly receiude the darke and duskie death,
Which darknesse throwes vpon his eyes, & takes frō him his breath.

Euripilus kils Hipsenor Priest of Scamander.

While that the kings they fought, & down in flight ỹ Troyans flew,
A man right hardly Diomede for Grēke or Troyan knew,
Ye through and through the Campe doth go withouten any stay,
And nothing finds can him resist, no any kinde of way.
Like as a spring throughout a plaine falling from mountaine top,
Disorders all, both bancke and bridge, and no where findeth stop:
Which it not breakes in spreading forth his mightie course on fields,
On vines, and fertile Gardens eke, and Meadowes often yelds
Fruiteless, that erst were fruiteful much, and fils them ful of Sande:
Euen so this Gretians haughtie deedes, and valiance of his hand
Makes way through Troyans euery where, he findes none doth resist,
No band or battayle in defence that stand against him list.

Diomedes lickned to an ouerflo. vving Riuer vvhich spoyles all.

Pandarus the archer.

Pandarus then beholding thus the folke of *Troy* to flie,
Doth bend his bow minding to strike Diomede mortally:
Ye letteth flye a shaft at him, and pierst his Curet flap
On his shoulder, and in the flesh it gaue a pretie knap,
As well appeared by the bloud aboundantly that sprong,
Wherewith the archer ginnes to braue, that al the field it rong.

Diomedes vvounded by Pādarus

Pandarus to the Troyans.

Oh valiaunt Troyans al, (quoth he) come see, and here behold
The luckie hit of this my shaft, take hart and ware yee bold.
Aduance my friends, now hurt I haue one chiefest of our foes,
Beleeue that long he cannot stande, of force to die he goes,
If so Apollo do not spoyle, and yeld my trauaile vaine,
And take from me this worthy glore, which now I seeme to gaine.

Sthenelus pluckes the arrovv out of Diomed.

Thinking that victour now he stode, thus Pandarus doth braue
At the stoute Grēke, who feling wel himselfe a wound to haue,
Ye traweth backe, but not agast, and Sthenelus his friend

He wils to come downe from his chaire, and softly take by end
The steele, and plucke it out the hurt, with ease as much as may:
As best he could, the piercing shaft he drew, and cast away.
Wherwith the golden buckle gate, the which he ware before,
And Curets did togither holde, was stainde with purple gore.
Diomedes thus painde alite, cast vp to heauen his heade,
With hart he Pallas doth entreate, and thus to hir he sayde
Oh Pallas great, the daughter thou of Ioue the God so hie,
Giue eare, and graunt thy seruaunts suite, which craues it earnestlye:
If euer thou Tydee my sire, or else now me his sonne
Haue prospered wel gainst forceful foes, wher we exploite haue done,
Graunt I beseech, thy fauour now, that I may send to Hel
This gallant, who me hauing hurt, he thinkes he beares the bel,
Beleeuing sure, seeing from me my scarlet bloud to runne,
I cannot hold, but am depriude from euer sight of sunne.
The Greeke no sooner saide his suite, but Pallas would it so,
She came, and straight to al his parts did double strength bestow,
And spake him thus: Go, fiercely fight, thy foes to daunt not feare:
The gifts of force are now in thee, which in thy father were,
And more, the vale I take away long earst before thy sight:
That thou maist know both gods and men the better in thy fight:
Yet take good heede, if any God present himselfe to thee,
That one to deare him with thy hand thy minde, do not agree.
If Venus faire do hap to come, then do thy forces plie,
And hurt hir corpes, if so thou canst, composde so tenderly.
Minerua left him with these words, with courage fully fraught,
And to the Troyans then he made, and one them fiercely fought.
Who, though ful fierce in war he were, and forward alway bent
Before his hurt, a thirde part now he findes his strength augment:
Wilding reuenge most Lion like, the which the simple hearde
Doth gaule with shaft or skirring dart in keeping of his heard,
Wherwith the beast is more enradge, the blow doth make him grin,
The which the hearduman when he sees, for feare begins to spin,
And to the sauage Lion leaues his cattaile and his folde
To do his wil, who doth performe his losses manifold,
And commeth out a conquerour: ene with like valiant hart

Diomedes prayer to Pallas.

Tideus Diomedes father.

Pallas to Diomedes.

Comparison of the Lion chased.

The

Diomedes slayes Astinous.

The mightie Greeke the Troyans scoutes amazde in euery part.
Astinous and Hypenor, two puissaunt Dukes to tel,
By weapon of the worthy Greeke in fielde the Princes fel.
For thwart the Pap the one he stroke, his launce so helde the trade,
The other smote his waightie sword twixt necke and shoulder blade:
The cruel blow he stroke, the ioynt no whit it mysste at all,
The bodie and the shoulder both to earth together fal.

Diomedes kils Abant and Polidus the sons of Eurimãtes the Prophet.

After he cutte in pieces there Polidus and Abant
The children of the Prophet great cleaped Euridamant.
Who prophesies and dreames though true he could interpretate,
The hoarie sire yet had not cast his sonnes vnluckie fate.
And in the ranck by his right hand the selfe same daunce now runs
The brethren Thoon and Xanthus, rich Phenops only sonnes,
And to the olde mans griefe, sith fate no children did him leaue
He forced was his storid wealth to strangers to bequeaue.

Theon & Xanthus slayne by Diomedes.

And passing forth, a Chariot met Diomede in the face,
Wherein were two, king Priams sons, with wise and warlike grace,
Who wel did know the feates of war, Echemonone that hight,
Echmon & Chromius Priams sons slaine by Diomedes
Chromius eke fel deade in fielde ydaunted by his might.
Comparisõ of an hungry Lion.
For euen as the Lion proude for hunger set to pray,
In pasture findes an heard of neate, and seekes to force away
One of the troupe, with strength on him he seaseth with his pawes,
And fiercely holds him by the necke, and forth the bootie drawes:
Euen so the hardie Greeke did ioy, & pluckt them from their chare,
His mightie hand of both their blouds the badge and token bare.
Off them their armour then he tare, their horses eke he sente
Fourth by his friends vnto his ship, or else vnto his tent.

When as Eneas thus beheld the Troyans go to wracke,
With wounds and slaughter only one to put them al to sacke,
And at his pleasure play the Bug, he forward straight doth passe,
And in the throng he thrusteth in, wheras it thickest was:
Seeking he asketh of his folke for their Duke Pandarus,
The Lycian head, whom when he found, he cheerely spake him thus:

Eneas to Pandarus.

Oh curteous knight, thy piercing shafts where are they, & thy bowe?
Are they in peeces al to pasht, wherof thou boasted so?
Thy great renowme and worthy fame, wherwith al *Lycie* rong,

And

And eke our Camp, and oft the Grecks with dread and terror doing,
What, is it out yquenched cleane alack thy bow take yet,
And nocke the mortaist shaft thou hast, and sende it right to hit,
And pray the Gods to further thee against this Gretian fel,
Who cruelly our chiefest folke doth chase, destroy and quel:
I greatly feare some mightie God discended is from skies
To punish vs for our offence, whose furie now doth rise
For hauing not his honors dun, if that way go the geare,
We quiet must content, for why, their rage is great to beare.
O noble Troyan quoth Pandare, as touching now this Greeke, Pandarus to Eneas.
The prudent heire of Tydeus he semeth to be lieke:
Like targe he beares, his loftie creast and armour doth agree,
His horses also make me thinke that wel it may be hee:
I dare not yet affirme the same, for no man mortall sure
Is to be thought, whose deedes of armes such valiaunce doth procure.
Perhap it is one of the Gods in mortal armor bent,
Or else some one, to whom the Gods haue secrete fauour sent,
And turnes aside the wounds and blows, which should vpon him fal,
If not, my shaft had sent him erst to god king Plutoes Hall.
But now I see him in the fight more furious than before,
And more I know some mighty God hath me displeasure bore.
For here I nothing haue to arme and fronte me to the fight,
My strong and shining chariots braue, my coursers eke so light,
And mightie hand alack I want: oh (no good reason why)
Far hence I left them at my home, the more vnhappy I.
I haue eleauen armes wel and richly wrought throughout
With goldsmithes worke, and gallauntly embroydred round about.
Two horses tough ech one it hath, the Jades they are not dul,
Of Barley white, of Rie and Wates they fede in mangier ful. Licaon father of Pandarus.
Licaon when I did depart the good old man me bad
To take them with me, for to shew what force in fight I had.
I do fore thinke, for that I would my fathers hest obey,
And did forsake his counsel good: I only feare alway,
(knowing with siege this Citie girt) I doubted to come by
The wonted fode my horses had, wherfore vnhappily
Trusting vnto my warlike bowe, I here am come a late,

And haue them left, which bow of mine hath serude to little bote,
I hauing often proude the same: two of my shots did picke
Both Menelau, and Diomede, and thrust them to the quicke,
And al in vaine, for thinking I, with death their bones to bore,
I nothing did, but stirde them vp more furious than before.
Wherfore I iustly now may say, vnluckie was my fate,
To bring my bow or souldiours else to fight in any rate
Under the Troyan ensignes here, or put my helping hande
Hector the noble prince to ayde, and subiectes of his lande.
If Gods do please that eft I may my wife and Countrey sée,
For this my grieuous great mishap, I willingly agrée
And am content some straunger do cut off this heade of mine,
If bow, if shafts, and quiuers to, as right as any line
In fire and flame I do not cast, with most despite to burne,
Which with my payne in this exploite so ill haue serude my turne.

Eneas to Pandarus.

This spake the *Lycian* Pandarus, do not thy selfe thus déere,
Quoth Eneas vnto him, but be of better chéere.
Let vs togither ioyne, and leaue this fancie wood,
Let vs assayle this souldiour stoute, if so you thinke it good.
Come vp into my Chariot here, do you my horses trie
How light they are, how wel to hand to such as do them gye
To scoure apace, or else to stop, to ioyne to gallop swift,
To turne, and how to helpe vs to at any sodaine lift.
Chose which you list, take you the rain, and guider be to me,
While I do go and fight with him, or I wil guide to thée.

Pandarus Eneas.

It best is that you take the charge quoth Pandare by my réede,
For they wil better gouernde be by him, who doth them séede,
Than by a forraine, for I feare when so we should retire,
With bit in teeth they still would stand: and horses wil require
The chearing of their wonted guide, and so it might befal,
That he the Gréeke assayling vs, may raigne and gouerne all.
Wherfore do you your horses rule, and let me now in faight
My force and prowesse put in proofe: these words be ended straight
And both the lustie souldiours there in marsh do forward goe,

Strenelus to Diomedes

And valiauntly do shake their darts, whom Strenelus doth know,
He cals his friend and sayth him thus, two mates are here,

Who force themselues to fight with vs, and now are drawing neere,
Both warlike men, one cunning inuth in shotting very straight,
The Troyans praise the other stoute, and wise in things of waighte,
Esteemde and honourde ouer all, the olde Anchises heire,
The which he vaunteth he begot on louely Venus faire:
Wherfore herin is daunger much, and therfore I you pray
Retire a while, hast not so much the hap of war t'assaye;
For doubt that this our forwardnesse may yeelde vs both to die.
Diomede hearing thus his mate to counsel him to flye,
In choler great doth aunswere him as miscontented much:
Thinke not thy foolish counsaile can yeelde feare or terror such
In me, no, no, al men of vs great villany would say,
No souldiour following at our backes to see vs run away.
I aunswere can a greater cause than this yet with my force,
That it is true, I wil not take my Chariot nor my horse
To deale with them, let me alone, Minerua she doth graunt
This victorie it shal be mine, one of them I must daunt,
And reaue from him his vital breath, beleeue it true to finde,
At least I will constraine them here to leaue their share behinde.
God friend remember wel my words, part not from me away,
If so it hap, and fortune, that I both those Troyans slay,
Or if in field they mangled lye, make hast in any case,
Their horse and Chariot to my hall I pray you leade apace.
These goodly beastes are of the race of these great coursers trim,
Which Iupiter to Tros the prince presented vnto him,
When as he meant Ganimedes from Troy to steale and catch
To serue him in the heauens hie, no where is found their match
For countenaunce and for courage, not, vnder the morning gray,
Nor yet beneath the shining sunne, Anchise wel knew the way
The race and kind for to come by, for sith the same in gift
Laomedon would neuer graunt, he findes a prette shift,
Into the pasture priuily he puts his goodly Mares,
To couer them the Stalions stoute and coursers nothing spares:
Sire colts so had he beautifull of which he chose him foure
To serue him at all tymes of neede, and made of them great store,
These two he gaue Eneas here so gay and richly clad,

Diomedes to Sthenel.

Eneas horses of the heauenly Race.

O what a pray were this, if Ioue would I the bottie had?
Pdarus to Diomedes. So spake the Greeke, who euen thinkes the deede already done:
In meane time both the Troyans do against him ioyntly runne.
Then spake Pandare, oh cruel Greeke, sith so it is befall,
That erst my mortal piercing shaft could not thee hurt at all,
To cleaue thy Cuiets once againe I now will trie my dart.
Pandarus vanteth to foolishly. And when he ended had these words, his launce he threw so smart,
That through he thirlde his buckler quite, and to his Curet fled,
And further not, yet thinking there that he the Greeke had sped,
Doth vaunt aloude: O Diomede the deede now is it done,
Wherby I iustly iudge my selfe the happiest vnder sunne.
This blow so deepe it pierced hath thy side, and pretie poke
Of guts, as die of force thou must receiuing thus the stroke.
Diomedes to Pandar. Diomede nought afeight him sayde: thy strength it is too yong
Thou art deceiude, for by the same I nothing now am wrong.
I wil thee shew another tricke, thou shalt not so wel brooke,
My launce shal send thee to thy graue, at my handes do not looke.
For better grace, but it in bloud of one of you to bathe:
He with these words at Pandarus doth throw it strong and rathe:
Diomedes killeth Pan. Then Pallas to the Lycians face direcs the weapon right,
Which mightily thrusteth through the same, & cuts in two his sight,
His nose, his teeth, his tong and all, and there remaineth in
A good peece of the steele and staffe, the head from out his chin
Doth peare, and downe he falleth dead, the horses start withal,
Hearing the noyse that there did make his armor in the fal:
His armour bright and finely wrought, but filld with bloud so raw,
And hewde throughout, this great deseite when as Eneas saw,
Most Lionlike he venters forth, and loude the Prince doth crie,
With sworde and targe in hande, in hast he runneth desperatly,
Minding mortally to wound, the Gretian first he met,
But Diomede then wel aduisde, a waightie stone doth fet,
Diomedes woundeth Eneas. Which scarcely two good men could heaue or lift vpon the ground,
Wherwith he hits him on the thigh, and doth Eneas wounde,
So sore, his ioynt was he doth pash, and muskles teares in two,
As forst halfe deade almost he was, head dug on knees to go,
And groueling stand hint with his hands, he bitter death had sought,

If so his tender dame had not his present succor sought:
Who viewing wel the danger great, whiche to hir sonne did hap,
To rid him out the hard distresse, hir cloke she doth bewrap
Him round about, and hawseth him, wherewith he was so clad
As in a forte, esse thousand darts him ouer happed had.
And then to leade him out the preasse, Venus doth hir deuore.

And Sthenelus remembring what his friend had willd before,
Æneas horse doth take, his owne aside doth leade a while
The Troyans horse he doth betake hys truftie mate Deiphile,
To guide vnto Diomedes tents: this Deiphile was the same
Who wel beloude of all the campe, of Knighthode bare the name,
His owne courlers he mounteth on, and followeth spedily.
Diomedes, whom then he findes with all his might to hie
After the Goddesse, hir to fell, and Venus downe to beate,
Well knowing she is none of them, in whom is powre so great,
As in the two maydens Minerue, and in the fierce Bellon,
A weake and daintie parnell she, in whome is goodnes none.
Ye in the preasse doth finde hir out, he foloweth on so fast,
Whether thy immortalls wil be hurte, to proue he nowe doth caste.
His dart with poudred Emins lynde doth pierce the gallant cloke,
And in hir fine and Goddesse hande there forward hit the stroke:
The kinde and daintie dame is hurte, wherewith she waild hir ill,
And heauie in hir heart she feles the heauenly iuice distill,
And scarlet bloud, which was not like as mortall men do bleede,
For, forasmuch as heauenly folkes on fruits they do not fede,
And do abstaine themselues from wine, their himnors do not gre,
With vs are men, therefore we say immortall that they be.

Venus she grieues, and chafeth much, being thus forste to pine
By hand of one that mortall is, and loud begimnes to whine,
Forleake she is constraind to leaue, and forsake Æneas,
Whome Phœbus helpeth at a pinch, and doth him there embrace,
She haps him with a cloud, and keepes him from the Grekish spite,
Which for the purpose, when he came, she straight had therein sight.

In meane time Diomedes doth at Venus gibe and floute,
Prouokes hir wrath, in sight (quoth he) hereforth no more come out,
Let it suffice you with your wiles pore women to deceaue,

Sthenelus Diomedes guider takes Æneas horses.

Diomedes pursueth Venus.

Minerua & Bellona.

Venus vvounded in the hād by Diomedes.

The trade of warre and warlike actes I reade you for to leaue:
For if the battaile thus you haunt, your selfe you will begutle,
One day you wil be payde for all, that you wil curse the while.
The Grecian spake the Goddesse thus, for grief who sorrows sore,
Not onely for the wound that painde, no lesse, but rather more
She doth lament thus to be mockte, wherewith hir colour gay
So bright that was, beginnes to swarte, and seemes to fade away.
Wherefore Iris with pitie wonde, vnto hir drayweth nie,
Iris brigeth Venus out of the batel
And for good will she brought hir out, and to a place there by
On the left hand she led hir in, where Mars did stand and groile,
As ill disposd, and did behold the bloudie fight and broile:
He sitting in a duskie cloude, his Mounter by him there,
He leaneth sadly on his launce, as though he wearie were.
Then Venus on hir maribones thus prayes him earnestlye:
Venus to Mars.
Good brother Mars so well beloude, to mounte t'Olympus hie,
And heauenly pallace, lend me now your chaire, great pain I haue,
Alacke with treason Diomede, that fierce and cruell knaue
He hath me wounded in the hand, that fierce and cruel curre,
I thinke he Ioue would also hurte he kéepeth suche a sturre.
Mars willing graunteth hir request, his chare and horse he lent,
Mars lendeth Venus his charioes vvho ascendeth into heauen.
She mounts, and Iris takes the raine, for guide with hir she went:
The goodly Genets cut the aire, they rather wish to flie,
And in a moment they are come vnto the heauen hie,
And found the mansion of the Gods, where Iris straight hir spedde
To dresse them wel, and there with meates immortal she them fed.
Then Venus found hir mother deare, and fell down in the place,
Halfe sounding, whome Dione doth lamenting there embrace,
And curteously doth thus entreate: Good daughter, whom I loue,
Whose hand hath bin so cruell bold of al the Gods aboue,
That dared dére thy tender flesh: no worse they could haue bide
The ranchest driuel, who hirselfe most filthie had abusde.
Venus to hir mother.
Diomede that rebell (quoth she) hath giuen me the gelpe,
When as I meant my tender sonne Æneas for to helpe,
Else died he had, and nowe I sée that Grécks not onely warre
With folke of Troy, but do in fight the Gods both hurte and scarre.
The worthy Goddesse Dione then this furious rage to stay:

A while to quiet at hir harme doth louely Venus pray.
My daughter swéete, content your selfe, for many Gods there are,
Whome mortall men dispitefully haue wrongd with hatefull care,
But yet in time haue felt at full the guerdon of their faulte:
Ephalte, Otus, stout Oloeus sonnes Mars God they did assault,
And so preuaild against the God, that thirtéene moneths long,
They bound and kept him prisoner in prison sure and strong:
Where he had dyed by long abode, but that with pitie fraught
Euribea their mother in law Mercurius she besought
In fauour of the God distrest, who stale him in a braide,
And secretly conuayde him forth, without whose present ayde,
The fetters and the stinking aire had there consumde him quite,
His nature so diuine it was. Iuno for al hir might
On hir right breast was wounded sore, and stricken so did stand
By triple headed shéering shafte, ysent by Herculs hand.
What shal we say of Pluto blacke, who rules in eche behoofe
Th'infernall powers as onely God: hath he not had good proofe
Of Herculs darte, when as he was in *Pilie* country soile:
Among the murdred carcalles, where so receiude the foile
His Godhead, that if possibly a God could die or wast,
The wounde on shoulder which he caught had bin his vtas laste.
But to the lightsome mansion tho, of Ioue he hies amaine
To séeke a helpe there for his hurte, where Peon taketh paine,
His grieuous wounde he dresseth well, and quite doth heale the same:
O Hercules, vnhappy thou, to foolish and to blame,
Who feared not to deale in fight, and striue offensiuely
Against the Gods, who alwayes séeke reuenge assuredly.
But daughter trust this Gréeke durst not haue hurt you any way,
But by Mineruas helpe, who willes you all the ill she may.
A good poze fole, who doth not knowe the man that doth contend
Against the Gods with enuious pride, muste haue a wretched end.
This onely faulte another day (at home) shall make him misse
His preatie babes to call him Dad, and there his knées to kisse.
He surely ought to thinke, if they, who be of greater forte
Then you, would not reuenge your case, so driuen by remorse,
That your power can well suffise his punisher to be

Dione to Venus.

Iuno hurt in the right breast by Hercules.

Pluto hurt by Hercules.
Pluto vvas healed by Peon phisition to the Gods.

In his owne lande, that is to say, by his wife Egialee:
Who waking out hir heauie slæpe, fæling the burning pricke
Of loues desire, to quench hir heate, some roag she shal not sticke
To tice vnto hir husbandes bed, and sporte with many a fit,
As merily as Cocke and Pie, he nothing watting it.

Dione appeaseth Venus.

To cheare hir daughter thus she saide, and softly dreit the sore,
She swagde the paine, and Venus was more eased than before.
But when as Iuno and Minerue did sée hir thus arayed,

Pallas to Iupiter mocking Venus.

In flouting wise, O Ioue they sayde, be you not ill apayed:
O holy father (quoth Pallas) of this ymery be,
Venus a Grécke to Troyan campe to bring there minding she

Ironia.

To giue to one whome wel she likte, in leading forth the man,
Hir hand with buckle of his belte (she hardly leaning an)
Is hurte, the tong hath thrust hir in, and then it may befall
God cause to aske some ready helpe, the wound it is not small.
At this gwd iest the God of Gods smyleth with mery cheare,
And kindly came and spake hir thus: Venus my daughter deare,

Iupiter to Venus.

It is not yours to rule an host, nor deale in broiles of warre,
But loue, and mariages to make, for you they fitter are,
Meddle with them, your brother Mars to him leaue you the fight,
And to your sister Minerua, as due to them of right,
In loue your office onely is, thus loue doth pleasaunt iest,
And talking so they to and fro, he sportes among the rest.
In the meane while Diomedes, Æneas he had slaine,
And misste but small, but Apollo defended him againe.
For the desire that then he had, the Troyan for to slay,
And gaine his godly furniture, al indgement toke away,
Apollo thrice there guarded him, him thrice the Grécke did charge,
Apollo stil did strike aside his weapon and his targe:
The fourth time dead he had him downe, or layed him on the floure,
But that with grimme and grielly lokes Apoll doth threat e loure.

Apollo to Diomedes.

In hast retire I reade (quoth he) how trimme a man you are,
So sawcie with th'immortall Gods, and boldly to compare:
And henceforth this consider to, far different is the powre
Of men, who leades their lines on earth, and eke die euery houre,
From that of Gods immortall who and heauenly neuer dies.

Herewith the hastie Grèeke, apace (wel feard) away he flies.
Then Phœbus there out of the sight the Troyan toke away,
And on the Citie wall he plaste him in the Temple gay,
Unto him consecrated, large, and sumptuously wrought,
As in a fortresse sacred much, and most assured thought:
Unto the end that Diana, and his sister Latone,
Hyre carefully might help to heale his woũds, which cauld his mone,
And straight the armies to abuse he vse a Stratageme,
An image like vnto Enee himselfe (it so did seeme),
He did erect, about the which the bloudy gore did runne,
And round about the same, many a doubtie déede was done
By knights of *Greece*, and Troyans both, the one their trauel spent
It to defend, it Grèekes to spoile their might and forces bent.
When as Enee Apollo had in good sure safetie set,
Another way he helpeth, for, he mightie Mars doth get
By his great meanes in Troyans aide, and him he bourded thus:
O Mars thou God inuincible, Mars fell and furious,
O bloudie Mars with gastful lookes, gainst whom no batteld wal,
Nor armour tempred nere so well, can scarce resist at all:
What, can you suffer here this Grèeke to braue throughout the hoste
And glorie thus? wil you not plague and scowre him to his coste
For this so sawcie his attempt? for he would make no stoppe
An enimie to be to Ioue, and ride vppon his toppe,
Who made no bones so ill t'array Venus thy sister here,
And hath prepard against me to, a mad man as he were.
Apollo ending thus his words, vpon the wall did rest,
And Mars the puissant God himselfe to battel ready prest.
He commes into the Troyan campe, presenting in the face,
And furniture, one Acamas, a mightie Prince of *Thrace*.
The ranckes he cheares, and comforts vp, namely King Priams sons:
His voice he lifteth vp and calles, disordred nowe who runs,
O valiant ympes, whome erst I toke so worthy and so strong,
To sée your folke thus murdred here without your helpe, how long
Will yée forbeare: what, stay you till your knights be beaten down,
And that your foes do come and fight at gates before your town:
What greater griefe (oh) can there be for you, than to behold

An Image of Æneas.

Apollo to Mars.

Mars in the lykenesse of Acamas exhorteth the Troyans.

Enee a Troyan of suche price, so valiant and so bold,
Another Hector well estéemd in daunger here to ly,
And such a friend to rescue out not one of you will try:
These wordes made many Troyans shew good face & corage take,
Sarpedon to Hector. Whereby Sarpedon worthy Knight to Hector thus he spake,
With choler séeming somewhat movde: O Hector sage and wise,
Where is the prowesse that sometimes extold was to the skies,
When thou didst boast that thy brethren, and thy allies alone
Could bid good welcome to the Grékes, and wel defend your owne
Without the force of straungers aide: where is thy great kinred:
Thy brethren, cousins, and adheres: surely they all are fledde,
I sée not one, no, no like Dogges, whom Lion séekes to teare,
Comparisō of Dogges assayled by a Lyon. They leaue thée here in daunger great, and runne away for feare.
They leaue not thée, but vs also, who here are come not streit
In thy quarrell to spend our bloud, and thro haue done our best.
To Troyan King I am no liege, ne with him kinred haue,
I haue no countrey lies so neare, which I néede séeke to saue.
Yet here I come from *Licie* lande, a countrey furre that lies,
Provoked by thy great reporte, which famde is to the skies.
I there haue left my louing spouse, my babes, such good and golde,
Wherewith such men as want the same, greatly reioice they would.
I hazarding with most good will my life and state for thée,
I cannot nowe but marualle muche: for why, alas I sée
Thy friends and souldiors runne away, and I and mine to stand,
Thou holdst thy peace, who ought revoke, & beare them hard in hand,
No more thus to abandon thée, declaring to them all
The mischiefe, wherein they and theirs is haply like to fall:
Comparisō of beasts taken in Nets. The which shal be as simple beasts y'wrapped in the snare,
Their great and famous Citie spoild, ysackte, and pilled bare.
You better ought to minde this geare, and goe vnto the chiefe,
And tel them, that there yet remaines great hope of good relæfe:
And that by stoutly standing to't, the victorie may be had:
So men of you will déeme right well, else iudge of you too bad.
Hector beginnes the battaile again. Sarpedon thus prickte Hector on, the prince nothing replied,
But in his armor as he was from Chariot straight he hied,
And leaped downe, holding in hand of darts a goodly paire,

Which there he fiercely shakes, and doth vnto his folke repaire:
Where, with commaundment and request his bands he orders eft,
Who taking harte, forward aduaunce, to gain the place they left.
When Grekes the Troyans thus perceiude themselues in rancks ta
Their crues they clappe togither close, thē surer to receaue, (weane,
And souldiors like do ready make, to bide the fight they meane:
And euen as men out of the barne fanning their corne cleane,
Often by greatnesse of the winde the chaffe abroad that blowes,
The filth doth white the husbandmen, which out the corne goes:
The dust was likewise great, when as the Troyans neare appearde,
The souldiors and their armor all with dust were all besmeard.
Then did the cruel warre begynne with great and sorer tewe
Than erst before, they fight it out, and shieldes in peeces hewe.
Mars runneth vp and do wne the fieldes, the Troyans he exhortes
In couert wise, and cheares them vp with speeche of sundry sortes.
Phœbus (quoth he) doth take your partes, and Pallas is your foe,
Wherefore some worthy deede of Armes, it you behoues to shoe.
The selfe same time Æneas reurnes all fresho into the field.
Apollo brought him in, whom when the Troyans whole behelde,
And not to do like as a man that hurt or maimed were,
But like a strong and valiant knight, they greatly ginne to cheere.
At him they coulde not gaze their fill, some woulde haue talkte with
But now the broile and bickering begon was very brimme: (him
Apollo, Mars, the Goddesse fond Contention toke the partes
Of the good Troyans, enflaming to war their warlike hartes,
The valiant knights the two Aiax on th'other partie doe it,
With Diomede and Vlysses they pray the Grekes stande to it,
The whiche obey: like men of war they stand and kepe their ground:
For as the cloudes the mountaines toppes do close & compasse rounde
Maugre the winds, by Ioue his meanes, who else no way abides,
The blasts & blustring northern puffes, y thrusts at hart their sides:
Likewise with stout and valiant minds the Greeks wel armed stand,
Seeing with them the worthiest Dukes of al the Grekish land.
And Agamemnon doth commaunde, where neede he thinketh most,
And trauailes carefully about to order all the hoste.
O warlike Grecians (quoth he) tho, if euer men haue seene

Æneas returneth to the fielde.

Apollo, Mars, and Contentiō for the Troyans.

Comparisō of the cloudes of the mountaines

Your warlike déeds performe them now, no lesse than they haue bin,
Take courage sirs, and with one mind now charge vppon your foes,
The souldior who estéemes his name, for suretie do suppose,
And for the same doth stirre his stumpes, more dangers dothe escape
Than cowards do, who from the fight to flée doe onely gape.
We sooner sée goe to the backe, the dull and fearful foke,
Than hardie souldiors in the field, who withe with foes to yoke.
The spirite, the which for honors sake hath not more lively grace,
The body faints, and mated eke, to death it giueth place.
He with these wordes doth shewe the way, his Iaueline to his foes
He gyrdeth forth, and dead in field Deicoon ouerthrowes,
Déere friend vnto the great Æneé, through all the camp Troyens
So honord and estéemd, as he King Priams sonne had bene.
Not onely for his iolitie, and for his strength and might,
But that he alway still would be the formost in the fight.
The Dart his mallie Target doth and Baudricke thorowe beare,
So downe it goeth to his paunch, and dead he falleth there.

Deicoon slaine by Agamemnō

The selfe same time Æneas slue Crethon, Orsilochus:
Who had of the Citie *Pheree* to sire Deocleus,
Abounding both in powre and wealth, whose petigrée they fetch
From *Alphe* brooke in *Pilie* land, so largely which doth stretch.
Orsilochus was Alphes sonne, a King of worthie name,
Who did beget Deocleus, a Prince of no lesse fame:
Of whome descended these two heires, Orsiloche and Crethone,
In feates of warre, in Grékish campe their betters was there none:
And chiefly for their times, who more their honors to encrease,
Had followed harde euen to *Troy* Agamemn through the seas,
Supposing they it honor great as souldiors for to go
Vnder the guise of such a thiefe: as oft it happens so,
That two yong whelpes of Lions race, close in some corner by
The Forrell, fed by Lionesse, who in the countrey nie
Spoiling their cattaile and their foldes, an Ore they somtime slay,
Somtime an Horse, somtime a sheepe they kill and runne away,
Shall be at length yet ouertane, and by the shepheards catcht,
They not bearing their harmes, who wel wil cause thē to be watcht.
Likewise these couragious gield (gainst whom ther was no boote)

Æneas kills Crethon & Orsilochus.

Comparison of tvvo Lions surprised by the sheepeheards.

The Grecians two, who fel like Pines ytournde vp by the rootes
By force of winde, then Menelau hereat doth greatly grieue
To see his friendes thus murdred here, whom he cõmes to relieue.
Through armed wel, in his right hand a Darte right bright he bare
Mars let him passe, that by Ænee his hand he murdered were.
Antilochus him folowes harde when as he forward went,
He thought the hazard was not small, nor he sufficient
Alone to make his partie good, which when Eneas saw,
Although he weelded wel in fight, himselfe he did withdraw.
To deale with two he daunger thought, no soner he retires,
But that to draw the bodies forth the other two desires,
And gaue them to their fellowes there, and then to fight they gone,
In this conflict Pilemene fel, the king of *Paphlagone*.
With Mydon loyall guider, who his royal Chariot drivde,
The shoulder of the foresayde king there Menelaus clivde.
At Mydon mayde Antilochus a waightie stone did throw,
He crusht his arme, constrayning him the bridle to let go:
Beside this blow, he on his face gaue him a schochelade,
Wherby he fel downe to the ground islaine by his blade.
He fel not straight, the Palfreys did trayle him vpon the mould,
Antilochus til he them stayde, and led them where he would.
Then Hector prince by chance came by, right as the deed was done,
Seeing the good king thus distrest to waye in heate begonne:
And therewith al he cries so loude, that euery Troyan leapes
That heard his voyce, and with good heart they follow him in heaps.
The furious Mars, and stoute Bellone, on them the charge do take
To martch before the Troyan bands, and dreadful noise do make.
Mars shaketh his redoubted launce, he neuer Hector left,
Sometimes before, sometimes behind he oftentimes doth shift,
In fine, it was a goodly thing a God to haue for guide.
Diomede seeing Mars to martch, for feare may not abide,
But did recule a forraine like, who ryding by the way
To some far land, doth finde a flood, whose bredth doth him affray,
He stopped is by the swift course, and surging so amaine,
That he his businesse leaues vndone, and home returnes againe.
Yea euen so the puissaunt Greeke his souldiours doth aduise,

Similitude of two Pine trees felled.

Menelaus kils Pylemenus.

Antilochus kils Mydon

Mars and Bellone with Hect.

Comparis of a traueller who stopt by a riuer, returneth.

Dio. to the Greekes.

Himselfe withdrawe: h from the fight, and spake them in this wise
My friends quoth he, maruel no whit that Hector is so stout,
And prest himselfe to fight with you, and hence to driue you out.
With him to leade him in the fielde a guider God doth go,
Erst in humaine and mortall forme I Mars the God did know,
Who mans him throughly at the ful, wherfore sirs by my reade,
I would perswade you tarry time, and stay out for a bread.
Tourne not your backs but do retire, for doubt what happen might,
Prouoking here the mightie Gods, who for the Troyans fight.
The Greekes a little leaue their ground, the Troyans hie as fast,
And Hector first of al the rest his iauelins he doth cast
Wherwith two warlike souldiours he doth slay, Menesthes strong
And Anchiale, whom from their chare on earth he layed along.

Anchialus and Menesthes slaine by Hector.

The stoute Aiax did pitie much their fal, the which he spied,
Wherfore his piersing dart he threw, wherwith Amphius dyed:
His armour coulde not beare the blow, but that his guts it gorde,
This Amphius was Selags sonne, of *Pese* the wealthy Lorde,
Come far to *Troy* in Priams ayde, who there doth leaue his course,
And sturdie Aiax sekes to spoyle his furniture by force.
But Troyans on his target threw so many darts at once,
The carcase they it toke him fro, for all his mighty bones.
Hauing his launce, he nothing had, which he was faine to plucke
With both his hands the body out, so deepe in him it stucke.
This done, by Troyans put aback, himselfe away he wryde
Almost wel weary of the toyle, againe on th other side
By fortune hard and fate doth fall valiant Tlepoleme, sonne
To Hercules, with hardie harte, who forward there doth runne,
And puts himselfe in place to toyne, with stout Sarpedon knight,
Who meeting both togither rounde, and readie to the fight,

Thepolemus to Sarpedon.

These wordes Tlepoleme to him sayes before his dart he flings:
What waighty cause, what gret affairs, what néd thée hither brings
Thou coward knight of none accompt, vnhappy here to dye:
Who told thée Ioue to be thy sire, they coart thée pretily.
Thy faintnesse with his heauenly race doth greatly disagrée:
Thinkst thou in valiaunce to approch Hercule my father he,
My louing sire, with Lions heart so hardie and so haute,

Who

Who with fire ships he brought from *Greece*, toke *Ilion* by assault,
To take reuenge of broken fayth of Laomedon tho,
Who promist on him in reward his horses to bestow:
Thy force and strength is far from his, and here before thy face
Thy *Lycian* souldiours are forc hayde, and no man rues thy case.
What stead canst thou the Troyans stand: thou lettst thy mē be hackt,
But al is one, for why: my launce to Hel shal send thée packt.
Sarpedon at his foolish threates doth moue and bash no whit,
He takes his tale out of his mouth, (quoth he) ful true is it,
That for the great abuse and fault to Hercules thy sire
They did, *Troy* it was sackt, and al hir buildings set on fire:
But as for thée, here dy thou shalt ymurdred by my hand,
To my renowme, and send thy soule to low and darksome land.
They make an end of wordes, their darts eche shakes with his good will,
To slay his foe, and so it fel, as either had his fill.
Sarpedons launce stroke through the Grēke, who dead in field doth ly,
The Grēke his launce Sarpedon pierst in the sinister thy.
So deepe the stéele stacke in the bone, Sarpedon it had kild,
Ne had not told who had him hurt, but Iupiter it nilde.
The souldiours when these two great Dukes on earth they thus saw layde
Themselues they ply, their proper prince apace they come to ayde.
The *Lycian* Lord they toke first vp, and brought him out the host,
In euil plight, and very faint, he so much bloud had lost.
As him they beare, the iaueline stil trayled vpon the ground,
They had no time there gently to plucke it out the wound.
The Grēkes take Tlepoleme aside, they lay him in a nooke,
At this defaite and ouerthrow as Vlisses doth looke,
And saw Sarpedons safe retire, he doth the chaunce bewayle,
And doth forethinke which better is, the victor to assayle,
Or else to charge the *Lycians*, and them in pieces hew:
But following goddesse Pallas minde, he there doth them pursue.
Fate had not willd that Vlysses Sarpadons death should be,
Gods prouidence had kept it for a worthyer man than he.
But there in pēces he doth cut Alastor, Chronius,
Ceranes, Nomon, Alcander, Prytanes, Halius:
And but that valiant Hector came, he more had serude of truss,

Sarpedō to Tlepolem.

The fight betwene Sarpedō & Tlepolem. Tlepolem. slaine and Sarpedon wounded.

Vlisses slayeth seuen Lycians.

But

Sarpedon to Hector.

But Hector hied to succour them, and in the ranckes he thrust.
Yea fearing with his armor bright the hardiest of the Grékes,
Sarpedon ioyeth this to sée, and running down his chékes
The trickling teares, thou Priams son (quoth he) I hartly pray,
Unto the Grékes in this distresse, oh leaue me not this day:
Cause me to *Troy* to be conuaide, there let me end my dayes,
Forsake me not, I wel do know I may no maner wayes
My Countrey sée, and home returne to sée my louing wife
Nor children chérish, for I fele now ends my fading life.
The worthy Hector aunswerde not, among the Grékes he romes,
Them, who withstode him for to send vnto their longest homes.
The Lycians on a mole-hill set the wounded Sarpedon,
The dart drawes ont his friende and mate the faithful Pelagon,
Ye sounded in the plucking forth, his life it faded cleane,
With grones and sighes far fet, his breath by little comes againe,
Wherto the shadowe wel doth serue, and eke the open ayre,
Which coldly blew right in his face, as he lay dawing there.

Sarpedō in plucking out the dart swouns.

Hector his arme and Mars the gods the Gretians in al steades
So foule affray, as they dare not once martch, or shew their heads.
They leaue their order and array, in field they turne their backes,
And to retire to shameful slight the Gretian souldiours packes.
Wel, let vs tel what Grékes were slaine by Hector in this broyle,
The valiaunt Theutras he was first, in fight who bare such coyle,
As he was wont to conquer stil, then their Orestes lay,
The cunning rider of great horsse, Threcus dide in the fray,
Stoute Helenus, who with the Grékes for knighthode bare the bell,
Oenom, last Oresbius by Hectors handes he fel:
Oresbius a prince of power, with Sceptre and with Crowne,
The which right princely he did beare in *Hile* his proper towne:
His neyghbours all he did excéde in wealth, hauing his god
By Cephise take in *Beocie*, wheras his Citie stode.

Hector by the fauour of Mars slayes many Grecks.

Iuno séeing this wretched plight the which the Grékes were in,
Doth finde hir selfe beguilde, and chaft to Pallas doth begin:
Oh daughter of the mightie Ioue, what? nothing else but kil?
Is it agréd we al shal die? if so we suffer stil
This cruel Mars to raile so long, I sée it very plaine,

Iuno to Pallas.

The promise made to Menelau to haue Helene againe
After the siege and sacke of *Troy*, shal turne vnto a ieste,
And that his trauaile he shall lose, if longer here he reste.
Go we my wench, and let vs shew this dizarde here at ful,
What power and puissance we two haue, when vse the same we wul.
Dame Pallas she consented straight, and Iuno she doth hie
Forthwith to put hir horse in point, and to hir Chariot tye:
Againe the gorgeous Chariot trimde Hebe on th'other side,
As did belong thereto, wheron the Goddesse she must ride,
And then the whéeles she fastned fast, wel forgde of perfect golde,
Strong bound with brasse & yron nailes, w spokes twice four ful told,
Of self-same bright and glittring brasse, & naues of siluer mas,
The ends of stéele with siluer beame as braue as cristal was.
The seate with goldsmithes worke bedaubde, & in such running wise,
As no man wist whether the worke or matter more to prise.
Minerua made hir readie while to dresse the chare they sought,
And off she puts hir right attire which she hir selfe had wrought.
She claspeth on the Curets stiffe which Ioue doth weare in fight,
And on hir shoulder she doth cast the mightie targe, in weight
That is so peasaunt, and so broade, enuironed with feare,
Contention, terror, braules, horror, and furie euery where,
With boldnesse, noyse, and gastful threates of horrible Gorgon,
The gastful dreadful monster, there the head was painted on,
Which frights al such as lokes therat, a heanie helmet she
Puts on hir heade, of gold most fine, with creste ycrested three,
Which would suffice to hap the heads, yea of so many folke,
As wel an hundred Cities hath, in fight if they should yoke.
Thus armde, she lightly leapeth vp the chaire with speare in hand,
Against the which (she angry) not the demi-gods can stand.
Dame Iuno of the tryed horse in hand doth take the raynes,
To be the conductour and guide hir self wil take the paines.
They scoure so fast, to gates they come there of the Welkin large
Fast shut: as porters of the same the houres haue the charge,
And gouerne all the skie, and rule the hye Olympus eke,
And cloudes to cal togither to, and force them for to breake.
The houres to the goddesses do open readily,

Hebe makes redy Iunos Charyot.

Discription of Pallas armour.

The hourly porter of heauen.

And forth they let their coursers out, who passe the champiõ skie,
They sone come to the hugie hill of the Olympus hiem,
Where Ioue in throne doth gouerne it, and nére they draw to him.
Inno to Iupiter. And Iuno képing still hir chare, thus tels him hir annoy:
My brother, and you husband mine, what pleasure or what ioy
Haue you to sée thus Mars your son before *Troy* Gréekes to kil
So cruelly without respect, to please the foolish wil
Of kenuious Venus and Apoll, of force, what, must you cloke
This hateful and malitious part with faith and promise broke?
I pray thée gréeue no whit at all this furie for to stay.
Iupiter to Iuno. If I descende and do my best to chase him (hurt) away.
I am content answerd the God, but in your place I vise
For better end, that Pallas she do take the enterprise.
For Mars cannot defend himself against hir, nor resist,
For she shall often conquer him, and mate him if she list.
The vvay vvhich the horses kepe betvvene heauen and earth. This answere liketh Iuno wel, she slakes the raynes and hies,
Hir coursers runne, and kéepe the way betwéene the earth, & skies,
They scoure aloft as far from vs, as men can wel discrie
A ship, which sayles alofe in seas, from of some tower hie.
And thereabout the horsles kéepe their way, which down discende,
And son they came against the town, and down to *Troy* they bend.
They quickly fal vpon the ground, and down do set their féete,
Where cleare *Scamander* hir brother floud *Simois* doth méete.
At *Simois* there Iuno left hir chare and horses braue,
Who wel do taste the heauenly floud, and floze of vitayles haue.
The Paragons like tuyo white doues, and yet with valiaunt harts
Do marsch to ẏ Gréeks cãpe, with minde to play some worthy parts
Wher stout approued folk they finde, who spare no more hir foes,
Than Lions great, or wilde swine, which hungry a praying goes.
Stentor vvho had the voyce of 50. men. Iuno toke the habits on of Stentor Gréekish knight,
Whose voyce was more than fiftie mens, crying with al their might:
O what dishonor and reproch, oh Gréekes that of your shame
So smal account, vnhappy Dukes and princes yet in name,
But in effect more feareful much than simple seruing men,
If not, the vsage of you thus why do you suffer then?
When as Achilles sought with vs, they fled for feareful hart,

No Troyan ſkoute durſt any way from gates of *Troy* depart,
They dreaded ſo his valiaunt launce, but now good God what hap.
They fight not only out their town, but kit, and down they clap
Us and our ſouldiours at our ſhips, thus cryed ſhe amaine,
The goddeſſe great, wherwith reuiude their hardie hartes againe.
The prudent Pallas ſhe againe meeteth Diomede right,
Wearie not only of the toyle, which he all day in fight
Had taken, but his mightie targe did make him ſweate apace,
As he doth ply to ſhew himſelfe a knight in euery place.
And more, the hurt he lately had, did put him to ſuch paine,
As while he bled, leauing he could ſcantly himſelfe ſuſtaine. Minerua to Diomed.
Againſt his chare, yet neretheleſſe Minerua drew him nye,
And toucht the coullers of his horſe, and ſpake him curteouſly
Ful true it is, and as for me, it ſhal be in my créde
That Tydeus that ſo odde a knight had neuer of his ſéde
A ſon ſo valiaunt as himſelfe, he was but dapper he,
But aye ſo valiant and ſo wiſe, as often without me
Ye to the ſtoutſt and ſtrongſt would begin the fight and fray,
And eyther bow them to his bent, or down in field them ſtay.
To warlike Thebanes did he not his courage wel declare
Ye once a legate ſent to them, when after banket fare
(Ye ſéeing them careleſſe ful of chat) with them begins to braule,
And to his glore and great renoume he ouerthrew them al:
And how: I tenderd him ſo much, in al his facts, I came
For to conduct him as a guide, as to thée oft I am,
And ſometime put me in defence thy ſtate and life to ſaue,
And worke on Troyans ſtouteſt knights that thou ỹ triumph haue,
And yet as now thou wearie art, with ſloth and dread diſtreſſ,
Among the valiaunt warlike folke no more I thinke it beſt. Diomed. to Minerua.
Thou name thy ſelfe as Tydes ſon: Diomede doth reply.
O dame impute not my retire (I craue it humbly)
To want of hart, nor blame me not: for ſith I certaine know
Your preſence here, of my retreate th'occaſion I wil ſhew.
Neyther for feare nor fainted fleſh, but wel in minde I had
Your counſel, which to take in hand againſt the Gods forbad.
Did you not warne me ſo, vnleſſe on Venus tender ſole?

And seeing now against vs here God Mars to deale his dole,
Am I blame worthy if I leaue and part the combat fro,
Minerua to Diomedes. And do admonish all my friends that likewise they do so:
Quoth Pallas, friend, wel, make no bones, if so he come in place,
Be not afraide, but thrust to him, and lay him on the face,
Or any other God that shal affront himselfe on thee:
Mars is a wrangling craking wretche, a flauering Jacke is hee,
And worse, a lier: of his words he taketh little care:
No longer than this morning last, to me he said and sware,
He in the ayde of Grekish crues would come to fight and deale,
And like a fickle foole he fights here for the Troyan weale.
She wils Stenele come downe the chaire, she wishes for to try
Minerua mounteth Diomedes Chariot, & guides it. How she can guide and take the raines and wil Diomede guy,
The Chariot began to bow with burden that it bare,
The Axeltree (though great) did bend vnder the creaking chare,
The goddesse for she wayed so much, and eke the champion good,
They go to trump and downe to beate the raging Mars so wood.
And Pallas, (least she should be knowne) had pluckte hir face vpon
The helmet great halfe steele and brasse of th'infernal Pluton,
And when as Mars beheld them thus to come in such a hast,
A Greeke Etolian, Periphant, whom he to earth had cast,
Did leaue: this Periphant renoumde with best they did esteeme,
But Mars the warlike Greeke to slay, and take his spoyles doth meen.
And now at hand Mars shaketh straight his launce, a wound it made
Harmeleße, vnder the horses neckes, it flyeth as a shade:
For it the goddesse turnde abacke, aduised wel, and wise
She guides the Dart with hir own hand, vnder the chare it flyes.
Diomedes vvoundeth Mars. Diomede threw not so in vaine, for Mars his dart he felt
Which prest his belly with the steele that hit vnder his belt.
In bottom of his bulke it thrust so deepe entred the blow,
The stroke Dame Pallas for the Greeke diuinely did bestow.
She woteth wel to do the feate, and eft the speare regaine,
The terrible cry of Mars. With his great wound and so straunge hurt, Mars cryeth out amaine.
Hys hideous voyce & fearful cry, his thundring bleate & roare,
Ten thousande men faulting a towne coulde not haue thundred more.
Into the Greekes and Troyans both, when in their eares it rusht

Ful

Full sodainely begunne to feare, and all for dread are whusht.
The sorrowful God surpzisd with griefe, & shame a thousand thoes,
Most like a thicke and louring cloud to high Olympus goes.
Which in the cleare doth softly waft, when pirling wind doth beate
And makes it parte, and yéelds the earth beneath séele pleasant heat.
Into the heauenly mansion come, with griefe and dolefull chéere
Ye sits by Ioue, shewing his wounde which bled, and spake him there:
Redoubted sire, I cannot tell whether your will it be,
To sée the Gods and Goddesses as Cattes and Dogges agrée,
For loue we onely beare to men, and for thy quarrell not,
Whose subiectes true we are: Thou haste a daughter ill begot.
So mischeuous, she nere is pleasd, but when she wrongs or spites,
A God, or Goddesse, when she lists, with pleasure she delites.
No God so mightie or so great, but iustly thée obayes,
But she, the frantike lawlesse Iyll vnpunishte goes hir wayes.
A cruell Gréeke she forced hath this day the hande to wounde
Of Venus sister mine, and eke hath made hym kéepe his grounde,
And forwarde come to foile and hurte me, as well sée you may,
My Godhead almost had bin losse, but that I ranne away.
Ye so mée mangled had and coyld, and so my force decayde,
The heapes so great of Troyans dead, by them he me had layde,
Which he in gobbets there had cut: thus spake vnto his sire
God Mars, & shewde his shame & griefe, which prickt & burnd like fire.
To whom eft Ioue: Thou fickle foole, so wicked and so ill,
Leaue thy complaints, with thy foule déedes, thy fathers eares to fil.
Thou art the most malitious God of all the Gods aboue,
Thy nature full of strife and guile, with cause whom least I loue.
Taking wholy after Iuno that fond and spitefull shrewe,
A iealous head, past helpe to mend, like thée, hirselfe doth shewe.
Of thy déepe wounde she causer is, I truly thée assure:
But, for thou art of both our bloods, my grace it shall procure
Thy to be healde: but thinke if thou so wicked art and wilde,
The fathers fauour thou shalt want, whiche from offending childe
Ye doth withdraw: it is long since I iustice did on thée,
For thy malitious wyrkednesse and cankred crueltie.
Ioue doth commaund to heale the wound, Peon doth woke thereon,

Mars telleth Ioue his mishap.

Iupiter to Mars.

Comparisʒ of curded milke.

The heauēly bodyes are sooner healed than mans.

Pallas and Iuno leaue the battaile and ascend to Heauen.

And there so wel he doth his charge as he it heald anone.
And as full oft in Sommer time their labor men do lése
In putting curdes into the présse, whyche hardly then will chéese:
Th'immortalls hold of heauen much, from vs they differ far,
When as their bodyes haue a wound they sooner healed are.
Mars sounde, Hebe prepardе swéet baths, with garmēts gay in hand,
Mars commeth forth in open Court, and there by Ioue doth stand.
Againe victorious Pallas she, with braning Iuno pleasd,
To skies returne, for chasing Mars and wounding him, wel easd.

Finis quinti Libri.

¶ The sixth Booke.

AFter the Gods had left the fight,
the broile againe beganne
Among the Grékes and Troyans both,
and nere so sore as than.
Many a slaying darte was séene
on eche side in the fray,
That none coulde iudge the doubtfull end
betwéene them of that day.
In field so many corses fel, where *Xanthus* riuer flowes,
And *Simois* spreads hir bancks, where store of trées & herbage groes.
The worthy Aiax Telamon of his part was the furst,
The rampire sure of Grékishe campe, that Troyan order burst,
And to his souldiors maketh way that victors they may be:
One of the chiefe, a *Thracian* Prince in fight there murders he,

Aiax slaies Acamas.

Hight Acamas: betwéene the crest and helmet toppe, he strake
So iust, that hard vnto the braine the scull with brande he brake,
And in the forehead notcht him déepe, wherwith the grieuous paine
Of wounde so wide, with darksome death his eyes it did retaine.

And

And Axilus there Theuthras sonne, was slaine by the hands
Of Diomede, a souldior odde of all the Troyan bands.
His dwelling was *Arisba* towne, with walles wel closed rounde,
Where many a straunger he had lodgde, to whome did oft abounde
His curtesie to vse them well: but yet his vsage good
And gentle hart did not so bote, when in this plight he stode,
That he might méete with friend or guest, to yéeld him helpe or aide:
The faithfull guider of hys horse along by him is laide,
Calesius his seruant there, yspitted through with wound,
To kéepe him company, he falles flat groueling on the ground.
Euryalus bereft of life Opheltius, and eke
Dresus, and olde Bucolions sonnes he serued with the léke.
They wist not how to saue themselues, the one Pedasus hight,
Both twinnes, the other Esopus, a well renowmed Knight,
The gentle and the worthy Nais, called Nymph Abarbare,
Unto the saide Bucolion them secretly she bare:
At such time, when from *Ilion* he, vnto the mountaine came
To sporte himselfe, and to enioy the loue of beauties Dame,
Who then a simple shepehearde she, the fearney pasture on
Did kéepe hir shéepe, he was the sonne of King Laomedon:
But leauing sire, and countrey both, aside their loue he laide,
Then caught with fierie sparke of loue of that so gentle maide.
In selfe same rancke Meneptoleme downe dingeth Astile deade,
Vlysses sworde doth at a blowe strike off Pidices head.
Areton is by Teucer hurte, and tumbles in his bloud:
Antilochus eke Nestors sonne, that forward souldiour good
Ful well doth knowe to do as muche to Abler, there he glides
His Jaueline, wherwith dead he dies, it shot through both his sides.
Agamemn séeyng them thus slaine, he forward thrusteth on,
And Elatus he doth fordoe, whose lyuing lay vppon
The pleasaunt bancke of *Satnyon* floud, whereas it was not smalt
In *Pedase* towne ciuile and riche, and stately plast withall.
And Philacus taking his flight, Leytus with death him charmes:
Euripilus séeing his friends doing suche feates of armes,
Doth shake his darte, and at the first (he néedes not many blowes)
He doth Melanthius ouerretch, and dead him ouerthrowes.

Diomede kils Axylus

Caleſius slain by Diomede.

Euryalus kils Dresus, Opheltius, Pedasus, & Esopus.

Bucalion son of Laomedon.

Meneptoleme killes Astile.
Vlysses kils Pidites.
Teucer ouerthrowes Areton.
Antilochus wounds Abler to death.
Agamēnon kils Elatus
Leitus kils Philacus.

Euripilus kils Melanthus.

Among

Amõng thẽ rest to shew himselfe desires Menelay,
He takes Adrestus there alive, who then doth runne away:
But by ill lucke with Chariot so his horses brave did stumble
Against a stub of Juniper, that downe it fast doth tumble:
Wherewith the beame full sore it brake, the coursers, who wel knew
Themselues at large, to *Troy* the towne in course amaine they flewe,
Leauing their Maister in the fielde: but Menelay, that taske
Doth follow on, steppes at an ynche, when downe he sées him taske,
To slay him with his lostie launce vpon him he doth flie,
But Troyan killing there his knées, entreats him humblely.

Virgil hath imitated this in his tenth Boke of the Æneides.

Thou Atreus sonne, I you beséech, graunt vnto me I say
Pardon of this my wretched life, such raunsome wil I pay,
As you your selfe will thinke right great, if graunt my sute you wul:
My sire is riche, a house he hath with foyson stuffed full,
Of iewels, gold, yron, and brasse, which whole shall be your own,
And all he hathe me to redéeme, when well it shall be knowne
I am alive, to gaine this wealth, your mercie graunt to me:
As captiue Menelaus then to take him did agrée,
Thinking to giue him to his folke, vnto his shippe or sent
To leade him safe: A stay doth come that failes the mind he meant.
For the great Gréeke Agamemnon came to the Market than

Agamemnõ to Menel.

With his brother, he chaft in rage, and thus to him beganne:
Thou coward great, what makes thy mind to pitie any whit
Or grieue for these false Troians here? haue they deserued it
Of thée at al? when in thy house as guests they harboured ware,
Did they deserue so good a turne, as thus thou shouldst them spare?
It shall not bote, for all the brode in péeces shal be torne,
Yea ene the very sucking babes, and such as are not borne,
They die shall al the bitter death, by these, these handes of ours,
And passe the swoorde, and in shorte time we shall enioy their toures.

Agamẽnon kils Adrast.

The chiefetaine Gréeke with these his woords turnd Menelaus so,
As to his councell he consents, this prisoner he doth go,
And thrusts and chases him away, Agamemn was not stanche,
He falles on him, and with a stripe he slayes him in the panche.
But for to plucke his Jaueline out, he forced was to stride
Upon the carcalle: in the while there Nestor hard beside,

Tending

Tending the fight, exhortes the Grékes, and thus to them he spoke:
O valiant friends you Mars his impes, couragious charging foke,
To gaine this victorie at hand sticke not to take some toile,
Giue once a lustie charge, set not your mindes vpon the spoile,
Til that you sée them murdred al, your darts and launces file
Their corpses in before the pray, that yée after a while
The glorie had, them at your ease and pleasure ye may strippe,
Then shall we in our roomie kéeles their wealthy treasure shippe.
These wordes enflamed so their harts, that victors they were than:
The Troyans put vnto the worse, vnto their Citie ranne,
And had forsaken cleane the field, but that King Priams sonne
Sage Helenus did kéepe them backe, as they away did runne.
Who viewing well this cruel chase, to Hector there he hies,
And to Æneas, vnto whome, sith in you two it lies
(Quoth he) the leading and the charge of all our men and bands,
As two the expertst princes here, that with our faction stands:
My friends, in this defecte you ought this day some meanes prouide,
That it be eased, stay this reproche: what, stande and doe abide,
And shew your selues now diligent, do you our souldiors call
Togither here before the gates, and do exhort them all
Againe the battel to beginne, if so they loue their liues,
And will not be in péeces cut before their dolefull wiues,
Yea in their bosomes and their lappes, who séeing so their slight
Shall be ashamde, we in the while wil trauaile all our might
To stay them, though our forces are diminished too much,
It yet will boote, we thus constrainde, bycause our néede is such.
And as for thée O Hector thou, according to my réede,
Thou shalt to *Troy* to Hecuba our gentle mother spéede,
And will hir for to call to hir the womens troupe eche one,
The chastest and the worthiest, and she with them to gone
Unto the Temple reuerent of sage and wise Minerue
Inuincible, with such habites, as beste she doth reserue
In all hir Courte, the richest stuffe, and chiefe elabourd geare
With simple and with lowly heart deuoutly let hir beare,
Them on the Goddesse heauenly knées with humble mind to lay,
With Orisons to promise hir with crouched vow to pay

Helenus to Hector and Æneas.

Eche yeare a solempne sacrifice, hir fauour so to get,
Of Béenes twelue, or Bulles that yet to yoke were neuer set.
Which also let them bring with them, that it may please hir bend
To take in hand our babes and wiues, and people to defend,
As far as may be, kéeping off from this Citie of ours,
The cruel dreadful Diomede: not al the Gréekish powers
Togither set, as I beléeue, can do so much in fight
As he alone, I neuer sawe our folke in suche a plight
Forsake their ranckes, and so afeard, no for Achilles héé
Namde Thetis sonne, as I beheld them here away to flée,
By furie and by dreadfull actes of this redoubted Gréeke,
Who to no other mortall man but to himselfe is léeke.
This was the prudent Helens minde, séeing before his eyes
The daunger that his friends were in: Hector to him agrées,
And downe he commeth from his chare, two gallant dartes he held,
Among the stoutest souldiors then forthwith himselfe he weld,
And like a stout and worthy head he willes them weld their swordes
Yet once: The Troyans fiercily stand at those his onely wordes.
The Grecians were constrained then to stay and leaue the chace,
And to recule, séeing them thus to shewe suche fearlesse face.
For they did feare some God frõ skies was come down in their aide,
And made them turne eft to the fight in suche a sodaine braide:
Wherewith their courage Hector lands, and gentelly them chéeres:
Hector exhortes hys people. O forraine Knights and Citizens, my valiant friendly féeres,
(Quoth he) to shew your selues like men the present time it bindes,
To helpe the peril we are in, put to your warlike mindes:
Now shew the prowesse oft to me you promist to employ,
March on with hardie countnaunce nowe, while I do go to *Troy*
Our Ladies al, and our good Quéene, and antient Dames t'entreat
To make their prayers to the Gods, and solempne vowes beheat,
That from this daunger it wil please their Godheads vs to shield.
Hector goeth to Troy The Prince of prowesse ending thus, there left them in the fielde,
To *Troy* he goes, his targe ytackte, with sable leather thong
Well hapte him rounde, from shoulders his vnto his héeles it hong.
Glaucus aduanced forth himselfe these things a doing thus,
Th'illustre and the worthy sonne of good Hippolochus,

There man to man to try himselfe, and shewe some déede of worth,
To whome the mightie warlike knight Diomede commeth forth:
But valiant Diomede at hand and wel disposd to fight,
Before they toyne, dothe speake him thus: Thou worthy champion
Among the rest a warlike one, a stout and sturdie sire, (knight
That here wil come to deale with me, thy name I do desire,
(If so thou wilt) ful muche to knowe, for why, I haue not séene
Thée in the warre so forward erst, thou hardie art I wéene,
And armed wel with hope I sée, and surely thinkes to stand,
And to sustaine the waightie blowe of this my mightie hand:
Unhappy fathers I haue made ynow, their sonnes can tell,
Who hazarding with me the fight, their soules haue sent to Hel.
But séeing this thy haute attempte, I forst am to suppose
Thou art a God from hie come downe, or else, himselfe to lose
Some mortall man with simple sense: if so thou art a God,
Declare thy selfe, I wil giue place, and thou shalt haue the rod.
I wil not purchase to my selfe Licurgus danger so,
Who for hys rashnesse to the Gods, reward receiued tho
Of wretched life and paineful death. On the mountaine of *Nyse*,
It happened that Licurgus there the women did aduise
To doe to Bacchus seruice due, his festalls when they were
With slippes of Uine their heads vpon: but so he dothe them feare.
He following on, that eche constrainde the sacred Crowne they fall,
Whereat (good God) he doth reioyce and pleasures therewithall.
For why, the murderer with goade so sore them on did pricke,
And scokt his fil, and worse than that, he rashly doth not sticke
To minde disgrace, yea, to the God, whome rudely he dothe chace,
And thunders out aloude his threats, but Bacchus flies apace,
And hardly scapeth from his clawes, and forth he goes his wayes
To marine Thetis, who receiues him gently in the seas,
Yea trembling yet for feare to fall into the cruel powre
Of suche a gripe. At this offence ful sore the Gods do lowre,
And forthwith did reuenge the same, reauing Licurgus sight,
But for a time: not so content, to punish him aright
His life they ended wretchedly: If so thou please, this while
Tel me thy name, who was thy sire, and vse therein no guile.

Glaucus & Diomedes. are redy to fight togy: ther.

Diomedes to Glaucus.

Licurgus despyling the Gods.

Licurgus lost his sight.

And if thou art no God, but one that fædes with wine and bread,
Drawe nie, if thy desire it be here to be tumbled dead.

Glaucus answeres Diomedes.

Then Glaucus boldly answerde him, and with a comely grace,
Dost thou enquire of my descent: quoth he, mankinde the race
Is fraile, and fading like the leaues, and hath no longer time:

A notable speeche.

For as we sée the braunches grœne, alway when happes the Prime,
Yclad with leaues, which Autumn winds down tumbles off the trées
With hard and hoarie frostes, wherewith their verdure they do lœse,
And when the colde hath played his part, their hue againe they haue:
Ene so mankind to day aliue, to morrowe in his graue.
And if to day one yelde his life, another commes as faste,
One dead, one borne, and so it commes the store it stil doth laste.

Glaucus tel his offspring

But if you long to vnderstand my house, my stocke, and kinne,
Though almost al men knowe the same, and worthy it hath bin:
Yet harke, and I will tel the same. In *Argos* godly land,
The whiche for fœding beares the name, there *Ephyra* doth stand,
A Citie of so great reporte whereas their Court they held
My parents god, and sceptres eke in Princely state did weld.
Of Eolus the first was sonne, the mightie Sisyphus,
Who did enioy such masse of wealth, and he begat Glaucus:
Of Glaucus came Bellerophon, such honor great that got,
To whome the Gods as singular, with liberall loue did lot
Beside the fauour and the shape, which happes to him alone,

Poretus.

Such force and strength, as to the like arriued neuer none.
That time a King Proetus hight in *Greece* did sceptre holde,
Whose wealth was great, vnder whose raigne th'immortal Gods so
Bellerophon his tender yeares and youth with him he spends, (would
Who had his linage much in price: but there the King pretends
Gainst him, and to procure his death he after doth conspire:
Not willingly, but wode thereto by the wicked desire
Of Andia his wife, who then enflamde with whorish loue,
Could finde no meanes to haue hir will, nor yong mans fancie moue:
No, though she sued earnestly, lamented, whinde, and howlde,
Wherefore in mode she turnd to spite, when nothing gaine she could.
So that the vehement liking turnd to hate, yea, by and by,
One day she commes hir husband to with countnance like to die,

And

And spake him thus: chose of these two and thinke to do the one,
Either to die thy selfe, or else to slay Bellerophon.
Who gone about hath to assault thy honor, it to blot,
Meaning by force to ravish me, when as prevailed not
His fawning toyes and sewing tales, to end his fonde desire
Thus sets the trayterous lade the king with griefe and wroth a fire,
Who straight doth thinke to be revengde, yet déemes not he it wel
Bycause he was one of his house, in house him there to quell,
He likes of treason in the case, to treason then he goes:
Malicious, false, and ful of guile he letters doth compose,
Which he unto his father in law king Rheon sends away
The *Lycian* prince to deale herein, he doth king Rheon pray
And that without returne of word he cause the bearer die.
When as Proetus thus had writ, the yong man presently
He sendeth forth, he takes his way, with gods his guides he goes,
In *Lyce* they cause him to arrive, where head of Xanthus flowes,
Which floud the prouince watereth: At his first lighting there
The prince receivde him curteously, with ioy and toply cheare.
Nine days throughout right braue they feast, ỹ bãquets were not bad,
Nine chosen Béeues on th'alters layde, th'immortall Gods they had.
And all to welcome this new guest: And now when comthỹ tenth,
The king then of Bellerophon to know the message menth:
And whether that he letters brought had from his son in law:
The packet false he toke the king, which hauing red, he saw
The treason and the déede deuise, he faines and holds him stil,
Minding the letters whole effect at ful for to fulfil,
And for to kil the messenger, his force yet wil he say,
Against Chimere he him imployes that monster dire to slay.
The gastfulst thing that ere was séene: which beast ỹ Gods on hie,
To sée revengde the hatesul facts of humaine trecherie,
Had formde by nature of such shape, ful hidious and ful rare.
The head and breast right Lion like, the midst the forme it bare
Of Goate, behind like Dragon brode, and more, from him there gone
Right terrible flames whirld forth he breathes. And yet Bellerophon
(Though fel he were as fel might be) the beast he doth assayle,
With fauour of the Gods, and of his wil he doth not fayle.

Bellerophons letters.

Discription of the Chimere.

Bellerophõ kils the Chimere.

He slayes the Solimois and the Amazones.

For after weary toyle, in field the beast he stontely slue,
That done, the *Solymes* down he hacks, and quite them ouerthrew.
Report so goes, him much it pleasde the *Solymes* to haue slaine,
And yet beside all this, the king commaundeth him agayne
To try with maine an Amazon, but stil he was so stæld
With heart so good, as victor he dead left them in the field.

Belle. slaies an ambushment of the Lycians.

At length to make an end of him, a bushment doth prouide
Of *Lycians* to set on him, harde by a fountaine side.
But al in vaine, for no not one of all the packed craft
Did once returne vnto their home, for murdered them he left.
Wherwith the King repents the guile, he stands amazed dum
And knoweth wel that from the Gods, the victorie did come,
Who knew him innocent, himself his dedes doth disalow,
With him for his own quiet he doth minde to kepe him now.
For his preferment him to giue his daughter wife to be,
And halfe the whole of al his raigne, to ioyne sure amitie
The curteous virgin giuen him was, and for his place to dwel
The fertilst soyle, two sons he had of this faire Damosel,
A daughter eke, Ilander first, the next a warlike knight
Hippolochus, Laodomie his daughter fayre she hight,
Whom Ioue did wish to haue to friend: with brand of loue did sweats
Diuine Sarpedon in hir woombe, himself he left hir great
But after this it was not long, but that Bellerophon
Did lose the fauour of the Gods and stirrde them euery one:
He hates himself, he companie flyes, he corners eke doth seke
He wanders vp and down his grounds most mad and frantike like.
Therfore his fields are wandring calld, againe of very spight
God Mars his son Ilander slayes a man of haughty might
To wielde in war both club and sword, the *Solymes* force him dye.
Againe, Diane as ruthlesly doth slay Laodomie.
Of al the three there rested but my sire Hippolochus,
Who Glaucus gaue me vnto naune and hither sent me thus
In Troyan war with many a band here of his Countrey brode,
And willd me for to purchase price and prayse among the good,
Wherby not to degenerate mine auntient parents fro,
Whose great renowme *Epira* wals and *Licie* land doth know.

Al

At your requeſt now haue I tolde my name, my ſtocke, and race,
And what occaſions any way haue brought me to this place.
Diomede at ſtoute Glaucus wordes long tentife care doth hold,
He doth reioyce and maruayle much at things that then he tolde.
His launce in right he ſticketh down with wordes ful curteouſly,
And friendly chére he thus begins: redoubted ſire quoth he,
Betwéene your friends and mine long ſith I ſée by your report
Was friendſhip deare, and great welcome, the which in euery ſort
Poſteritie we ought to kéepe: Oeneus my grandſire
Lodgde twentie dayes Bellerophon, who ſtyrde not from his ſire,
He vſing him in al reſpects like perfect friend and gueſt:
And at the time he ſhoulde depart, that friendſhip ſtil might laſt,
One friend vnto the other then a Princely preſent gaue,
Of the aliaunce to remaine as witneſſe for to haue.
Oeneus gaue a girdle braue enricht with broydery,
Ipickt out of his arming houſe, of crimſon purple die.
Bellerophon a gobblet round of gold ful bright he bare
To him againe, (which comming forth to war, wher now we are)
I left at home. As for my ſire and alſo for your owne,
What prowfe of friendſhip ſince they had, to me it is vnknowen,
I loſt him in my childhode I, when he with mightie power
In Thebes town did loſe his life, where then he had the ſcoure
With many a Gretiã knights he brought. Sith ſo long time doth lay
The rote of friendſhip, I do iudge to let it not decay.
Wherby, if you ſhould hap to come to Grækiſh pleaſant coaſt,
You might your lodging take with me your faithful friende and hoſt
For euermore. And I alſo paſſing your Countrey by,
Wil take your houſe, and you as hoſt and friend aſſuredly.
And for a perfect token now of this accorde to ſmite,
If in this war we hap to mét, let vs two leaue the fight,
And turne elſewhere, for why me thinkes the nede it is not ſo,
We two to deale in doubtful marte hauing ſo many a foe
On euery ſide, with whom to ioyne: to cauſe the ſtanders by
Hereafter not to thinke it much of this our amitie,
If god is we do make a chaunge, giue me (if ſo you pleaſe)
Your armour, and you ſhal haue mine, ful tough at al aſſayes,

Diomedes to Glaucus.

With

Dl. & Glaucus change their armor one vvith another.

With this they lighted and toke hands, Diomede off him fro
His brasen Armour toke, and it on Glaucus did bestowe.
Who straight gaue him his harneys braue of gold so riche and fine:
To make such chaunge al iudgement Ioue toke from ỹ *Lycians* eyne.
For why, his sumptuous furniture was great, of value much,
It well was worth an hundred bæues, the price of it was such.
But, that which he receyude againe, to make a iust accompte,
And to estæme it, to the worthe of bullockes nine did mounte.

Hec. comes to Troy.

This while vnto the Citie comes the tollie Hector he,
Where at the gates in numbers great the women swarming be,
Demaunding diuers things of him, she asketh for her sonne,
She for her father deare, she what is with her brother done.
Another how her husbande fares: but he to all their call
To satisfies them any whit, doth aunswere nought at all,
But willes them pray vnto the Gods with sacrifice and teare
Now for the safetie of the towne, which greatly was to feare.

Descriptiõ of Priãs pallace.

Frõ thence to Priams sumptuous court, ỹ vertuous prince doth hie,
The pallace gaie with marble blacke is built full gorgeouslie.
In midst therof king Priamus did fiftie lodgings reare,
Vnto his children and their wiues which onely lodgings were.
Twelue more against them he had built, which giue away he would
To great and loftie Lordes, the which his daughters marrie should.

Hecuba to Hector.

Dame Hecuba his mother olde at th'entrie he doth mæte
Going most courteous Laodice her daughter for to græte.
She staies, and takes him by the hand, and gently thus begunne:
Why leaue you thus your tired folke my Hector dærest sonne?
Goes our affaires now backward still? I feare it so alacke,
The Grækes are sure here at our walles, & Troyans goe to wracke,
Which makes you thus in hast to come, the mightie Ioue to pray
For their safegard: with me a while yet dærest sonne doe stay,
That I to you some pleasaunt wine may bring, and readie make,
Before you sacrifice shall doe, refreshing for to take
Vnto your ouerhaled limmes, with toile and trauaile torne:

The force of vvine. Hector to Hecuba.

Good wine can much to strength ỹ wight, that wearie is and worne.
For feare I fæble ware, no wine bring me quoth Hector he,
By to much drinke least of my selfe forgetfull I might be.

And

And ill it were a smered knight with bloud, with dust, and sweate
Not washt before, with prayers his the Gods for to entreate:
But mother mine, the dames of state in *Troy* assemble yée,
And other Citizens also, you first example bée.
Unto Mineruas temple goe, hir fauour do implore,
Bestow on hir the costliest roabe you haue in all your store.
Deuoutly lay it on hir knées, on prayers set your care,
Yearely behight twelue Buls of grease, that neuer yoked were.
That she these wretched people here in hyr tuition haue,
That she Diomede (of our folke in slaughter who doth raue)
Do kéepe far off, and far alouke our sacred turrets fro:
My brother Paris I will séeke, and wil him that he go
Unto the Campe, but of my word God knowes what wil betide.
Oh would to God, wheras he standes, the ground would open wide
To swallow him in deapth therof, the Gods haue giuen him life,
Sure to king Priams vtter ruine, or to his endlesse grieke,
And of vs all his children too, who else in fame and blisse
Might haue triumphed with the rest, my only wish it is
That of his latter end I here the carke it would me leaue,
That forceth now my heauie thought, and makes my hart to heaue.
With this the noble prince doth part, and Hecuba she bends
Unto hir lodging backe againe, and thence hir women sends
To go entreate the worthy dames, that they come to hir thyther.
She all bewept to chamber comes, wel swéete and deckt togither.
To wardrobe then, wheras were pilde of roabes no number smal,
Bewrought with néedle Imagrie, of pretious stuffe them al
Which hyr tricke sonne sir Paris he, had brought from *Sidon* tho
With the faire Gréeke, on Hecuba the same he did bestow:
Among them all the Quéene chose one, for worke, the best ỳ might,
The balme in odour it did match, the star eke in his light
No brighter was then it of hue. Also she kept it layde
In bottome of hir coffer coucht, aboue most gorgeous wayde.
With heart deuoute than wayted on with numbers in a row,
Unto the Goddesse temple large wyth others she doth go.
In midst of all the pallace great no sooner there they came,
But that Theane Antenors wife did open them the same.

Hector desires the death of Paris.

Hecuba with the Troyan dames goes to the temple of Pallas Theano Antenors wife hath the charge of the temple.

The doores of gold she doth vndoe, vnfolded, rich, and large
Of this gay Church by Troyans all as priest she had the charge.
Now thither come, the Dames in troupe with reared hands on hie
They make their vowes, they strike their brests, & howle wo piteous
Thrones prayer to Pallas. And then the worthy Theano the royall roabe she laide
On Pallas knées with humble grace, and forthwith thus she prayde:
O chast Minerua, o clemencie diuine and sacred séene,
Of this fortresse and Troyan folke who gardaine sure hath bene,
The prayers I beséech thée heare, which we to thée commende,
In this thy house, that of our woes we once may haue an ende.
We pray thée that the stoutest Gréeke (Diomedes is he)
Be beaten down at *Scea* gate, his launce eke broken be.
That done, vpon the aultar we our sacrifice wil do
Of oxen twelue, in thy seruice as many yearely to,
If so thou helpe vs at this plundge: this prayre she did addresse,
But Pallas to accept the same in sooth thought nothing lesse.
This while cõmes Hector to the place, where tricke sir Paris lay,
A cunning piece of building, yea both costly, rich, and gay,
Which Troyan maister builders had made vp in point deuise,
Paris house A court it had, where Kitchin, Hal, and Chambers round do rise.
Vnto king Priams mansion chiefe it ioyned was at hand.
This valiaunt Prince with steéled launce he holding in his hand
Sirefoote in length with golden poynt, vnto the place doth draw
So sumptuous, where his brother he Alexander saw
Wel occuppyed in déede of praise, his targe and armour bright
He furbushes, his bow himselfe he rubs, and séemely dight.
Heleine sits by, amidst hir maydes, that they may cunning be
She studies, and forethinks some workes, that prettiest shew may she.
Reproueth Paris. Then Hector thus his talke began frowning with modie cheare:
What cause is there oh cursed thou that kéepes thée idle here?
What tetishnesse thus to thy house doth make thée draw aback,
Sith wel thou knowst that for thy sake the Troyãs go to wracke,
And sackt must néedes this Citie be, who haue this war begun
Only for thée: thou séeing one, who from the field should run,
Oughtst to crie open shame on him, but now thou hidst thy head,
As ringleader and coward chiefe of all that ere was bred.

Go quickly now and do thy best, if so thou do desire
To saue the towne from spoyle and wast, and from the Grékish fire.
Tall Paris tho, hearing him chide so roughly in his mode, Paris answers Hecturcously.
O brother Hector answerde straight, sith of your meaning good
You moued are, yet please it you my scuse for to allow.
No pet nor wrath with any one retire doth make me now,
It is but only my mishap, to ease by time I thought
My griefe, & curteous Heleine here with me al means now wrought,
Perswading me with milde exhortes mine armour on to put,
And for to leaue this idle fit, and surely so I wil,
It giues me this day should be mine, for victorie is so.
To day a friend it is to some, and pet to morrow foe.
Stay here a while til I be armde, or else go forward yée,
Straight at this geare, hard at their héeles you shal me busie sée.
The valiant Hector these his words sémde nothing to regard, Heleine to Hector.
Wherfore with milde and humble grace Heleine drew to hum-ward:
Oh brother mine in law quoth she so worthy of the same,
(If I a wretched woman may of fitter haue the name,
Who am no better than a dogge) when life I was assignde,
Unto some desart mountaine top would God some whirlewinde
Had cast me vp, or in the sea my carcase throwen would,
By ending life, this mischiefe all auoyded then I should:
But though that by the whole consent of all the Gods on hie,
The instrument of al the ils, must nédes be none but I:
Pet ought I haue a better spouse of wisedome and of sight
To loke vnto his own affaires, that vnderstand he might
When one doth speake to his reproch, that to his blame doth fal,
But for to know his wealth or want this hath no sense at al.
And what so he shal take in hande, know wel shal end as il.
O noble, deare, and brother mine beséech you now I wil
Come in, sit downe here in this chaire, oh thorough grieued wight,
I wel perceyue and sée in you the dolour of your spright,
For vs two caytiues you sustaine, for that we did offend:
The gods it calling to their mindes, do ordain wretched end,
Which shal be song in euery rime, and rong in euery raigne.
Unto dame Heleins curteous words bold Hector sayth againe: Hector to Heleine.

Though this proceede all of good will, it cannot force me stay,
For things I haue now in my heade, call me another way,
And that I hast vnto the Campe to comfort and to chére
Good Troyans all, who greatly wish (I know) to sée me there.
And lady mine, you shal do wel to wil him arme apace,
And if he present follow me, he wisely in thys case
Shal do: or take me going forth: for now to sée I go
My house, my sonne, my gentle spouse, for little do I know
Whether at wil another day it please the Gods on hie,
That I may sée them once againe, or else this day I dye.
Ending his talke, his lodging to with pace he stalketh on,
Andromacha the princesse great he found that she was gone
Unto a tower with hir son, a nurse, and wayting mayde,
Where thinking on hir husbands broyles, forth tears amain she layd.

Hector to his vvines maydes.

Unto the Maides quoth Hector then your mistresse where is she?
What, is not she now gone abroade some sister hirs to sée,
Or to my good sisters there hir griefe to put away,
And so to passe the time with them? now sirs do quickly say,
Or with my mother at the bowes in that deuoutful crue,
Presenting Pallas sacrifice with them doth she ensue?

One of the maydes to Hector.

With Hecuba she is not gone, quoth one, sith you wil knowe,
Nor to hir iolly sisters she, alas she tenders so
Your (state oh Hector) that she swelts (she is to careful plaine)
For frantike like with hir swéete son she ran with might and maine,
Into the kéepe, supposing that the Troyans lost the fight,
Eke in the iourney you had quaylde, and life had ended quite.
With this sir Hector tournes his steps, & then the stréets he thréds,
And lanes, that faire and ample were, and forth apace he spédes
To *Scea* gate where bode the Campe, Andromacha by hap
Doth méete him right, hir déerest sonne, and eldest in hir lap,

Scamandrius.

Whom Hector cleapt Scamandrius, but Troyans otherwise
Astianax, as son to him, from whom their health did rise,
For so did right his name import, the Hector stoute this while
Doth herewith very pleasaunt ware, and smothly gan to smile.
Viewing his son as cleare as star that cloudelesse heauen beares.
But then his wife with wayling great, and store of gushing teares,

With

With humble chére drew to him nie, and thus hir tale began,
Clasping his hand: O to thine owne most hard vncurteous man,
Thy forwarde minde shall thée vndo in midst of flouring life:
Hast thou no pitie of this childe, ne yet of me thy wife?
Dost thou not sée the dolefull end, that I poore wretche shall gaine,
If thou go alde now thy consorts, a widow to remaine?
The Grékes conspire against thée all, and trauel all they may,
They most do gape to haue thy bloud, but yet before that day,
O mercilesse deuide thou earth, and me deuoure aliue,
What toy to me when thou art gone, or which way may I thriue?
What, is ther loue, or wiuely care with mine that match may make?
Shall I hereafter be content another spouse to take?
No, no, I that defie, no mirth can chaunte me so,
The whiche of thée can cause me let the swéte remembraunce go:
What, shall I to my parents trudge, of them to séke relieue?
What, out alas they all are dead: O hel and heauie griefe.
Diuine Achilles in his dédes, after that he had pild
And borne away their treasures great, and had the ditches filld
Of *Thebes*, with the walles thereof, whose fame far strangers knew,
His warlike hands right cruelly in bloud he did imbrue
Both of my sire, and of his sonnes, who strong and valiant were,
The King my fathers armor yet he would not off him tere,
To cinders both he them consumde, and off he did not drawe
The furniture, for why, he stode of mightie Gods in awe.
A Tombe to him he reard, whereas vnder the braunches gréene
To pleasure take and sporte themselues the Nimphs Orelliads béene,
Delighting there great store of Elmes be-planted they haue made
About the same, where they at ease may play them in the shade.
The father dead, his bow did force the seauen sonnes to yélde,
He slue them downe in *Cicilie* encamped in the field.
My mother Quéne with penifuenesse and sorrow fully fraught
Was captiue made, who foud such means, & so by ransome wrought,
That she deliuered was at length, with manner fullie rare
Diana wrought against hir then, with bowe down dead hir bare.
O Hector déere, do nowe behold Andromacha hir case,
O sire, of dame, of brother eke, and spouse thou halst the place,

I thée beséech this one request of mine may graunted be,
Haue pitie on this prétie boy, an orphane, if thou die,
Haue some regarde, and call to minde the wretched creature I,
Who life and widdowde maye not haue, into this towre ascende
To kéepe the same, and round about call souldiors to defend
The wall whereas it lyeth low: for foure times we haue séene
The Aiax twaine with many a Gréeke, and also I do méene
With bold and doubtie Diomede, to force al what they can
To mount the same by hautie heart or Augure some set an.
Hector to Andromacha. These words dere wife, quoth Hector tho, which wil me thus to care,
Both day and night, such mind and thought still my companions are,
My head long sith hereon I set, yet nothing can I fraame
That profite wil, I greatly feare that ay reprochful shame,
The which on me this wretched folke with open throate will cry
When absent from this warre I am, where I so wel do try:
My heart to alter from his wont it also doth disdaine,
It prickes me forth to purchase faime, that euer shal remaine.
I know right wel the time shal come, the Gréeks wil take this town,
Priam, my parents, kinne and friends to death ybeaten downe,
My brothers al must passe the sworde: To sée them so to dye
My sire, my dame, my brethren all, and nearest friendes them by,
I shal not grieue for them so much, as griefe for thée I haue.
And most, to thinke, that of some Gréeke thou shalt become the slaue,
Who to his country shal thée leade to teale and tosse his wul,
Ye shal thée put from day to day to spinne, to picke and pull.
And in the midst of al the heat, from spring his water drawe,
Which néedes must pinch thée at the heart, but Néede it hath no law.
And often shal the passers by say, Loke who yonder is,
The wife of valiant Hector loe, who in the field with his
Such fame and great renomme did get, whē Grecians compast round
The great and mightie town of *Troy*, and tare it to the grounde.
How great to heare my name rehearst shal then thy dolors be,
And that my helpe thou canst not haue eft to recouer thée,
But ere the waylings I wil heare of thée my captiue wife,
The earth shall hap this corpse of mine, and I wil lose my life.
With this the valiant prince doth hide his carke and inwarde griefe,

And dut doth put his handes to take his sonne the pretie læle,
A little pretie bulchion fat, sæing the dreadfull creft
And armor, cries and calls his nurse, and nouzels in hir breast.
With this the curteous parents they smile at the preatie grace
Of that the babe, and Hector he his sonne for to embrace,
Doth set aside his loftie helme, he him doth coll and kus,
With pleasant mind he holds him softe and formd his praiers thus.

O mightie Gods, ye soueraigne Lords, requeft this grant to me, Hectors praye: to the Gods.
That once this boy triumphantly a doubtie man may be,
Among his folke as nowe I am: Also when I am dead,
Giue him the honor, that he may the Troyans guide and leade:
That men may say, when they shall sæ him prosper in such case,
Howe farre the sonne the father doth in dædes of armes surpasse.
And when the spoiles as conquerour from forraine foes he pull,
His mother she may sæ the same, hir ioy it may be full.

The child he giues his mother nowe, who takes it in hir hand,
She smiles therewith, yet in hir eyes the water ful doth stand.
He rues thereat, to hir he drawes hir sorowe to delay,
About the necke he takes hir fast, and thus beganne to say. Hector to Andromacha.
My dearest spouse these waylings leaue, and take not thus at heart
My death, thou knowest well ynough we al must hence departe.
No man can boast that he is fræ from death and from his blow,
For from the first day of our byrth to death we subiects goe.
And as for me, this body, who, and life shal part in twaine,
Shall pay full deare, and haue no cause to glorie of his gaine.
I shal not die before my time: Good wife for Gods sake goe
Home to thy house, be of good cheare, and leaue to græue thæ so,
Do passe the time to winde and ræle, & with your maids to spinne,
Commaunde, and order take, that they good workewomen may bin.
And let vs men sæ to the fielde, and loke what nædfull is,
And I (as alwayes) now to be the formost wil not misse.
With this from ground his helme he takes, & on his head it weares
Home goes Andromacha with sighes, and seas of sobbing teares.
When she vnto hir house doth come she findeth wæping eyes,
The seruants al do sobbe and howle with shril and heauy cryes,

Betwæ-

Be wéeping Hector thus they say: On this odde knight alacke
We neuer shall set eyes againe, this day wil be his wracke.
Some fel and cruel Grécke this day shall worke his death & harme.
Paris againe makes no abode, he hasteth fast to arme,
Paris followes Hector. He after Hector runneth nowe, he trusteth in his force,
Comparis5 And eke in his agilitie. And like vnto the horse,
That in the stable halter doth and headstall cracke in twaine,
And slippeth out the house apace into the fields amaine,
With many frisks and yerks behinde, his head doth cast aloft,
At last vnto some pleasant streame doth pace, and trotteth soft,
Therein to wash and play himselfe, and haply there doth finde
Some lustie Mare vpon the bancke t'assuage his raging minde:
Ene so sir Paris tall and tricke, in citie shewes ful braue,
Vnto the sunne his Armes and targe the like for brightnesse haue.
As Hector left Andromacha, he métes him in the téeth,
He going forth, he gréeteth him, and thus beganne therewith:
Paris to Hector. O brother deare and eldest borne, m'abode deserueth blame
In staying nowe thus long, sith that you willo me haste the same.
Hector to Paris. All in good time quoth Hector then that doubtie Troyan he,
None can thée iustly giue reproch how worthy that he be,
When to the field thou setst thy mind, thou lustie art and light,
A vauntage great, but slowly oft thou drawest to the fight,
Ne wil not mend thy pace one whit, nor leaue one iote of will,
It grieues me most that so thou giust thy selfe to pleasure still.
And chiefly, when the Troyans they I sée thy doings blame,
They byding many deadly brunts, do babble to thy shame.
Well, let vs go against these Grékes, our forces for to lay,
These brutes ful wel we may appease, if happly come the day.
Hauing our enimies put to flight, the condigne sacrifice
Vnto the hie immortall Gods on Aultars they may rise.

Finis sexti Libri.

¶ The ſeauenth Booke.

NOwe warlike Hector doth depart
with Paris out the towne,
They willing both in armes to ſhewe
ſome déede of great renowme.
And like as after ſtormie ſtawes
that déeres the ſhipmen ſore,
In déepeſt ſea againſt the winds
there ſtriue with arme and oze,
God ſends a preſent calme to ceaſe that dreadfull tempeſt blaſt:
Euen ſo the Troyans ouerhaeld doe comfort at the laſt,
When as they ſawe theſe brethren two marching before their ſight,
Who, well they knewe ſufficient were for to maintaine the fight,
They were no ſoner come, but that they ſlaie two Gréekiſh foes,
The ſtout Meneſthius to the ground by Paris hand he goes,
In *Arna* towne he ſceptre held, of king Areitho bred,
Who young, with faire and glaſſie eyes Philomeduſa wed.
Hector with ſharpe ypointed launce Ioneus doth ſlaie,
Twene curet, and his gorget both the ſméle it maketh waye.
Glaucus doth Iphinous ding he downe on earth doth fall,
The raines eke of his horſe the blowe did force him leane withall.
The ſlaughter Pallas ſéeing nowe thus of theſe Grecians thrée,
And the confuſion of the reſt, which likely was to be,
Full mowde, and grieude to ſée the fight, vnto the Troyan towne
Deſcends from high Olympe, Phœbus that ſawe hir comming downe,
(He ſat vpon the wall, to viewe how ende the battaile ſhall,
Which in the fauour he doth wiſhe of *Troy* and Troyans all)
He finely cõmes vnto hir ſtraight, quoth he vnder this Béeche
I count it beſt you reſt your ſelfe, and thus beganne his ſpéeche.
You daughter of the mightie God, ſhew me th'occaſion why
You now are ſéene here in this place come downe ſo ſpéedily, (liekes,
Sure great affaires, or elſe ſome cauſe, which muche your minde it
The victorie from Troyans good to giue vnto the Gréekes.

Hector and Paris return to the battaile.

Compariſon.

Paris kylls Meneſthius.

Hector ſlaies Ioneus.

Glaucus kylls Iphinous.

Pallas deſcends to Troy.

Apollo to Pallas.

And is not that your meaning now, your purpose and intent
To see the Troyan towne destroyed, hir buildings all to rent:
It better were (in my aduise) this day to cease the warre,
And eft they may beginne their fields, and fights wherein they ar,
Till that such time the citie there to sacke and pillage goe,
Sith that you Gods with one remorce, of force will haue it so:

Pallas to Apollo. The Goddesse answerde then: Agreed, for so I meane aright,
Of purpose I descended downe to staie these folke from fight,

Apollo to Pallas. Wherefore seeke way to seuer now frō this daies warre these wights.
Apollo sothde: quoth he therto, of all these gallant knights
Let Hector bold march boldly on, and chalenge for to trie,
Yea man to man the stoutest foe, with him to liue or die.
This braue demaund will much amaze the stoutest of their bands,
And they will point some odde man out with him to mingle hands,
And thus this battaile shall haue end. Apollos saying thēd
Unto his graue and learned skill, forthwith it was agreed.

Helenus to Hector Then sage and prudent Helenus, who there their secret knewe
By ghost diuine, with courteous wordes lowlie to Hector drewe.
Quoth he, my dearest brother now, to me thine eare attend,
And maruaile not, though to aduise, and euerie way I bend
My selfe t'aduaunce thy great renowme, sith brethren both we be,
I cannot chuse to doe my best, as duetie doth agree.
Cause Greekes and Troyans to retire with voice and courage hie,
Aduaunce thy selfe, if any Greeke will out this quarrell trie
Upon him, doe, for by the fates this day thou shalt not dye,
I haue it from the mightie Gods, whose councells cannot lye.
Hector right iolly marcheth on, out of the rancks he goes,
His launce full long in midst he held, he willes thē leaue their blowes,
He brings his squadrons backe againe, the shot he bids retire,
The Greekes stand fast, they order keepe, and newes they doe desire.
Agamemn eke to harken to, made Grecians to abide.

Pallas and Apollo sit on a Beech Both Pallas and Apollo then seeing on euerie side
The dartes to cease, vpon a Beeche of armes a mightie tree
The God and Goddesse they doe sit, as Vulturs there they bee.
They doe delight such puissant cries in field to see so still.
The *Batailions* yet soundly knit on ground doe lie at will,

With

With toles of warre at elbowes end, much like the Ocean waue,
Which working stormes, not græn, but black doth make ỳ colour haue
Then Hector armde at euerie point thus spake vnto them all, (fall,
Hearke both ye Grækes & Troyan knights what to your wealth may
Betwéene these campes the treaties swornе, & parts so firmly fast,
Imperfect are, of no effect, as none had euer past.
Ioue in this daunger hath vs lapt, n'accord he will allowe,
Ye doth determine in his minde, with malice he doth vowe,
Ye all a cruell sacrifice of vs doth meane to make,
As thus: that either you the Grækes our Troyan towne shall take,
Or that your tourney shall returne to you both voide and vaine,
Or hardly by vs Troyans set, quite beaten downe and slaine.
And now I knowe it verie well, that in your campe you haue
As to defend, so to assaile both souldiours fytte and braue,
And valiant men, single to me the strong and stoutest knight,
Let him nowe here his manhod trie, and cope with me in fight.
I will abide the man, and truth and faith I giue withall,
To which (if so it nédefull is) I Ioue to witnesse call,
If victor of me for to be so luckie be his chaunce,
And in my bowels that he doe imbrewe his warlike launce
Take he my spoyles vnto his shippes, my bodie let it rest
Without outrage, let Troyans take it to the fierie feast.
Let them the ashes gather vp: And if him vnder foote
That I doe tread Apollo graunt, I craue no other bote
But that his harneys I may haue, to *Ilion* thether I,
In temple his a relique signe to set and hang on hie.
And for his carcase send I will, the Grækes they shall it haue,
Who in the shore of *Hellespont* thereon may reare his graue,
That if hereafter to this land a straunger take his way,
And with the tombe doe haply mæte, full iustly he may say:
Here lies intombde the doughtie Græke, whom Hector charging hard
Downe slue, although he shewde the part of knight of great regard.
For valure and for force: and loe, thus shall a forraine saye,
Whereby my fame and great renowme shall last for euer and aye.
This spéech so stunt and sodaine sayed yéelds all the troupe abasht,
Ech doubting to accept the fight, they blushing all are dasht.

Hector to the Greeks and Troyans.

Hector cals the Greeks to particular Cõbat.

Epytaph by anticipation.

Menelaus angry vvith the Greekes.

Menelaus, who marked all, and how they stode, he grewe
In furie great, he out doth come, and sighes he deepely drewe.
O villaine Grækes (quoth he) in wordes ech proude & hardie speakes,
But come to deedes, you quatle alacke like faint and coward freakes.
O Grækes inflamed to to much, what, Grækish men: not so,
But rather Grækish wiues, what shame and filthy spæch will goe
Of you for this your cowardize: with hart not standing out
With Hector here to ioyne, for why, you daungers dreadfull doubt:
Transgression Philosophicall. And without further mouing hence, that ye to earthy molde
Doe turne (your faults to plague) I pray or else to water cold.
And as for me, I will me arme, the combat I allowe,
With hardie minde I it accept, I knowe it well ynowe
The lofty Gods as best they please bestowe the victorie:
Menelaus armes himselfe to fight vvith Hector. Thus Menelau doth blame his mates, and armour on doth tye.
And now at hand O Menelau was end of all thy toiles,
Thy death was sure in Hectors hands, whose skill in warlike broiles
And strength of arme surmounts thée farre, & but the Grækish kings
Agamemnon to Menelaus. Had come and stayde thée, Agamemn, he by the hand thée wrings,
And much misliking this thy Acte, with rage quoth he thou asse,
Thou fondling thou, thinkst thou thy strength of force to bring to passe
To matche this doughtie Troyan here, to whom, of Grækish race
Not one, howe stoute so ere he be, dare boldly shewe his face:
Achilles no: he greatly doubtes with him in field the fraie.
Drawe backe and quiet kéepe thy selfe, we shall finde out a way
To end this cause, we shall finde one shall make him stirre his stumps,
Though that a dreadlesse knight he be, and though in martiall iumps,
A souldior bold, nere tirde in warre, I hope right well that he
Shall thinke himselfe a happie man, if haplie so it be
Without his death this quarrell end: and that with humble hart
Upon his knées thanke God aboue, with life for to depart.
Agamemn Menelaus thus perswaded, and he stayde,
His gromes right glad their maister sawe, out daunger to be wayde,
And flocke about, his armor one, another takes his shield,
His weapons some, and by his bands he séeth him in the field.
Wherewith the reuerent Nestor graue stode vp, & forth he drewe:
Nestor to the Greeks O great vnlitte reproch (quoth he) vnto this famous crue,

O what mishap, if at our home this dolefull newes be tolde:
Surely the Prince of *Myrmidons* Peleus that father olde,
And all his prouince fast will whine: he hath enquirde of me
Of fauour great, the names and race of meanest in degrée.
Of all you here: but how abasht, how great shalbe his griefe,
When he shall heare your cowardise: it sure is my beliefe,
He clad with care, his prayer will vnto the Gods commend,
That ere he sée the Gréekes so foyld, of him they make an end.
I would the God Apollo, Ioue, and Pallas they would graunt
I were so young and lustie, as when able I did haunt
The warres, and in the battaile fought betwéene the *Archads* stout
And *Pyliens* that auncient were, who tride the quarrell out
By cittie *Phee*, vpon the floud that *Iardan* hath to name,
Whereas I shewde by perfect proofe my valure and my fame.
Among them there, then liued one that Ereuthalion hight,
Who on had put of Areithous the steéled armour bright.
I meane that Areithous that bare the great and massie club,
And therewith fighting, got such praise by force and wéelding good,
That syrname he obtainde thereby of Clubber thorowe all,
Whom after, not by force, but sleight Lycurgus gaue the fall,
And slue him downe in strayted lane, where club he could not wéeld,
Lycurge with dart did drawe him nye, & therwith through him threéld:
And dead he toke his armor gaye, himselfe to shield and ayde
In all the byckerings that he had, and nere was ouerlayde,
As long as that he lyude, and then to Ereuthalion
He them bequeathd, who bare himselfe as fierce as any Lion,
And often calld the *Pyliens* with man for man to trie,
With floutes ynowe, and when I sawe the pride of *Arcadie*
Th'abated mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my phéeres,
I toke in hand to shewe my worth for all my want in yéeres.
I toke him vp, I layde him dead by grace of mightie God,
A maruaile great to sée his corpse, a thing for hugenesse odde
Falling a long, I wish my youth and courage such, as tho
A champion then to match in fight the Troyans well should knowe.
And sith the hardiest all of Gréece be present in this place,
If none of you defend this cause, I thinke it great disgrace.

Nestors digression, vvherin he tells hys former actes, as oft old mẽ do.

Nestor cõmes to his purpose

The Grékish Lordes so prickt to quicke this good graue aged sire,
The nine most vvorthy Greks. As of the greatest nine he made stand vp, with great desire
The combats hazarde for to proue: Agamemn first did rise,
Next Diomede, to conquer all which still hath bene his guise.
The Aiax twaine of like exploit, Idomene was the fift,
Merion eke, his maisters match in euerie martiall drift,
With whom was good Euripilus, the sonne of Euemon,
And with the rest stout Thoas rose the brédde of Andremon,
Of purpose eche to be receyude, and Vlysses the slie,
Not to be thought to be agast or slacke in chiualrie.

Nestor cõsels to cast lots to knovve vvho shall fight vvith Hector. Quoth Nestor herevpon (finding their boldened mindes to growe)
Renowmed Lordes, sith thus it stands, full well we all shall knowe
Who for this combat shalbe tane, cast lots, on whom it lights
That forth his bullet first doth come, with Hector him he fights,
With suretie, he that ouercõmes, immortall praise to take.

The Greks pray that Aiax lot first bee drayven. Ech of the nine with marke, aduise a Bullet for to make,
His Helmet in their lots to put Agamemnon doth lend.
The while the souldiors good of Gréece their prayers thus attend
With reatched hands: O mightie Ioue graunt so it doe befall,
That first of doughtie Aiax he out come the lotting ball,
Or it the sonne of Tydees his, whose laude so loude doth ring,
Or else to please thée to bestowe this honor on our King,
Our captaine chiefe, and leader graue. Nestor doth often blunder
And shake the lotts within the helme, to part them more asunder,
Aiax lot is drayven. His hand thrust in, the bullet first of Aiax forth he brings
So much desired, and Herault badde to carie it the Kings,
That they may knowe which of them all by fate appointed was
In this conflict to deale: he forth with bullet on doth passe
By ranke and ranke through all the field, he open doth it beare,
But yet vnknowne to Aiax bold till he approched were,
Aiax to the Greekes. Who doth reioyce at so good lucke, the scripture when he read,
And downe he throwes it on the ground, and to the Kings he sayd
Thus, full right like a man of warre: My louing friends so déere,
You sée that nowe I am the man, I pray you all to chéere:
My minde assures me that I shall as victor downe him strike,
And while I put mine armour on, you softly may beséke

The

The hie Gods in my fauour now, and Troyans shall not nãde
To heare your cries: what say I now? I surely doe not hãde.
For pray you lowe, or out aloude, I doubtfull nothing dæme,
For if the brædding vp doe make men more of men estæme,
If Countrey soile, if worthy race, doe mende the mindes of men,
With these thrée gifts so thorowly, sith I am furnishte then,
You shall not sée me runne away, I will not turne my backe,
To princely blond what doth belong you shall not finde the lacke.
So spake the bold & manly Græke, his friends with hart deuout
To Ioue for safetie of the man did powre their prayers out,
With vowes in many sundry sortes: but some that best perceavde:
The hazard great he entred on, their hartes to God they heavde,
And prayed thus: O mightie God, most great most good who stayes
On *Ida* hill beholding this, O Ioue who beares the swayes,
And rules all combats at thy will, this fauour graunt to day,
That this good Græke of this conflict may bring the palme away.
Or if thou dost to great good minde vnto sir Hector owe,
Graunt end this strife, they both alyue with honor home may goe.
The Aiax strong himselfe doth arme in braue and brightsome brasse,
And forth he cõmes into the campe, in port and shewe he was
Like Mars the God, when he doth martch, he yet a smiling hath,
But that his smile a visage shewes inflamde and set to wrath,
With notice to his fellowes all he was their certaine forte:
His countenaunce stout, his sterne martch, whẽ they saw in such sort,
And so stiffe shaking of his launce, they doe beginne to ioye.
But to this combat he thus prest, now doubte the men of *Troy*,
Hector himselfe being agast, would haue retired sure,
But him they would a cowarde count, he did the strife procure.
Then Aiax hanging at his necke his huge and waightie targe,
Which towerwise so stode aloft, so dreadfull and so large,
(He Tychius of late it forgde, with seuen folded hydes,
With stiffe, eke hard, and azerde stæle he couerde it besides)
To Hector drawes: he shewe full great, and boldnesse on doth set,
Unto him there these were his wordes, wherwith he thus doth threat.
This day thou Hector well shalt knowe, of *Greece* the force & powre,
Thou wel shalt know what heds of knights we haue thée for to scoure

The greeks prayer to Iupiter.

Aiax takes his armour & cõmes to fight.

Hector abashde.

Aiax Target compared to a Tovver.

Aiax to Hector.

Achilles

Achilles out, who kéepes abourde, with armes who doth not mell,
Bicause of an vnhappie iarre betwéene our chiefe which fell
And him: And here my selfe t'aduaunce among the rest thou séest,
And therefore now beginne, beginne if of the myndе you béest.

Hector to Aiax. Hector hearing thus the Gréeke, doth forthwith then replie,
What iollie Aiax are these wordes so arrogant and hie,
Most like a dame or prentise young gesse you to make me shrinke:
Sure long agoe what longs to warre I knowe, and so doe thinke,
And willing thereto giue my selfe, a charge I can abyde,
And charge I can, my mastie shielde I knowe to beate, I ride
At hand, and further fight I knowe, I fote it when I please,
And all these knowe I howe to vse, when most they ayde or ease.
By sleights my foe I can sometime imbrewe with mortall blowe,
But you a man of valure much bicause I certaine knowe,
Descripti-on of the combate. No cunning will I vse as nowe, but clap you on the Crowne,
With arme I will imploy my best therewith to plucke you downe.

With this doth Hector to him draw, his sturdie dart he shooke
So large in length, so stifely launcde, that forth the way it tooke
And pierced to the seuenth fold of that his buckler strong:
The toughe and stéeled plate with all it teared all a long.

Aiax againe his stubborne staffe at Hector shaking flings,
With force so great, as through the bosse of Hectors targe it rings,
And further to his paunche doth passe, and Curet through doth glide,
Compari-son. No harme at all, a small at least the Troyan turnd aside:
Ech out againe his launce to plucke doth striue the best he can,
Like Lions fierce, inuincible, and grieslie boyes they ranne
Together both: Hector doth thrust on targe, but all in vaine,
The strength therof doth beare it off, and turnes the poynt againe.
And Aiax blowe did likewise glaunce on Hectors shield aloft,
And pærcde his necke, the purple bloud it trickled downe full soft.
So small a ticke he hédeth not, retyring from the grounde
Fight vvith stones. Ye sékes and takes a coggle blacke, a mightie and a rounde.
Therewith on Aiax so doth lay, on target great it range,
In midst thereof the stone resounds, so soundly he it flange.
Aiax a greater farre doth ratch, and brawnly so doth cast
That he his bigge and bumpishe targe therwith in péces brast.

The

The Troyan on his knées he sancke, perforce on earth he lay
With shield behapte, from whence to scape he knew no maner way,
But that Apollo sodainly ariueth in the place,
To yéld a safetie to the man, and raise him in that case.
Then would they out haue bladed it their armor so to teare,
But them betwéene the Heraults came, eche did a sceptre beare.
And Idee sage, the herault wise there thus in speach he brake:
Déere sonnes, leaue off this cruel strife, herein a breathing take,
To Ioue you both are deare, do end this deadly combate nowe,
And al the packe of mortall men you valiant doe allowe.
To hélpe thé might which bids you two to graunt to my request.
Quoth Aiax then, O Ideus thou wel and wisely sayest,
But I refuse, if Troyan here, who did vs al prouoke,
And me assaild, do not entreate this quarrel to reuoke,
And if hé do, I do agrée to graunt with al my hart.
Quoth Hector then, sith Gods on earth such honor thée impart,
That as of force, good gifts, and wit, so eke of mightie bone,
I do confesse of al the Grékes thou art the knight alone.
On Gods name leaue this enterprise, againe we may beginne,
Another time we may it trie, who shal the honor winne.
The more, bicause the sunne is lowe, and night drawes nie at hand,
Whereby wel pleasd your mates wil be, e Grécks hereby that stand.
And I the dwellers al of *Troy* againe shall greatly glad,
And eke the dames, who déeply déerde, their prayers now haue had,
For me, I thinke it Aiax méete in chaunge we do bestow
Our presents now betwéene vs both, that all the world may know,
And say to sée our heate so colde: these two were lately foes,
And now great friends, their enmitie to faithful friendship groes.
With thys the prowest Hector gaue his bright and gallant blade,
With séemly sheath and belt so braue, so trimly which were made.
Againe to him doth Aiax reach the Bawdrike big he bare,
He pleasd therewith, and Aiax doth vnto his friends repaire.
And Hector to his Troyans commes, whome séeing safe and sound,
They ioy amayne, they dreaded he, had caught some mortal wound.
They vnto *Troy* do bring him all, and Aiax strong doth goe
Forthwith the Grécksh faction on, victor with souldiors showe,

Hector fals on his knee.

The Heralts parte them.

Aiax to Ideus.

Hector to Aiax.

Hector giueth Aiax his sword, and Aiax giueth him his baudrik vnlucky one for another after.

And in his tent he séketh out Agamemnon the King,
Who chieftaine good, them al to feast commaunded euery thing.
To Ioue for fauor forthwith he doth sacrifice prepare,
A Bull of grease of fiue yeares olde the yoke that neuer bare.
Which straight was lead and offred vp, and off they plucke the hide,
And him in péeces al to cut, and them on spits they slide.
And al things fit, eche man drewe nie, to eate and féede his fil,
And so wel vsd, as when they left they liked al at will.

The present vvas the hornes and hyde of a Bull.

Agamemn dothe his champion muche extoll, and presents feate
Of price hym gaue, in witnesse of his force and prowesse greate.
When eche so muche had eate and drunke, as wel content they stood,
The Nestor olde, whose counsel graue was alwayes proued good,
(Which to declare his last aduise it lately serude them wel)
To Agamemnon and the Gréeks his tale he thus doth tel:

Nestor to the Greeks.

Ye loftie Lordes and Princes great, ye are not to be taughte
Thys day how many Grecians are to death by weapon broughte.

To bury the dead.

Their bodies layed along the field, their soules to hel are hyed,
Some order must be tane herein, their buriall to prouide,
And for the same the war to cease, to morrow néedes must we
To Carrs to ioine Moyles two to two, and also yokte muske be
A number great of Oxen to, the carcasses to beare
More nie the ships, and there with fire the same on heapes to reare.

To saue the bones of the dead.

I wish also that héede there be to saue the bones that burne,
To giue them to their children, if we haply home retourne.

Nestor persvvades the Greekes to fortify them selues.

And eke a common Monument a Trophée let vs build,
And more, oure bellals eke is beste from Troyans them to shielde,
(Least haply they vnhaply should in fight the better get)
We towers hie, and bulwarkes strong about them nie do set,
With ample gates and issues wide, the Chariots forth to goe,
And eke our squadrons with our bandes to passe out to and fro,
With trenches large and déepe before, with pales impaled strong,
To kéepe vs from the Troyans charge, if haply with their throng
They should assaile vs where they are. Thus Nestor loud did chaût,
And that his councell al the kings for good did willing graunt.
And Troyans to consulting come did greatly grow to muse,
There rose so many diuers mindes they know not which to chuse.

The

The Lordes and great men of the towne, and people many by,
Antenor thus hys tale beganne with voice and speeche on hie.
Giue eare ye Troyans I you pray, and forraine souldiors to,
Ye Citizens hearke what I with and councell you to do:
Let Helene to hir husband home be sent with all the spoile,
The riches and the things of price were brought out Grecian soile,
The pacte and promise Paris made with othe, for to allowe,
For otherwise to plye the fielde against that concorde nowe,
I surely hope no good at all can hap vs in the end.
Sirs, thinke of this, the care whereof I doe to you commend.
This said, Antenor takes his place, and downe therein he set,
And Paris doth in choller growe, with him he takes the pet,
And youthly thus doth answere him: Antenor wel you can
When so you list, giue sounde aduise, and are a prettie man,
To tel a tale, for Troyans good you practise can at full,
But your opinion now declares your senses lost or dull.
And thinke for truth the Gods haue tane (as you a dotarde ware)
From you your wittes: And as for me, I contrary declare
My selfe to that which you haue sayde, and haue determind plaine,
The Greckish Lady at no hand I wil hir leaue againe.
But for to end this strife, I will the treasure eft restore,
And iewels which I toke in *Greece*, and with them thus much more:
The costliest in my house I haue, if so accept they wil,
These points of peace, and so content remaine contented still.
King Priam here vppon, a Prince of prudence bearing bell,
In councel graue, to al the rout he thus his tale did tell.
Ye Troyans and my other friendes hearke what I you aduise,
Your lodgings home go seeke ye al, sith now the night doth rise,
Your selues with meat repast I pray, and with your supper done
Regarde with heede your watch and warde, as they by course do run:
And in the morning shall there goe a Herault to the Greckes,
At length who shal to them declare what Alexander leekes
My sonne, and know their minde therein, and more a matter say
Which hardly they wil vs deny, that there may be a stay
Of warre awhile, that eche of vs in graue the bodyes staine,
And burne the carcalles, for vs which dead abroade remaine:

Antenor counsels the Troyans to delyuer Helene and the Gods broughte from Grece.

Paris answvers and gainsayes Antenora

Paris vvyll yeelde the goods but keepe Helene.

Paris to the Troyans.

And then we shall beginne to sée who shall obtaine the price.
No sooner saide, but Troyans al obey him in a trice.
They to their supper do departe, some to the watch do hye,
And some their tyred limmes to reste on couches downe do lye.

The Troian Herault goes to the Greekes campe to talke vvith them.

God Ide the herault in the morne to execute his charge,
Commes to the ship of Agamemn, within the vessell large,
Whereas he founde of Grækish Lordes the troup in councell fast,
Aloft the poupe to whome to say himselfe he thus doth cast.
Ye famous mightie Atreus heires, and al ye here togither,
Ye prudent hardie princes Grékes, king Priam sends me hither,
And all his worthy councell wise to shew vnto you al,
His Paris sonne (the onely cause for whom this warre doth fall,
Who rather should haue suffred death, than such a mischief wrought)
Is now content to yéelde againe the pray from *Greece* he brought.
And thereto offers for to put good portion of his owne.
But Troyans to persuade him much, who all are greatly growne
Dame Helene faire for to restore, their labor lost they take,
Ye will hir holde. Aduise nowe Lordes, what answere yée wil make,
That I to *Troy* returne the same, my king he eke demaundes,
If that of truce ye will allow, the bodies on the laundes,
Which dead do ly by slaughter of this late and last dayes warre,
In fitly graues and sepultures the same for to entarre.
Whiche done, the peace to haue an end, and with our yron to it,
To sée who for the victorie by force in fight shal do it.

The Grékish Lordes the Herault heard, amazed nothing spake,
Til Diomede that noble Prince he thus the silence brake:

Diomedes to the Greeks.

This offer must we not accept (quoth he) if that Helene
They would and al the wealth of *Troy* with hir restore againe,
Who doth not fully wel perceiue (if not a fondling babe)
That shortly al the Troyans here shal be our vassals made,
The time at hand this vile reproch with vengeance due to pay:

Agamemnō answvers the herault

Herewith they greatly land the man, and loe what he doth say.
Quoth Agamemn the herault to, thou hearst the Grecians minds,
As theirs, my answere is, my wil gainst theirs it not repines.
As for the truce, it graunted is as thou thy selfe dost pray.
I may not crosse it, from the dead to kéepe their graues away,

The hale it ought to be forgot when dead the person lyes,
Do you amasse the carcases which of your partie rise,
And burne, or burie as you list, and we wil do the same:
And for a witnesse of our faith, that it be voyde of blame,
O Ioue I do thée now invoke, and Sceptre vp he throwes,
His royal one to heauens ward, a signe, true meaning showes.
The Herault good wel hearing al, to *Troy* with spéede he hies,
And Troyans found at councel harde, who longde with loking eyes
His comming home, the answere brought th'assembly parts awaye,
And forward forth abrode they go, & in the fields they stray.
One number great doth séeke the slaine, another down doth hacke
The wéedes, and faggots bind, & Gréeks like minde they do not lack.
A whole day long you might haue séene the Gréeks & Troyans plye
On worke they both and often méete no whit displeasauntly.
It pitie was in field to sée them labourd so and toylde,
And hardly know their kinsfolks blée, with bloud they were so foyld.
But often washing them they found, and layd them on their chares,
And armour eke, with bitter teares & sighes that shewde their cares.
King Priam in a mightie flame did throw the Troyans slayne,
And subiects would not suffer more in mourning wise to plain.
So with the Gréekes delt Agamemn, and more a masse did reare
Close in the night the slaughtered bones wherin they tumbled were.
Not resting so, they round about their ships and nauie set
Many a strong and sturdie towre, & bulwarkes big they bet,
Gates hie and wide, as fit it was in souldiours to retire,
From battel come, or forth to go, to fight when they desire.
Without a gallant ditch they dig ful déepe, ful low and large,
With postes and pales renforced so, it hard was for to charge.
The Gods in péereleste Pallace set of Ioue, this stirre espyed,
And marueld much, among thē where Neptune, who could not hide
His spite conceivde, these words did vse: you God of gods alone,
O Ioue, in vowes, and sacrifise I careful now sée none,
Nor yet to reare a worke of worth, no men I sée to héede
The wil of Gods, they at their héeles to cast it are agréede.
Dost thou not sée these peruke Gréekes, who vs besought no wayes
When as their toures they topt aloft, and rampires great did raise:

The good Herault returnes to Troy.

The Greks and Troyans searche the dead bodyes.

The Greks fortify their camp.

Neptune to Iupiter.

Their fame all Countreys thus shal fill, and of their buildings ring,
And walles by me and Phœbus built they down on ground shal ding,
Their name encreask, our labour lost, the Marine God thus spake,
Iupiter to Neptune. Who often by his proper power doth force the earth to quake.
In anger Ioue straight answerd thus: what sayst thou Neptũe here,
A meaner God of right then you these doings ought to feare.
You are to great your glorie spreads as far as day doth start.
For these gay towers and trenches wide, when their hie ships depart
To *Greece* their Countrey to returne, their worke destroy and race,
Orewhelm it clean with sand, therof, that none may know the place.
The son straight after downe it drawes, and vp the night it gat,
And al things done, the Grækes at rest in their pauilions sat,
And many a bease for supper slue, and there that instant tide
Diuers kæles full fraught with wine from *Lemnos* sat did ride.
Euneus. Hipsiphyle. Euneus, faire Hipsiphils son, to Iason which she bare,
For trafficke some and some to giue cause thither to repayre.
For of these new and pleasaunt wines, a thousand tuns he ful
Gaue to the chiefetaine of the war: the Grækes came down in scul,
And barter for the wine apace, in hauen where it lay, (paye.
Some brasse exchaungde, some yron, some hides, & prisoners some do
Some bullockes from their heards do giue, and so they drink cõtent,
That all the night no iote they slept but it in chæring spent.
Againe the Troyans ful at wil possesst what they disirde,
But Ioue he did them much amaze, the heauen so it firde
With thunder and with lightning flames, which al ỹ night did last,
Deuout his anger to appease, vpon the ground they cast
In sacrifice great store of wine (the time then calme and quiet)
They tend to Cabane at their ease, and sound in slæpe lye by it.

Finis Septimi Libri.

The

¶ The eight Booke.

THe morning with the ruddie hew
on earth did shew his blée,
When Ioue the Prince of lightnings al, to counsels calleth he
In welkin bright ech mightie God,
who set in order due,
And hédie all to hearke,
thus Ioue into his tale he grew:
Ye troupe diuine giue eare to me, attend what now I wil,
Which hauing heard, none of you al be ye of minde so ill,
Whether he male or female be, to déeme to chaunge my downe,
Or crosse the same: who out the troupe shal go and leaue his roome,
The heauens who shal leaue I say in Grékes or Troyans aide,
Him catcht, wel bumbd I shal him bob, and send him ill apaide
With shame ynough vnto his home, and if I grow to spight,
I wil him tumble headlong down, and cause him for to light
Into the hollow dreadful hole, which Tartare men do tel,
Where *Barathrum* that gastful gulfe doth lye so low in hel
With yron gates: so far beneath, as earth from skie remaines,
That wel to al men it be knowen how large my power it raignes.
But if you long to féele my force, at pleasure you shal sée it,
From hence to take a golden chaine vnto the earth agrée it.
All get you down, your heauenly powers apply with teeth & nayle
To plucke me down or me to moue, you little should auayle,
In fine your toyle to nought would turne, but I, if that I lust
To drawe you to the welkin vp, in spite of you yée must
Amount aloft without my griefe, and with you at a pul
I eke would bring the massie earth, and seas of waters ful.
One ende in heauen I would tie, and let the other hang
That I the chiefe of God and man the knowledge better rang.
This threat and surly spéech doth yéelde the Gods amazde & dum,

Discription of the dauning of the day.

Iupi. to the gods assembled in counsel.

Iron gates in Hel.

The golde chaine so talked of, of writers.

Pallas answers Iuno

Til

Til Pallas daughter vnto Ioue with this hir tale doth come:
O king of kings, great sire of Gods, whom eche and al obayes,
Long skil doth tel thy might to passe our forces many wayes:
But if some one do helpe the Grékes, it is not in disdaine
Or spite of thée, but pitie moues to sée them dayly slaine.
Wel, sith with déede we may not ayde, please you it to deny
Ioue counsayle giue, numbers to saue which by your furie die:
With pleasant countnaunce Ioue replyes: giue counsel to ỹ Grékes
My daughter deare, and fauour so as best your fancie likes,
I will at this time pleasure you, you shal no way be chid.
Then Ioue his mightie heauenly stédes vnto his chare doth bid
To tie, his golden roabes he takes, so bright and brauely wrought,
He mounteth vp, and to his hand the golden whip he rought,
His horse he beates, the ayre they cliue, aloft they skimme amaine,
Betwéene the earth and welkin hie they treade a iolly trayne.
He plyes them, and so straight doth guide, vnto the mountaine top
Of *Ide* hight *Gargarus* cõmes, and there he makes them stop,
A place of pleasaunt pasture it, where waters swéete do spring,
Wild beasts great store, on this gréene hil so likt for euery thing
A temple large of antique yeares was built, and sacred old
By Troyans to his godhead hie, where Ioue now stay he would.
Ambrosie for his horse he gets, and least it should be known
That he was come, he with a cloude hath quite them ouerthrown.
He from the height of mountain hie the champion low doth view,
The siegers, and besiegde he likes to sée, who like do rue.
The more he thinkes vpon the men, he sées his might the more.
The Grékes hauing within their tentes repast themselues before,
Did not forget to arme them wel, their battailes out they draw,
And in ful séemely order march, which when the Troyans saw,
And vnde they had, their bands they arme, their town they wil defend
A handful they, but forst by néed, their minds to valure bend.
Th'allayling Gréeks for to resist, and countrey saue at néede,
And to protect their natiue soyle, and shield their patrie bréede.
Their gates ful open wide they set, and out their cohorts hies,
Their horsemen and their footemen al, not without lofty cries.
And to the place of battel come, they to their tackle fling

With

Iupiter to Pallas.

Iupi. horses

Iup. descends & comes to the mountaine Ide.

Iupi. frõ the mountaine beholds the Greekes & Troyans.

The Greks & Troyans make ready to the battel.

The two armies fight

With shield to shield, and dart to dart, and king doth ioyne w̄ king,
And souldiour vnto souldiour goes, most like stoute warlike wights
Here one doth fall, another here doth vanquish in their fights.
One grones along, another doth boast of his conquest won,
And in such slaughter rare, apace with bloud the fields do runne.
This murder from the morning lastes vntil the none of day, The victory doubtful
Both sides so soundly stroke it out, right doubtful was the fray.
Then Ioue to see, to whom should turne the victorie at last, Iu. Balance.
Their fortune good and eke aduerse in ballance he doth cast:
The Grekes on one side he doth put, and iustly for to way
The Troyans haue the other part, and lets the scales to play.
The Grekes mishap the Troyans much he straight & plainely foūd Iu. throwes his lightning on the Greekes.
For to surpasse, for theirs do moūt, the Greks theirs draw to groūd.
Wherfore amongst the Grekes he flings his flash of burning lights
And sodainly with dread therof appalled were their sprights. The Greks flee.
Idomene first his people leaues, and runs away apace,
The king of *Creete*, Agamemn flyes, in field he turnes his face.
The Aiax twaine do stir their stumps, and take them to their flight,
Vnto there tackle their do stand no Grekish prince or knight,
Saue Nestor sage, who so was forst, a horse of his that drew
Paris so right on head did hit, where first his top out grew.
The beast he fain would haue bin gone, he turnes, he rears, he thūps,
He reeleth with the mortal wound, he flings, he fars, he iumps.
The shaft so surely it was shot, it brake the braine vnto,
The man was forst the geares to cut, and so the horse t'vndo.
This while the mightie coursers tho, their maister Hector draw
To Nestor here, who had bin dead, but that the Greeke him saw Nestor in daunger vvithout
He Diomede so much in fame, and came vnto his ayde, Di. vvho rescues him.
And seeing wily Vlisses run, aloude to him he sayd: Di. to Vlisses vvho flees.
Laertes son, whose cunning kend, and wile is knowne ful wide,
Why, whether now? Are feete thy fence? why dost thou not abide?
Hast thou no shame? no feare in flight on back some wound to haue?
Abide, abide with Nestor here, let vs thy person saue.
Vlisses heard he would not stay, vnto the ships he hies,
Yet Diomede Nestor to helpe amid the preasse he driues, Di. to Nest.
And come before his horse, he sayes, The youth of *Greece* doth lay

O Nestor greater toyle on thée, than age can beare away,
Hard for thy worne yeares t'abide, whose force thou fæst to scant,
And forraine bigor earst enioyde the vitals now to want.
Thy chare, thy driuer, and thy seate, a tierd countenaunce shew,
Come down, mount vp my chariot tw, to proue now in a throw
The swiftnesse great, the courage od of these my coursers gay,
Which late I conquerde from Ænee, our gromes shal lead away
Thy furniture, we two wil forth that *Troy* and Hector sée
Yet once how weapons we can wéeld, and souldiours what we be.

Nest. coms into Diom. chariot.

Th'old man agréed, and to the seate of Diomede doth come
In Sthenels place, whiche Sthenele goes, & takes erst Nestors rome,
Nestor a guider was, but then, Diomede was the knight,
Both passing forth, the doughtie Phrige, Hector to haue in fight,

Diome. kils He. driuer.

A Hector, who no lesse desires to méete them in the téeth.
The mightie Gréeke to dart he leaues, when Hector first he séeth.
The sturdie steeled staffe he throwes, but misst the man he ment,
The maister misst, in driuers wombe Enopeus déepe it bent.
Ye Thebes son, a man of price, a valiaunt man in déede,
The doughtie Hector grieued much to sée his seruaunt bléede
Of so good count, and tumble dead, but there he lets him ly,
A like he séekes for force and mind, and to him by and by

Archeptol. He. driuer.

Archiptoleme prcsents himselfe, the stéedes he doth bestride,
The whip and raines he takes in hand and serues him for a guide.
At these two new and sodain haps strange slaughters did appeare,
Like lambes vnto their force and folde the Troyans do reteare,

Iupi. againe throvvs his lightning against the Greekes.

And séeke their wals for their defence, the Gréeks they greiu so hot,
But Ioue straight ways his lightning flames w̃ thũder forth he shot,
That by him néere the warlike Gréeke beheld the flame as't flasht,

Nest. persvvads Di. to flye.

His horse they quoke, from Nestors hands the raines are ready dasht,
His feare was such, wherw̃ (quoth he) perforce doth force vs now
O Diomede, to hie vs hence, the daunger sée not you?
The glorie now the mighty God doth giue vnto our foe,
Another time on vs againe the same he wil bestow.
The minde of man it may not dare the gods for to withstand,
For greatest is of gods the might to rule it takes in hande.

Di. to Nest.

O aged sire (quoth Diomede) thou nought but reason sayes,

I do agrée, but yet lament, and grieud am diuers wayes,
When Hector commeth to my minde, who thus shal sée me runne,
Unto his mates hereafter may, extolling to the Sun
His valiauntnesse, say, to the ships the chase he hath me giuen,
All pitie past; I rather craue the earth it here were riuen, Ne. to Dio.
And I therin were swallowed vp, alas quoth Nestor than,
Thinke you if Hector should report you for a cowardly man,
His tale it would be taken true: your sword in heapes hath slain
Too many of the warlike wights, and left their widowes playne.
Herewith his horses straight he turnes, & with ỳ Gréeks doth flie, Diom. flyes
And Hector with his souldiours fast doth after forward hie,
With clamors great: And Hector loude his spéech doth thus begin,
When as they fled: oh Diomede estéemed who hath bin Hec. to Dio.
Among the Gréeks, yea én thy fit for valure and for fame,
At bord who fed stil of the beste, and first sat at the same,
Now like a hartlesse fem thou shalt be led in prisoner wise,
Make hast thou gay and glorious freke, dreadful with flaming eyes,
Beléeue no more our towers to scale, hope not to ship aborde
Our wiues, I Hector, only I sufficient shal affoorde,
My force shal serue to stay the strength, and forth to make the pack,
And kéepe thée from thy ships returne, and thée in péeces hacke.
At Hectors words the Gréeke doth stay, he thinketh what to do,
To turne againe the spite to venge, or forward on to go,
Therby the daunger to anoyde, he thrice doth venter backe, Diomedes in doubt vvhether to fly or to abide.
And thrice doth Ioue him eie, and down he lets the thunder cracke,
With lightning flame hard by his eare, a signe most sure and ful
The Troyans strong should haue the day, for so the Gods they wul.
Herewith aloude doth Hector crie his men to harten al: He. exhorteth his souldiours.
O Troyans, *Lycians*, ye my friends, to who it doth befal
To be my fellow souldiours here, if euer men you be
Thinke now thereon, and shew like men your selues on the enemie.
I know ful wel we vanquishe shal, the losse it shal be theirs, (feares
Their wals, their forts, whiche they haue made to saue them in their
By me shal sone be forced down, my horse with easye skips H. threatts to turne the Greks ships.
Shal passe their dikes, and do attend when I am in their ships
To bring me fire to burne them vp, they may no more retyre,

I will their limbs and liues consume with smoke and smothering fire.

He. speakes to his horses

Thus Hector comforts vp his mates, and speaks his horse, Podarge
Æton, Xanthe, oh yée my stéedes so swift with buttocks large,
Thou firie Lampus and diuine, for me that sweats and scuds,
Thinke on the cheare on you bestowes Andromacha my luds

VVine giuen to horses of vvar.

And louing wife, she careful doth with Wheat & Dates you féede,
With temper eke of pleasaunt wine, when as she séeth néede,
Héeding as much to haue you dreſt, as on my selfe to tende,
She quirie is: aduaunce your force, your courses stoutly bend
To further now your maisters facts, that he do fange in field.

Ne. target of gold.

The Nestor old, and from him take his famous bruted shield,
Report wherof doth reatch the skies, of pretious gold it is.

Di. curate made by Vulcan.

Of Diomede his cuyrasse to (he catcht) we shal not misse
So counted off, which Mulciber did forge: And al the night
The Grækish host all washt in sea you shal sée take their flight.
And thinking for to do as much thus loftie Hector braues.

Iuno to Neptune.

But Iuno hearing this discourse, so spitefully she raues,
Hir members quoke, Olimpus shoke, to Neptune straight she cõmes,
Art thou not griev'd (quoth she) to sée the Gréks hit on the thumbs.

Egues. Helice.

And suffer in such forie plight, who dayly sacrifice
Gay gifts and hosties vnto thée in *Egues* and *Helice*?
How canst thou without heauy cheare, support their heauy case
Thy fauour know'ne, which I haue séen, that did their state embrace?
O Neptune if thou and the rest would once but say the word,
And from this slaughter them to kéepe some fauour smal afforde,
It would be done, my husband Ioue for spite would friske and fare,
Yet least he might repent, depart from *Ide* he would not dare.

Neptune to Iuno.

Thou frantike sot quoth Neptune tho, thinke not that I wil stur
Or speake against the mightie Ioue, whose power doth passe so fur,
To whom ech one ought to obey, he is to loftie he,
He is our king, our maister Lord, his vassals al we be.

The Greks shut vp in their streng thes by He.

Thus while ỹ Gréks are driuen back, and in the field defeated,
Their forts and trenches they do take, and doughtie Hector heated
Is Mars himself, the rampires so he forces them to gaine,
Betwéene the ships and vtter fence they filled all the plaine.

Thus

Thus backe retird and cobberd vp, the Troyan stout had burnd
Their vessels, al the (God so would) if Iuno had not turnd
T'aduise the Grækes, for when she saw this slight and this disorder,
To put in Agamemnons mind their king to passe on forder,
With spæde vnto the ships for aide. To nauie he doth draive,
In hand a scarlet roabe he helde, the Ad mirall ship he sawe
Of the *Ithaque* king, to it he went, of other vessels moe
It stode in midst, the place he chose most mæte his minde to shoe.

Vlysses shippes.

On one side stode sir Aiax tent, on th'other stode Achill,
So guarded to withstand the force of surh assault them will.

The tents of Aiax and Achilles on the sides.

Agamemn come into the shippe, he mounts aloft to poupe,
Ye cries aloude: O Græcish kings, O wretched fainting troupe,
What shame and marke of infamie this day on *Greece* doth light:
Where is the proud & vaunting spæch: where is the promise plight:
Where is the kilcow chatte become in *Lemnos* which you had
Upon your Alebenche, where you were so impudent and mad:
Then one of you would kil and eat fiue hundred Troyans full:
It was the chære, it was the meate and wine you so did gull,
That made you braue and brag so much. I sée the matter nowe,
Lo Hector come, our fort to sacke, and al our army cow,
Our Bastion eke and vs to burne. O Ioue thou father great,
What king of kings so as my selfe hast thou with care beset,
Depriude of gloze, with enuy fraught, and wronged to my paine,
Defrauded of the suretie sounde, wherewith I fedde in vaine,
When as m'oblations bow I did to please thæ Ioue withall,
And *Troy* did thinke to lay ful lowe: I sée I now muste fall
A pray into my ennuies lap: thou soueraigne God yet graunt,
(If better grace we may not haue) fierce Hector do not daunt,
Nor cruel *Troy* our people here, but that they scape their swordes.

Agamemn blames his people of covvardise.

Pray: to Iupiter.

The chiefetaine chiefe thus prayde for al, with teares he spake the
Ioue ful agræd to his request, his sighes did pitie moue, (wordes:
Which he did yæld for perishing folke, praying for their behoue.
For Augure sure an Egle commes, a calfe with talons tough
Of red Dere hinde he brings, and falles, which comforteth ynough
The whole Nobilitie of *Greece*, on Aultar downe it lights
In sacrifice of puissaunt Ioue, reuiuing muche their spirites.

Good toke for the Greekes.

And straight therewith forth make they head of thousands souldiors
And valiant knights, Don Diomede forth first he sallies out (stout,
The foote with chare: On Troyan bands to trie and shewe his force,
To one he flies, one only blowe martyrde a Troyans corse,
Agelaus hight, Phadmon his sonne, whole armed for the warre,
Yet fled he fast from Diomede, his sight him so did scarre,
But through his chin his dart it flue, and through the Curet came,
His armor gaue a murmuring noise, he tumbling in the same.

Diomedes slayes Agelaus.

The nine most valiant Greks next Achilles.

Agamemnon, and Menelau his brother, Aiax twaine,
Princes of great exploite that were, Idomene in the traine,
With Merion his gallant guide, a man of courage braue,
God Eurypile Euemons sonne, in company they haue,
Of al the Grékes a man of choice, these forth from forte do starte,
And on their foes do forward hie, them charging ouerthwarte.

Beside these eight, a ninth with them, a Gréke, one Teucer went,
He brother vnto Aiax was, his bowe he beareth bent,
His skil was good to make his best, and straight to shote withall,
By subtile Arte his mortal woundes, did many Troyans thrall:
Under his brothers Target he himselfe did often hide,
And frely let his arrows flie, where he his vantage spide,
And hauing sped, to saue his life sékes out the Buckler bigge,
As doth the infant oftentimes, the little pretie twigge
When he doth sée displeasaunt sighes, doth vnder garments créepe
Of Nurse, or mother déere, and there playes like himselfe bo péepe.
Wel, let vs tell those lost their liues this Archer lighted on.
Ocsilochus, he was the first, Detor, Amapaon,
Ophelest, Ormeyne, Lycophont, Chromius, Menalippe, (tip.
Hethrild thē through with deadly wounds, they down to ground do

Teucer couered vvith Aiax shield vvoūds the Troyans.

Comparisō.

Eight Troyans slaine by Teucer.

Agamemnō sayes Agamemns hart it leaps for ioy, his part when thus he plaide
to Teucer. The sturdie shot, to him he drawes, and chérefully he sayde:
O noble wight and Prince of fame, whom I with honor due
Ought to regarde, I thée beséeche thy forward factes pursue:
Beside the praise men shal thée giue, when as thine aged sire
Thelemon heares of these exploites, he ioy shal, with desire,
And hope to sée thée shortly home: I know, and not beguilde,
He doth thée honor and estéeme, though thou no lawfull childe,

I know that from thy Cradle vp, he did thée allwayes bring,
As lawful borne: I sweare to thée in promise of a king,
Iseuer I this Citie take, of al the gallant pray,
Next me shalt thou make choice, and at thy pleasure take away
A rich thrée foted Cawdron guilt, ou thée I wil bestow
A Chariot with two goodly stéedes, or else with thée to goe,
A Troyan faire, a Priams childe, or Dame of Citie bréde
To vse in bed, and serue thée ay, if so thou be agréede.
Quoth Teucer tho, there is no néede, great king my wil to mend, Teucer to Agamemnō
Ful oft I shote, to noy the foe, my force and care I bend.
Eight valiant foes it is ful true my shaftes haue deadly slaine, He meneth Hector.
I were ful venged, if I could that mastiffe mad attaine.
He with these words doth plucke his bow, & sends his piercing stéele,
To Hector straight, to bréach the man, but harme he none doth féele: Gorgythiō.
But yet the shaft on Priams sonne Gorgythion it light,
Of sodaine cruel death he dyes, his pap it pierced right,
He was the sonne of Castianire the Goddesses so like,
A noble Nimphe, with hir good king in *Thrace* did mariage strike,
For beautie sake which on she had, and like the growing Poppy, Comparisō.
As wel for fruit as Aprill shoures, doth leaue his head so loppy
In gardens fat: Gorgythion hurte loden with stéele did helme him,
On shoulder layes his head, & dies with weakneſſe which did whelm
The Grékish shot to Hector eft, his bow doth careful plucke, (him.
But him he misste, his arrow yet vnder the teate it stucke
Of strong Archeptoleme, who falles: his squier thus to dye Teucer kils Hectors driuer.
Hector doth grieue to sée, and downe he lighteth by and by,
And willeth Cebrion for to come, and take the guiders charge, Cebrion Hectors driuer.
Which done, Hector a coggel heaues, a mightie and a large,
With dreadful voice to Teucer flies, Teucer from quiuer takes
A shafte againe, to slay a foe himselfe he ready makes,
And ready for to shote, Hector did reatch him such a bang, Hector strikes Teucer.
That downe he falles, and out his hands his bowe & arrows flang.
The forced stroke did force him so, the blow was deadly sent,
Aloft the breast the necke it hit, where downe the head is bent.
His brother Aiax ranne apace, when down he saw him dwng, Aiax saues his brother.
To saue and to defend the man, the noble prince he flong,

And

And him with shield so wel did hap, as vp they toke him there,
The wretched archers friends Menest, Alastor they do beare
Him in their armes straight to the ships, chafe gone for very paine.
The Troyans strong by mightie Ioue aided, yet once againe
Do force the Grekes to leave the field, and so retyring eft
Their trenches, force, and forte to take, which they before had left.
Hector the formost leades the daunce, as fleshed mongrell great,
Trusting in strength and nimblenesse, the Lion beast doth heate,
Or wilde swine in the forrest thicke, if either of them do cast
Or turne about to be revenged, the cur he shistes as fast,
Ful light he pincheth deepe their flancks, or hangs so at their thies,
As dye they must. So Hector he, doth chace his enimies,
Who leave the field, and take to flight, if any lagge behinde,
With sword or launce he hits them home, with death of sundry kind.
The Greeks repulsed from their forts, from dikes and trenches flye,
With slaughter great confused al in bloudie death they dye.
Hard by their shippes at last they stay, eche comforting his mate,
To play the man, and to the Gods they pray for their estate.
This while the gastfull Hector he, with Mars his dreadfull eyes,
And flaming like the Gorgons lights, vpon the Greeks he flies,
And terror more doth put them in, he stirres, he casts aboute,
To loke howe he may cleane defeate, and breake the Grekish roul.
Then wrathfull Iuno grieved much, to see the valiant Greekes
So harde distrest, and doubting worse, Pallas she thus besekes.
Of Ioue dearest daughter thou, canst thou this armie see
In danger such, without regarde to helpe th extremitie?
Suffer shal we them al to quaile by this one Hectors hand,
So barbarous a slaughter man? loke in what case they stande.
Dost thou not see how to their shippes he hath them forced all,
And wil not cease, til in their bloudes he force them ech to fall?
Quoth Pallas then, I know your minde, I finde the matter well,
But this so hardie Hector hie, whose deedes are seene so fell,
And so muche to be wondred at, shal dye in countrey soyle,
But Ioue his wil to thinke to crosse nought follow woulde but foile.
I feare him much, his aukward spite against me oft is set,
Too much ingrate, the labor great, and paine he doth forget,

which

The Greks retyre againe.

Comparisō.

Hector dreadfull to the Greeks.

Iuno to Minerua.

Minerua to Iuno.

Which I for Hercules bote haue tane, his forces when to tris
Unto King Euristeus Court he went so willingly.
The trauailes truely which he toke had mated oft the man,
But when he cryed, and when he wept, sir Ioue he praide me than
To hie to him, which oft I did, else he quite ouerthrowne
And tane had bene: if in those dayes I haply then had knowne,
What reckening he would make of me, in hell had holden binne
His Hercules for euer and aye, his conquest farre to winne,
So famous got of Cerberus, that grimme three headed curre,
The hellish floud that *Styx* is hight, he had not passe so surre,
But had bene staide ere there he came, in guerdon of my dædes,
Ye now for worthy recompence me hates and often chides,
For to allowe the sottish will of Thetis Ladie white,
Her vaine requests he nædes must graunt, she flatters him so right
With humble spæch, touching his beарde, his knées eke kissing lowe,
Achill hir sonne to set aloft and Grækes to ouerthrowe.
But well I knowe I shortly shall by Ioue be daughter taken,
And be againe his girle white, as nowe I am forsaken.
Your chare to hast if so you please now Iuno get you gon,
And I will hie vnto his house his armour to put on.
This Troyan I will make to fæle what griefe or iolly glæ
The guest shall get when me in warre against him he shall sæ.
And that I haue the puissance I, to worke him tæne and care,
And make his subiects meate for dogs, and flying foules of th'aire,
To be reuengde. Minerua madde thus spake and Iuno steares
Right carefull for to put in poynt hir horses and their geares
And all the rytes to shining chare. But Pallas she doth leaue
Hir linnowe robes so delicate, which erst hir selfe did weaue,
And happes hir with ỹ cuirates tough, which Ioue in battaile weares:
So armd, the chariot light she leapes, a launce in hand she beares,
Wherewith the demi-gods she mates, in anger when she copes,
Unto hir heauen gates they come, which frælý to them opes.
Of these gate dores the houres they haue, the whole & onely charge,
Ech one a porter is, they rule also the heauens large.
Of cleare Olympe they regents are, the cloudes at becke they bring,
Or when they come, allowne againe away they force them for to fling.

Hercules.

Hercules in al his enterprises fauoured by Minerua.

Minerua puts on the armour of Iupiter.

This is vvritten in the fift Booke.

When Ioue aloft he loketh vp, and sées the horses flie,
Which drewe the Goddesses, in heate against them he doth frie.
He sendeth Iris vnto them that readie winged wight:
My pursuaunt with golden wings (quoth he) goe shew thée light,
Goe méete these two, and say from me they doe retire their pace,
Tell them I byd they doe not dare to come before my face,
Tell them they are two fondlings vaine, to thinke to breake my hest,
Tell them who list least to obey shall tast of little rest.
Their chariot gaie shall straight be burst, & beame from horses torne,
My lightning flames full stifly shot shall send them headlong borne
Downe to the earth, and in such plight, as (maugre all their skill)
In tenne yéeres long they shall not heale their such receaued yll.
And then shall Pallas know what shame she doth deserue, and shall,
To stirre against hir sire, Iuno I blame no whit at all,
She treadeth but hir wontrd trod, I know hir so accurst,
To labour my disquiet still she alwayes is the furst.

Iris to Iuno and Pallas.

Iris his message to fulfill from *Ida* mount he shoves,
And found them of the heauen hie then comming out the doores.
Whom whē he séeth, he resteth straight, quoth he, O frantick wights,
What fond & foolish sottish geare hath poisoned thus your sprightes,
To meane to aide the Grékes, and stirre against you Ioue his ire?
He doth forbyd you further passe vnlesse you doe desire
Eeu in a trice your chariot gaie to flie in péeces small,
And beame from horses burst, and you in dust and dirt to fall,
By sodaine clap of lightning flames so tumbling from the aire,
As tenne yéeres long of quiet rest shall not your health repaire,
That Pallas you doe know, that Ioue thy maister is and dad,
And as for Iuno, he well knowes she is so leudly bad.
She is no whit at all abasht, she alwayes takes delight
His purposes to contrarie, and that in his despight.
But Pallas be not stubborne then as dogge of currish kinde,
Striue not with him, vse not thy staffe against his will and minde,
Least thou offend thy sire too farre. Iris he flies his wayes,

Iuno to Minerua.

And Iuno to Minerua turnes, and thus to hir she sayes:
Not to performe our mindes set downe what can be greater hell?
Yet sith that Ioue doth vs gainsay, I doe not thinke it well.

We should herein against him stand, nor for no worldly wight
Such painfull daunger for to take, his hie and heauenly might
Of their good hap or harme it shall at pleasure his dispose:
The stædes with bridle straight she turnes, & right to heauen goes.
The houres doe lose the coursers braue, and them to mangier tye,
The chariot they doe fitly place in rome appointed by.
Hard by the Gods in golden chaires the loftie Ladies sit,
Who hauing failde of their intent, they are in greeuous fit:
To weikin now eke Ioue is come, who is with honour due
Receavde of eche, assone as that of him they had a viewe.
His goodly stædes the Marine god full quickly he vntics,
Their furniture he shutteth vp, and then he hastie hies
Of Ioue the mightie seate to set, it readie at a loke,
Ye downe doth sit, but clapping downe the whole Olympus shoke.
Betweene Iuno and Pallas there in midst the God he sat,
No worde betweene them both they had, ne to the God doe chat.
But Ioue who well did know their thoughts in bitter choler was,
Ladies quoth he, whence doth procéd your spite which thus doth passe?
Whence cõmes ye seeke ye Troyans harme, & neuer haue your fill,
Unlesse you see their vtter fall contrarie to my will?
My force sith that so great it is are you to learne to knowe
That neither you nor all the Gods and Goddesses in rowe
By force can make me chaunge my minde sith that my simple threate,
Doth make you quake with faces pale, & eke with trembling sweate:
What will you doe in bloudy marte so dreadfull to the sight,
When you shall feele my heauie fist inuincible in might?
Harke then, gainsay no more of you, I wishe you not to dare:
By happe if fondly ye oppugne my hie decrées that are,
Upon ye, ye shall feele to fall the scorching lightning flash,
Wherewith I thunder with my flames, & downe they shall you dash,
On earth to dwell, no meanes ye haue eft hether to returne,
Your chares and stædes in cinders quite and péeces it shall burne.
Hereat Minerua grones for griefe, hir hart it boiles with rage,
Yet still and coie she helde hir selfe, and furie doth asswage.
But Iuno takes the cause in hand, O crabbed Ioue quoth she,
What stirre is here? we well doe knowe your vassals all we be.

The Goddesses returne to Heauen. The hours handmaids of Iuno.

Iupiter returnes to heauen.

Iuno to Iupiter.

Your powre is odde, but if one would the Grækish armie aide,
Is it against you to rebell: why should it so be saide:
So great an hoste to sée destroyde powre pittie makes vs rue,
But Iupiter to hir againe with wordes doth thus insue:
Their losse let it not trouble you, it double shall to morowe,
I will make Hector Troyan chiefe, to ding them with a sorowe,
And slaie them downe, not ceasing he to kill and driue them backe,
Unto their shippes, expecting nought but ruine, death, and wracke,
There fighting hard, and round beset about Patroclus bones,
Whō he shall slaie, wherby Achill shal yéld his grieuous grones:
Séeing the slaughter of his friend, he shall in furie groe,
Him to reuenge, and giue them aide, he hastie on shall goe.
I will it so, and sith that fate to Grækes hath so assignde,
For you dame Iuno more I ioy, the more you haue repinde,
A gods name get you in the sea, or furthest earthlie felles,
Goe sécke Iapetus Saturne out, in darknesse where he dwelles.
Where neuer Phœbus shewes his face, nor no delight he takes
To heare the winds, trudge where you list, loke after you who makes
None shall you followe by my will, of you I doe not reake,
Your feumishe hart with poysoned hate is ready still to breake,
This was his spéech, the Goddesse great full quiet lowe doth lout
The sterne God she greatly dreades, and of him stands in doubt.
This while the cleare & brightsome sunne to th'ocean takes his flight,
As is his wont, and all the earth the browne and sable night
Doth wholy hap and cloke about with his so darksome shade,
A night right welcome to the Grækes, but Troyans mad are made
Therwith. The gallaunt Hector drawes. & souldiors he commaundes
Backe from the shippes hard to the brooke, and cōmeth to the laundes,
Wheras that day with sorow great the slaughter was so bloudie,
There downe on foote they lighted straight in councell for to studie,
To whom Hector, who in right hand a mightie launce did holde
As royall mace, launce stéeld and guilt, of fæte large truely tolde
Eleuen full it was in length, with voice doth loudly call:
Ye Troyans stoute and straungers eke, I speake vnto you all,
Ye souldiors and ye citizens, good hope I did conceaue
This day, and sure I thought my selfe them all of life to reaue,

Iapetus Saturne.

Descriptiō of setting of the sun, and of the night.

Hector encampeth out of Troy.

The lēgth of Hectors launce or dart.

Hector to the Troyans.

Their vessailes eke to haue destroyde, and as a conquerour
To haue returnd, but my intent I misse in euill houre,
Bicause the night so soone is come. Wherfore I thinke it best
Not hence to stirre, but here t'encampe and take our quiet rest.
Well, goe to then, let euerie one point here his station out,
With otes and barley bate your horse. And let another route
Hie vnto *Troy*, muttons and beeues readie for vs to make,
And others wine and bread to get let them the office take,
Some must before our supper to good store of fewell fell,
To kindle flames, which all the night may light vs gaily well,
The Greekes by sea may closely flie, which if they doe fulfill,
To charge them frankly in their flight, and cut their taile I will,
That their orethrowe example be to euery liuing wight,
That none doe dare to war with *Troy*, who well knowes howe to fight
And from the towne sith farre we be, her saftie we must heede,
The Heraults let them goe to *Troy*, and tell it is agreed
That all the youth and aged men the citie doe defend,
And on the walles doe make their watch, and Troyan women bend
Themselues to light the firie flame, to loke with carefull eyes
Our foes doe not surprise the towne by fault or otherwise:
As I haue saide let it be done, ech one his worke apply.
In morning further we shall talke, and doe accordingly.
I hope O worthy warriors mine, we end shall all these broiles
To morowe, and these furious curs shall by our manly toiles
Be hackt and hewde with great distresse, well, let vs all this night
Repose our selues, and at the peere and dawe of morning light
In battaile let vs raunge our bands, these furious foes to mate,
Then shall I see sir Diomede in what a souldiors state
He will be seene, and whether he me from his vessels puts, Hector threatneth Diomedes.
Or whether I shall spoile him quite, my darts sent through his guts.
Full tryall he shall haue, whether he able can sustaine
One thrust of this my launce, I hope by me he shalbe slaine,
And many a friend full deare of his, who would him gladly saue,
If such a victorie I get, I certainly shall haue
Eternall fame, immortall praise I purchase shall therby,
I doe not thinke, but they to me will raise an aultar hye.

In witnesse of my prowesse great, as is to Pallas done
That Goddesse she, or to Phœbus that God and brightsome sunne.
This said, the Troyans him obey, their good and wearie stéedes
Unlosde before, to chares againe they tie and forward yéedes,
Unto the towne, and quickly bring bread, wine and trinkets more,
The béeues and muttons were not fewe, they brought no scanted store:
Then in the midst of all the campe a thousand fires they light,
The flames and smoke wherof, the winde to heauen caries right.
And euen as men shall often sée in faire and pleasaunt weather,
The Mwne being cleare the skies aloft: (for light is so together,
As all the hilles, the vales, and plaines, with light as lightly showes
As in the day) whereby the heard, when vp his eyes he throwes,
Ye ioyeth in his cabbin powre: Een so from Troyan towne,
In night so pleasaunt and so still, the dwellers loking downe,
Reioyce to sée the armie sit: who when their horse were dresst,
And vnto Otes and pasture set, they goe to take their rest:
By euery fire iust fiftie men downe sittes, as best they may,
In hope of Grékes the morning next shalbe the latter day.

A thousand fires kindled in the Troyans Campe. Comparison.

Finis Octani Libri.

¶ The ninth Booke.

THe Troyans braue they placed thus,
their watch with carefull héede:
For losse of field and fellowes slaine
for griefe the Grékes they bléede.
For flight the féere, and fellow mate
of chilling feare that nippes,
Had dastardlike with shame enough
them driuen to their shippes.

Flight the companion of feare.

And éen as we full often sée the pontique sea to growe,
When Boreas blasts or westerne gales frō *Thracian* mountaines blow,

Comparison.

As

And make the bellowe so to bolne, as oft the brownish waues
From bottome of sir Neptunes sea aloft full hiely braues:
So were the Grækish princes spirites all troubled and to toss,
Yet of them all Agamemnon he, he was tormented mosk.
He willes the princes to entreate the Herault all and some
(Not loude with Proclamations out) vnto his tent to come,
To them his purpose to declare. The Heraults they obayed,
And when ỹ kings the sommon heard, from him no whit they stayed.
Ech one set after his degrée, with sad and ruthfull grace
Agamemn standeth vp, the teares fast trickling downe his face:
Euen as the fountaine water doth out springing from the stone
Bedewe the plaines, these were his words with sighes & doleful mone.
To déepely Ioue he doth me déere D all the Grækish Dukes,
And staies not yet, with sorowe more he further me rebukes.
He promisde me in fire and bloud this *Troy* I should it sacke,
(I maruaile much) my ill successe commaundes me from it backe,
And bids me leaue the enterprise and home to hast to Grécce,
My honour lost, my fame forlorne, and hosk the greatest péece.
So pleaseth it the mightie Gods all force and might to mate,
Downe throwing strength of walles & men all heights he doth abate.
Sith so it be, I wish it not that we against him strive,
Lets get vs home, our paine we lose, here sure we cannot thrive.
Their chiektaine when the councell heard, long still they muet sat,
Till big and doughtie Diomede this matter aunsweres flat:
Thy want of skill D Atreus heire (quoth he) perswades me much
Vnto thy words to aunswere now, thy spéeches being such,
And to gainsay the same: therfore against me rage not nowe,
Nor any else, iust councell law the priuiledge doth allowe
That eche in councell shew his minde: I pray thée truely tell,
When hast thou séene this campe afraide or weakely so to mell
In charge, assault, or els Alarmes, as best it should now séeme
Our weapons for to leaue: dost thou so yll their heartes esteeme:
So small hope hast thou in their force, as for thy simple tong
The Troyan conquest we should leaue: it is too great a wrong.
These warlike bands so to despise. It skilleth not a flie,
It is thy want, my selfe the first I haue it suffred, I,

Comparison.

Agamēnon to the Greekes.

Sentence vvhich is in the secōd booke.

Diomedes answvers to Agamēnon

Diomedes confesseth Agamēnon the gretest of honour but the vvorst soul diour.

Thy

Thy thought of me of all this hoſt well knoweth young and old,
With thée a coward counted I, and méeter for to ſcold,
Than in the daunger of the warres to venture in the ſame,
Occaſion ſith I haue to ſpeake, I ſpeake it to thy ſhame.
The heauenly Gods haue made thée chiefe, & ſceptre for to beare,
And rule this hoſt, ſtout manly minde in thée it is not there,
Nor counſaile ſound, in warlike feats, which are the gifts of gaine,
Unto thoſe points thou canſt not come, nor thereto once attaine.
Wherfore take héede hence forth to braule or iniurie the Gréekes:
And if to flie, and hie thée hence it ſo thy fanſie líekes,
Get thée to ſea, thy ſtuffe it lies right readie on the ſhore,
Sone to thy towne thou ſhalt be brought out trouble any more.
The other Gréekes will here abide and willingly attend
The wiſhed day, wherin we ſhall ſurpriſe *Troy* in the end.
And if that home likewiſe they will, not forcing any whyt
This high exployt, Eſthenelus with me will tarie yet,
Nor leaue me till the end of all, aſſurde our comming hether
Unto the coaſtes directed was by Gods yea altogether.
This ſpéech the Gréeks they greatly praiſe of Tydees ſonne the wiſe,
They doe commend his good aduiſe, wherwith doth Neſtor riſe
That prudent knight, & anſwers thus: O Diomede thy part
In bloudie warre right ſtout thou playſt, in councell good thou art,
I muſt confeſſe of all the kings thou art the oddeſt, thou,
Of thoſe thy yeares. Of al the campe I thinke no ſouldior now
Doth wiſh, or will a harmefull truce, yet all thou doſt not touch,
Concerning this our queſtion here more muſt be ſayed much.
I, olde who am, and may be ſire to all theſe mightie kings,
And eke to thée, will end the reſt I hope to their likings,
And euen ſo, as none reproue my councell good and ſound.
No vilet or vnhappie man, or wicked can be found,
Nor more vnworthy for to liue, than ciuill warre who loues.
To ſupper let vs get vs nowe, ſith night ſo farre on ſhoues,
And ſtillie for to ſet the watch with bandes of youngeſt yeares,
Twene wall & trench to place them ſo, when Troyã crues appeares
To charge vs, they may notice giue: Agamemnon you ought
That all the Princes vnto you they be to ſupper brought:

Eſthenelus for Sthenelus.

Neſtor allowes Diomedes counſell.

Neſtor Counſells vvhat is to be done.

As

(As I do thinke) you nothing want to feast them as you will,
With pleasaunt wine of *Thracian* soile your tent is stuffed ful,
And as we sup discourse wil hap, and serue for counsell eke
And helpe, in this so waightie cause we al our wits muste seeke.
For why, the enmy lyes at hand, it is a heauie thing
(God knowes) their fires to see, and heare them by our noses ring.
Loe here the night which wil vs saue, if prudent men we be,
But if we sleepe, then shal we fall, in handes of th'enimie.

When he had sayed, and they had heard, his wil it was obayde,
And Princes seauen vnto the watche do go right well arayde,
And souldiours they seuen hundred take, the first was Thrasimede
Duke Nestors sonne, and Creons heire, another Lacomede,
Ascalaphe was the thirde, the fourth was willing Merion,
Aphareus, Talmen, and Deyphire, they forward passed on,
And made the number seauen vp, three knights right hard to daunt,
And wights not betterde like to be, where men come in their haunt.
These with their souldiors armed ful, with dartes and armor bright,
Twéen wal and trench they set themselues, t tend the watch al night.
They fires make, some eate, some walke, no one of them doth sleepe,
With eyes they loke for them that come, and eares attentiue keepe.
On th'other side Agamemn he to supper brings the Lords,
They neyther thirst nor hunger feele, so wel he them stordes.
They supte, Nestor (whose councel graue of erche was knowne right wel
Vnto the chieftaine of the warre he thus his tale did tell.

O worthy Prince, of none but you I am here for to say,
Sith you are poynted of these folke to beare the rule and sway:
Sith that the Gods haue gyuen you powre of all the Grecians here,
Yore counsaile and more stoutly minde in you there shoulde appeare
Than any other, which should enforce it selfe to giue good eare,
And counsaile take, and after good to execute it were.
And chiefly, when you are aduised a thing that profite wil,
And honest is, then who can say by you procéedeth ill?
An other thing to counsaile you it moueth me againe,
Which ful to followe is your best, not contrary to saine
As erst you did, when raging wood in harte you did fret
Against Achill, and worse than that into youre shippes did set.

Those who were chosen for the watch and for scoures.

Agamēnon suppes the Greekish Princes.

Nestor to Agamemn.

To his despite out of his tent the Bryse in gift he had,
A fauourite of al the Gods, the wrong it was too bad
To stirre a personage so greate. Wherefore we ought to studie,
If helpe may be, how to repayre this facte outragious madie,
And quietly it to appease with presents gay and rich,
Or else by meanes of curteous speech and by entreatie miche.

Agamemnõ to Nestor. Agamemnon thus answerd straight: O aged sire, no lesse
Whereof thou hast accused me the fault I do confesse.
I can vouch no excuse at all, I fowlie fell and faild,
I do perceine by the outrage the Grékes haue greatly quaild.
Ioue loues the man, and whom God loues, in camp where men are (full,
Such one is worth a multitude of the vnbrideled scull,
Who hardly wil be ruled at al, but as I am the man
Vniustly who hath onely done, Ile proue all meanes I can
To mend the fault, I wil bestow in guerdon for the facte
Great gallant gifts of loftie price out of my treasures pacte,
The giftes vvhiche Agamemnon vvil offer Achilles. Which I wil name vnto you here, estéeme their price who can:
First seuen godly Triuets large, which neuer were set an
The fire, ten talents eke right pure and fine of golden masse,
And twentie Caudrons burnished braue of glozing shining brasse:
Twelue Coursers with their gorgeous barbs and furniture arayed,
Whose swiftnesse hath in wager béene in *Greece* ful dearly payed.
If so much wealth and coine he had, he shou'd not thinke he néeds
As I haue got and gained eke by trauel of these stéedes.
Eke seuen dames, whose semine race surpasse for countnaunce rare,
Right cunning in Embroderie: which fell vnto my share,
When Achill conquerd *Lesbos* Ile, and with them wil I yélde
His Bryseis floure of Damsels al, as pure and vndefæld,
As when she first was giuen me, I by my royal state
And sceptre which I holde, I sweare, I in no manner rate
Haue priuately dealt with the maide, she neuer in my couch
Did rest hir selfe, I neuer neare approchte hir once to touch,
As men are wont, when they alone themselues with women finde:
Lo here the wealthy gift to him by me is now assignde.
And if that fauoure do the Gods this enterprise begonne,
And that this *Troy* it may be tane, and it to sacke be done,

I do agrée that of the spoile, top ful with brasse and golde
A mightie shippe he lade, and eke towne dames out twentie tolde
The fairest of the Troyans al (saue Helene) shall be his:
And to my country when I come, I truly will not misse
So dearly to estéeme the man with honor vnbeguilde,
As I mine owne Orestes do, my deare and louing childe.
And if he mariage liste to minde, I gladly wil him knowe
My sonne in lawe, on him I will a daughter mine bestowe:
Take where he please, I thrée nowe haue which méke & modest are, Agamēnons three daughters.
Chrisothemis faire, wise Laodice, and she of honest fare
Iphianas: wel, take he one, for dower it shall not skill,
I hope right wel she shal not blame my fatherly good will,
(How great the match and princely is) for dower I haue prepard:
I seuen Cities wil bestow with walles right round reparde,
Wel stufte with wealth and people eke, fast by the sea of *Pile*,
That is to say, *Enopa* one, the second *Cardamile*,
Pheres diuine, *Hira* enclosed with goodly fruitful trées,
Pedasos, whose fat fertile earth with Vineyards wel agrées,
Egea with hir gallant seate, and *Anthia* so commended
For fruitful meades and pasture ground whiche cannot be amended.
And in these seuen so good townes such ciuil people liue,
As like a God they wil him hold, and presents to him giue
Of such their wealth they do possesse, with goods and body prest
T'obey his sceptre and his wil, as he is pleased best.
These gifts and these good turnes are his, if this agreement doe,
(Would Gods O valiant Achilles) our strifes were brought vnto
A quietnesse: let Pluto to thy déede suche fauour send,
That thou thy selfe no way refuse, but peate may haue the end,
Let Pluto graunt me so much grace, in yeares and wealth as I
Far passe Achill, so in like case my sute be not deny.

Then Nestor héeding wel his tale, his spéeche againe doth vse, Nestor counsels Agamēnon to offer the gifts to Achilles, & to send him Embassadoures,
Sir Atreus sonne these presents told Achill ought not refuse,
For great they are: wherefore prouide Embassadors to goe,
Thrée men sufficient I can chose, if they be pleased so.
The Phœnix good shal be the first, Ocholemaides his that was
Of late of the Embassade chiefe, and Aiax he shal passe

The second man, and eloquent Vlysses third shal be,
Whoume Heraults two shal followe fast, Odius Eurybate,
Two loyall wights; and fit it is for to confirme the dæde,
To wash our hands: you Heraults hie, and water fetch with spæde,
And you ye Grækes, (eche one aparte) doe Iupiter require,
That this legation come to passe, as we do all desire.
The heraults two to Princes handes the water out they skinke,
Who to the Gods their prayers make, & then the wine they drinke.
Therewith wel fild the Legates parte, whoume Nestor plyeth still,
To set themselues to purchase home good answeare from Achill,
Ere they returne. Vlysses chiefe his spæche to make the way,
So graue that is, and he therewith his courage to delay.

Vlysses, Phœnix, & Aiax Embassadors to Achilles

Thus went the pointed Princes forth, with care to be wel heard,
And lowly to the Marine God their prayers they prefarde,
That of the valiant Græke the wrath so deepe and deadly placed,
To end the charge they now are in, more talmed be and raced.
Unto the vessels straight they come, and tents of Myrmidons,
In compasse wide and gay to sight, Achilles where he runnes,
And on the Viole Ditties sings, in Musicke so delights
Of those the hie and lostie Gods, and worthy mortall wights.

The Viole or Harp of Achilles.

This Violes swætnesse matchlesse was with beautie rare to sæ,
Wel painted ore with siluer head, was fine as fine might be,
The which was by Achilles wonne, when *Thebes* he did race,
I meane *Thebes* where Ætion did rule with princely mace,
Which *Thebes* was by him destroyde, no one there was that markte
His musicke there, saue Patroclus, his harmonie who harkte.
These Princes when Achilles sawe, who long his friends had bin,
He would not faile to raise himself, and wondring doth beginne
To bid them welcome as he shoulde, Patroclus also rose,
And to receiue them gat himself to spæche he Achilles goes,

Achilles speaketh curteously receyuing the Embassadors

Right welcome be those my good friends and Lords, who with good
Do in my shippe come, wil me I take in most good part (heart,
The same, and though my wrath be great, you are no cause I say,
I you estæme, I lovde, I love, and ilove you wil for ay.
Thus said, with curteous countenance he, doth bring them on to sit
One after one in sumptuous seats, be hangde with velvet fit.

The hugeſt cup he had, to bring Patroclus he did wil
To make ſom drinke, and wel the ſame with pureſt wine to fil,
For theſe (quoth he) here viſite me, are knightes of valiaunt hæde,
And more than that, my wiſhers wel, and very friends in dæde.
His friends minde when Patroclus heard, he doth obey the ſame,
And more a caldron he doth take, it round about with flame,
He doth beſet, and in the puts of goate and mutton fat
The vmbles whole, with goodly chine of tender ſwine with that
Of one yeare fed, Antomedon and Achil they do cut
And brotch the reſt, Patroclus while he to the fire doth put
Al ſmokeleſſe for to make it burne, the wood he couched fit,
Aptly to roſt, the coales he ſpreades, and down he layes the ſpit,
Wheron the ſtrokes of fleſh were brotcht, and ſalt on them doth caſt,
The meate to ſeaſon, and to make it meeter for the taſt.
Al ready thus, Patroclus bread out of a baſket layde
He had in hand, and ſerude the boorde, and fit Achilles prayd
When he had plaſt the Grækiſh Lords, ỳ they would fal to meate,
And to Vliſſes face to face himſelf he choſe his ſeate.
He bids Patroclus ſacrifice eke to the gods their right,
Which done, they eate, they drink, and do with leaſure great delight.
The good Phenix chiefe meſſenger, a ſilent noyſe began
To warne Vliſſes hauing ſupt, who knew what ment the man,
He takes the cup, and prayes Achil vnto him for to drinke,
O thou of Græekes the choice (quoth he) I now ful meete it thinke
The cauſe of our Embaſſade here (now we ſo wel haue farde)
Be openlayde before your ſelfe, and by vs plaine declarde.
Though you with plentie haue vs fed, Agamemnon before
Hath feaſted vs, but al this cheare, it cannot heale our ſore,
Nor vs content, the preſent time ſome other thing requires
Than ſtil to ſtode, and on our meate to ſet our whole deſires.
Our care it is vnto our caſe al careful to prouide,
And wiſely to withſtand ſome way the Troyan force abide,
And keepe our veſſels from the fire, that we in heapes not by,
Which no way we can ſhun at al, if haply you deny
To put in vre your mighty ſtil, and eke your ſelfe to decke
With minde and force from vs to hold the harme lyes on our neck.

The princes playe the cookes.

Vliſſes to Achilles.

So hard at hand our foes they be incamped by our side,
They ly vs by, they merry make, their fiers burning bide.
They vow they wil not enter *Troy* til al the Grékes bellaine,
And by their force defeated quite, yea in the ships. Againe,
And more their pride to set a gog, séene hath bin in their campe
A token sure of their great good, the lightning for to rampe
On the right hand. And Hector stoute now puffed vp alokt,
For victorie of yesterday, and in a suretie brought
Of Ioue his aide, doth nothing wish, but that the dawning come,
And then he meanes to burne our ships, and armie al and some
To ouerthrow, he is so braue, so furious, and so fel,
He rékes no whit of God or man, with smoke he wil vs quel.
This threate hath troubled much our sprites wt fear & chilling dréd,
In doubt that fate wil haue it so, and gods they haue agréd
That after long abode this host must wholy haue the gelpe, (helpe
And in this Country leaue our lines. Though you haue spaerd their
Til now (and that although to late) now vp your forces pul,
Eft cal your hart for to protect this host of dolour ful.
Else, when we al shal haue the losse, your selfe wil grow right sad
To sée your friends so many quailde, and that no care you had,
When néede there was, to saue their falles, it better were t'avoyde
This error great, now in their aide your selfe you sone imployde,
And also flyde this vtter ruine, which neuer can be holpen,
Friend mine, I wel do cal to minde what Peleus did open
To you, and gaue for sound aduice (movde by a fathers care
And tender loue) when to these parts you in your voyage ware.
And as I should and best I may, his words I wel remember,
That the performance of the same your minde it may wel tender:
Minerue the goddesse, (sonquoth he) and Iuno both at once
Shal giue thée valiaunt heart ynough, with big and brawnie bones,
But thou with loue and modest port those gifts must beautifie,
And kepe thée from dissembling faulte, and filthy fraude defye,
Yéelde not thy minde vnto reuenge, and so of yong and old
You shal be much and hie estéemde, and loued as you would.
These were his words, thus in precept the good old man he gaue,
When you he sent, of this gay spéech now little minde you haue.

God

God friend (alas) do cancel cleane these discords and these iars,
Ful eft in friendship with the chiefe and captaine of these wars,
Who seeking now for thy good wil, by vs doth offer thee
(Which here I count) such goodly giftes, as rich and gorgeous be.
First seauen triuets new and round, ten talents next of golde,
And twentie caudrons bright of hue, twelue coursers fully told,
Who by their swiftnesse conquerde haue right many princes rich,
And as for golde and wealthy ware if one man had as much
As they haue purchast to their Lord, and gayned by their speede,
He might wel vaunt he were not poore, nor worldly muck to neede.
And further seuen ladies braue right od in needels skil
And beautie rare, which then he had, when *Leshoes* thou didst pill
With thy strong hand, thy Bryseis eke thou shalt againe receiue,
For whom he deepely sweares, vntoucht he doth hir person leaue,
And that she neuer saw his bed, nor he the mayde hath knowne
In pleasure, as the male and fem. Al this shal be your own,
These goodly gifts here shal you haue, this greement if you strike,
And if to sacke this mightie *Troy* the loftie gods it like,
And that we share the welthy spoyles, he wil that you lay on
And lade your largest ship with plate and gold, for you alone,
With twentie townish dames of choice, wel worthy such a Lord,
And when this war shal ended be, if so you list accord
To haunt his home and dwel with him, you loue he shal as deare
As Orestes his only son, and if in minde you weare
To take a wife, of al his house, the choise yours frely is:
He daughters there doth three possesse, the first Chrisotemis
With yealow lockes, sage Laodice the second hath to name,
Iphianas the third is hight, who haue so great a fame
For vertues theirs, the fairest of three at pleasure chose you may,
And leade hir to their sire his home, and nothing for hir pay.
For he himselfe for dower wil of riches giue such store,
As neuer father daughter gaue such portion heretofore:
He means to put vnder your rule seuen great and goodly townes
Hard by the sea, which ful of folke with wealthy ware abownes.
Ciuile *Enopa* shal be one, and *Cardamile* so hight,
Pheres diuine, fruiteful *Hira*, *Epea* great of might,

Vlis. names Agamemnons giftes to Achilles.

With

With *Anthia* for pasture fat of all that beares the bel,
And *Pedases* for godly vines is spoken of so wel.
You honorde in these townes shal be, and serude in euery case
Most like a God, where people wil vnder your loyal mace
And kingly iustice willing liue, lo, these the giftes they are,
That is the mends in lieu of fault you shal haue for your share.
If you these offers not regard, nor him that giues the same,
Haue you no pitie of your friends, nor nation here that came
Out your own land? haue you no wil these silly Grecks to ayde,
And helpe that quite they perish not? of whom it wil be sayde,
As to the gods, so are they bound Achilles vnto thee,
When they shal know that by thy meanes they are deliuerd free,
An act of praise, immortal fame for you to gaine therby.
Th'occasion eke it brings, that you with Hector now may trie,
Who doth so gayly vaunt and boast, (he puft is with such pride)
No Grecke in Campe to be his match that may him once abide.

Achilles answers Vli. When he the prudent Grecke had heard, to answere thus he start,
Vlisses, that, I answere plaine I thinke it is my part,
That thou, nor any other else your selues hereafter set
By motions for to trouble me, more of me so to get.
What in my minde I haue set down most surely shal be done,
Who sayes one thing, and in his heart another course doth run,
As gates of Hel I do him hate, with all the might I may:
What I concluded haue to do here hearken what I say.
Unpossible the matter is, that Agamemnon king
For yée the Greckes or princes great, he may or can me bring
But once on heade my helmet set, sith who doth most desire
With al his force to ayde you al, I sée to bad his hire,
And of a souldiour no more count, whose valure hie doth raigne,
Than of an hedgehog hid in tent or dastard coward swaine:
Who for his part shal more possesse of great and worthy spoyles,
And higher place, than who deserues most best with al his toyles.
I speake this for my selfe, who haue such toyle and trauel bid,
And many a night in war haue wakt, and neuer haue bin hid
Comparisō. From daunger great what so it were, and al for your behouse,
With semblant care, as pretie birde doth busie flye alwfe

To ſæke out meate to fæde hir yong vnfeatherde who do ly,
And nakt in neſt, who haue no power the champaine ayre to try,
And far vnmete to meate themſelues: who doth not vnderſtand
The ſackes and fals of Cities great, and Ilands of this land
By nauale forces conquerde haue: twice ſixe the chiefeſt thought
Eleauen in firme my ſword hath ſpoyld, and in ſubiection brought:
Of al the which the bootles whole you al ful wel do know
Out ſaued none, your chiefe he had, which ſtil he did beſtow
Where beſt he pleaſde, and ſkild he was the greater part to hold,
But mine and other princes parts were minſte and wel controlde.
Yet with our ſharing pleaſed wel, and none more pleasd than I,
Nathleſſe by cruel iniuſtice, malice and tirannie
Agamemnon hath ſpoyled me of that my pittaunce ſmal
Was giuen me, which yet I ſay, to me did wel befal:
The ſame eſtæming very much only I lovde it deare,
Bryſeis it was, wel his be ſhe, and with hir let him cheare,
Anſwere me you, what cauſe hath fetcht ſo many Princes hither
Of *Greece?* And Agamemnon who he callde hath here togither
Such furniture of ſouldiours good: are they not in the field
The rauiſht Heleine to regaine, & force them hir to yæld:
Doth he and eke his brother wæne of all that lead here liues,
That they in earth the od men are, which only loue their wiues:
Haue they a dome ſo blind and bad, to dæme ech worthy minde
Not to eſtæme and honor much his loue or wife aſſignde:
For, as for me, I fride in loue of Bryſeis worthy dame,
And hir regarded as my ſpouſe a priſner though ſhe came.
But now peruerting iuſtice al, your chiefetaine holds the lady,
And now I haue this wrong receivde, and fouly made a babie:
With ſugred ſpæch and fained words ſækes he all meanes he may
To ſwaddle vp the feſtred wound: it wil not be, nay, nay,
With you and other of the Grækes (if ſo he thinketh good,)
Let him go Counſel to forſee how now may be withſtood
This daunger dæpe, wherin he is Lord, in what wretched plight
He hath you brought, loke you your ſelues by his own leud diſpight.
What, ſhal his fort, his wal, his dikes, his pales, and trenches all
Defend you ſo, as Hector ſtoute ſhal not vpon you fal:

When I with you did vse the fielde and fought for your auayle,
Ye in his roades and skirmishes durst not so forward raile,
By *Scea* Troyan gate he fought, my force him kept in awe,
Once at the bæch him with intent me to abide I saw,
But straight I made him take his héeles and safe he thought him not
Til vnto *Troy* he was arrivde, and therin safely got.
Achilles threatens to do his vyages. Sith al wherein I then did ioy is turned now to griefe,
And that my force with Hector his I wil not put in prieſe,
In morning next I hope depart if winds do happie blow,
With sacrifice to Ioue performde, abordе when I do goe,
That he do fauour my returne, and in the loftie sea
Thou shalt Vlisses then behold my vessels tall in way,
The which from rocke, and wracke of sea if Neptune please to guide,
In thrée dayes space at *Pthie* coast my countrey I shal ride.
Some balazde déepe with blazing braſſe, and yron bright of blée
And perfect gold, with other wealth and goods that pretious be:
Forgetting not the virgins gay, which I alone in war
Haue conquerd I, for Agamemn doth hold and me debar
From bootie which fel vnto me. Wherfore friend tel you must
In publike wise to all the Grékes my quarel it is iust,
And that they héede their chiefe not wrong them, as he hath done me,
For which I here protest, henceforth I wil him neuer sée.
I thinke eke shameleſſe though he be, and voyde of vertue sure,
Wlon conscience his should him forbid my presence to indure.
And if that forward he would prelle, and mind to speake me to,
My furie maister should I not but mischiefe more him do.
Suffice it him he hath me wrongde, and that his own vnright
Doth hel him like a man forlorne, and out his sences quite,
Ac. refuseth the gifres. And for the presents he presents, I them abhorre in minde,
The giftes and giuer I do hate as death in direct kind.
Not ten times, no, not twentie times much more than he doth offer,
If all he hath, with traffike whole he also ment to proffer
Of those two Cities, *Thebes* one, and *Orchemene* to name,
The *Egiptian Thebes* auntient town renoumde, I meane the same,
With people ful so stufly filde, where passeth out and in
Through gates an hundred of accompt, of diuerse sorts that bin

The

The ware and merchandise to sée, two hundred carles a days
Out euery gate go loaden out, and forth are sent away.
And to be short, if al the sande and earthly gritte were tolde,
And offerd me, such masse of wealth content me surely nolde:
It cannot be I should content, my wrath it cannot cole,
Til for his fault he iustly smart wherin he playde the fole.
You also séemed now to touch another point me thought,
That of his daughters one to spouse I should be therto brought,
Who he sayes, milde and modest be, if she (as he doth daunt)
More faire than golden Venus were, and that it were to graunt
Hir chastitie and honour past dame Pallas in degrée,
He may not hope my father in law that he may named be.
Let him in *Greece* of his own macke his daughter to to wed
Some other finde. As for my part, if, as the gods haue sed,
They do vouchsafe my comming home, by Peleus his ayde,
My wife she shal prouided be, and I in wedlocke stayde.
In *Pthie* and *Achaia* lands is many a wealthy king,
Who virgins in their houses haue, of which to my liking
And their contentment I may take, which course I follow will,
In peace I count it best to liue, and vse my pleasure stil,
And not hereafter to my harme in weapons for to die
In floure of mine age, the gems, the wealth, and riches hie
In *Troy* that were, ere out of *Greece* with siege we girt it round,
The sacred gods to Phoebus vowde, and in his church are found,
May not suffise, if dead I were, my life for to restore,
Shéepe, Oxen, coursers great, trinets, like stuffe and many more
Once lost may eftsone yet be had, but soule from body parted,
Agayne into the bodie left shal neuer be inserted.
My mother Thetis tolde me once, die, die that néedes I must,
To double fate my life is tied, thereo she bad me trust.
If I abide hir waging war, immortal fame I gaine,
But die I shal, if home I go, and do at home remaine,
Long life and happy dayes I haue, but spoylde of honour hie,
The safer part I meane to take, and further not to try.
I do suppose you shal do wel to follow me a right,
Sith nought you gaine, and *Troy* to take the hope is vaded quite.

Ac. refuseth the aliance of mariage.

And chiefely fæing the Gods and Ioue so sound in their defence,
My friend Vlisse, and Aiax then away depart you hence,
Go tel the Grækes my answere now, and how I will away,
Some other course and what to do let aged heads assay,
And so to fæle since my offence what profit they do finde:
Here aged Phœnix in my tent this night shal stay behinde,
And in the morning home shal go with me, right chæke by chæke,
I meand not maugre his good will, but if himselfe so læke.
At this refusal stoute and sterne the kings amazed stand
And long abasht, but Phœnix graue the matter takes in hand,
The present daunger he forsees, which al the campe is in,
Phœnix to Achilles. With trickling teare of earning minde this spæch he doth begin:
Though you refuse oh noble prince the safetie of this host,
And that your wrath is so confirmde you nædes wil leaue this cost,
God Lord (deare son) how can you leaue your gouernour and guide,
My selfe who was appointed so when hither first you hide,
With you my Peleus plast I was, when forth he let you go,
T'instruct your youth, that you a prince of youth were gouernde so,
As what was fittst, you should performe, yea both in word and dæde,
To make you a souldiour for the field and orator at næde
A perfect one. The pliant youth and yeares that tender are
Can hardly reatch vnto those parts without a tutors care.
Likewise such giftes plast in a prince do much adorne the man,
Then I, who charge haue had of you, suppose you that I can
(O son) thus leaue you: no, no, though (whose counsels ay are true)
The hie and mighty gods should say they would againe renew
To youth my worne corpse by yeares, and put it in such plight,
Amyntor father of Phœnix. When from my sire Amintors wrath perforce I take my flight,
Phœnix ob serues the custome of old men, vvho vvillingly speake of matters past in theyr youthes. And him forsoke, and all the wealth which is in *Hellade* his,
Where then he raignde, for loue of one his anger grown is.
A damosel the wde and he wde as wel, his wife he lovde not so,
Wherat my mother spited much, and eke did iealous grow:
Who wel hir husbands loue perceivde, she dayly still me prayde
With hands held vp importunate, to practise with the mayde
So far, that with hir I might lodge, that after the matter spyed,
My father would no more hir kepe, it cannot be denyed

I did the thing, my mothers will, whereat Amyntor wonders,
And fully fed with furious rage, his bitter curses thunders
Upon my head, inuoking loud the damned furies fel,
With hateful wordes bequeathing me the hatefull harmes of hel,
Among the which he prayde I might no father be of heire,
Or at the least no children haue, in bosome he to beare,
Or which of nursing he should reake: I soundly did beléne,
That Pluto graunted to his plaint, whereat I did so gréue,
When I his malediction knewe, that I then leaue him would,
And not remaine within his house, happen what happen should.
My mates, my friends, my neighbors all, the dearest of my kinne,
My neare Allies when this they sawe, they séke againe to winne
Most carefully my home abode, which soner to obtaine,
To loftie Gods their vowes they make, to thē right down are slaine
Shéepe, béeues, and porkets great of grease, whereof they rost-meate
And féed therof, of pleasant wine their tipple in they take, (make,
Which in his house the old man had, and eke thrice thrée lōg nights
The doores made fast, they kéepe the watche, they stand with waked
In order in the pallace court, and gates there out that goes: (spriles
But al their fires so highly light, their watch and ward they lose.
For stil the tenth night out I go, no watch nor maydes me hearde,
No groome perceiues my stealing forth, nor toke thereof regarde.
Abroad I treade my country Bées, that large and fruitful be,
Where your good father found me out, and then receiued me.
And more, to shew his great good will which vnto me he bare,
He gaue me rule of *Dolopie*, and goods that wealthy ware,
Great store he trusted in my handes, with so muche fauour good,
Honor, and grace, as I had b:n an infant of his blonde,
Euen then Achilles were you borne, wherfore I was desired
By Peleus, the care to take your infancie required,
And it to gouerne, whych I did: your force whiche passeth all,
Your corpse most like the heauenly powres, of bones and bodie tall,
With me hath had the bringing vp, and grown to such an one.
Bycause I lovde you, so I did? No, not for that alone,
But you so dearly did me loue, that nothing was to name,
Which you wouldo do at all, if I allowed not the same.

From me if you were crawde to sup, thereto you had no lick,
They lost their paines, you wold noteate but what came out my fist.
To stil and please you when they woulde, they set you on my knée,
If nothing I would haue you eate, I muste your taster bée.
And ofte when you haue sipte the wine, y haue layd it on my breast,
As doth the prétie babe, who in his nurses armes doth rest.
I al these paines most willing bid your selfe when as I serude,
I thought that I depriude of childe, I was a sire reserude,
For bringing vp at least of you, (and I right oldely yearde)
A most sure stay I should haue bene, when féeblenesse appearde.
This short discourse (mine owne deare sonne) is onely you to pray
Your minde to temper, and to put this wreakful wrath away.
Th immortal ghosts, who nature haue more noble much than man,
By men intreated to forgiue, they do both wil, and can,
And graunt requests of mortall wights: no fault so great to wit,
Which at the prayer of faultie folkes the Gods do not remit.
What, know good sonne that prayers are the daughters true of Ioue,
Who for to séeke sir Iniurie out, abroade about do roue,
They follow him, a stronger much and harder mate than they,
For Prayer is both halte and lame, and slowly riddeth way:
But Wrong a mightie monster is, in toile he holdeth tacke
He treades apace, and far behinde leaues Prayer at his backe:
But féeble Prayer folowing him, with pace by pace doth passe,
And if she come where as he is, and good accepting has
Of person she is brought vnto, she Ioue intreateth fast
In his behalfe, and to his wish she doth him also past.
If awkwardle the partie do of this wrong more account,
Ashaunde eke she being denyde, to Gods aloft dothe mount,
And tels to them the whole at large, and prayes that Iniurie
May in his house a dweller be that did hir so deny.

Truly my sonne, your honor bids you to accept these Dames,
These presents muster much thereto, whose price the value frames.
If wilful so our chieftaine were, and madnesse suche him hent,
He would by gifts not séeke your grace, nor yet himselfe relent.
I durst not for the Grékes at al you counsel or aduise
How great so ere the businesse were: but when before mine eyes

His large and liberal offer ſtandes, and ſuite in ſuche a rate
For your good will, I thinke it good your furie did abate,
And that you nothing did refuſe: how ſhould you moued be
By prowelle here of theſe two kings, who in nobilitie
Paſſe al of *Greece*, and now are come, and you the meſſage bear:
If nought to moue you herevnto but the demaunders were,
Their dignitie it aſketh much, for which much ſhould be done
Their good opinion to preſerue, leaſt that hereafter runne
Of you bad ſpéeche, in terming you a prounde diſdainful one.
The *Heroes* olde of antique age, in time far paſt and gone,
If haply iarre with ſome they had, with time they were appeaſd,
And bid content: yea many times the foe he was releaſde,
And pardonde oft by gift and ſute. Nowe to this purpoſe fit,
I minde a ſtorie olde and true, which (if you ſo permit)
I will you tell, and you my friends. The *Curetois* they bended, The quarell betvvene the Coretois and Boetolians.
And fought with them of *Etolie*, who *Calidon* defended:
A ſorer warre was never heard, they fought ſo ſtoutly well,
That many of th'inuaders dyde: but more inuaded fell.
The better that you knowe the cauſe of this the people ſlaine,
A little higher I muſt beginne. In *Calidon* did raigne
Onëus then a noble Prince, who of his fruits did giue Oeneus king of Calidon.
Eche yeare the firſt in ſacrifice to ſuch immortall liue.
And hap it did (it purpoſly, or he remembring not)
Diana chaſt was ſet at nought, hir offering was forgot.
Whereat hir indignation grewe, and ſo to puniſh him,
A wild Boare to his fields ſhe ſent a gaſtful and a grimme,
Which many miſchiefes did him doe, his people downe he ſlewe, The vvild Boare of Calidon.
His grounde for fruites he fowlie ſpoild, and down his trées he threw:
Gay appletrées, and many ful with fruit and flower packte,
With whetted ſhearing pointed tuſke, they toorne lye and crackte,
The corne and crooked Vines he marres. Meleager the ſonne
Of this good king, when as he ſawe his countrey thus to runne
To hauocke, and his people to, to call the hunters rounde
To him he doth determine ſtraight, with many a hunting hound
The dreadful beaſt to chace and kil, great troupes togither florke,
Their forces proouing with this beaſt, do reatch him many a knocke.

But

But in the end, the wicked swine downe dead doth lye along,
His royall hand him felling downe, two nations great and strong
Do for the spoiles now growe to strife: the *Curets* claime it theirs,
As both of duty and desert. Of Etolie the heires
The same do chalenge to themselues: hereof doth grow the stur,
For this the cruell bitter warre, procéeded is so fur.
Thus Calidon besieged tho by crues of *Curete* lande,
A certaine time it is relæved by Meleagers hand,
And the besiegers durst not stirre: for al their number great,
They dread his deadly sword, wherewith he did them hardly treat.
But haply rage and furie (which do sharp the mékest minde,
And natures god of constant wights) in him their places finde,
They which did straight so swap him out, that he determines plaine
To lay his armor downe aside, and not to fight againe.
This warme and bitter wrath it grewe of strife, that so befell
With Althea his dame, bycause he did his brother quell:
She grieved, she howled, she kist the earth, she prayde in Plutoes lap
To plague the fault, that he hir sonne may reape like deadly hap.
When as Meleager this heard, in dumpes he falles to spite,
He led at home an Hermites life, he would no more to fight:
His louing wife Cleopatra, of beautie wondrous rare
Accompanyed him, she daughter was of Marpyse Nimph so faire,
Belovde, and wonne by Phœbus god, gainst whom Idee hir make
(In sorrowe sowle and iealousie) did dare the combate take,
With bow in hand to cause him yéelde his spoile, but all in vaine
His force it would not fodge, whereby his wife he might regaine.
His kinred and the mother chiefe did many a teare let fall
Their woe to witnesse: newe they name and doe Alcion call
Alcion. The ravishte sem. But for to come vnto my purpose first,
Meleager he resting stil, the enimies they thrust
When it they knewe vnto the fault, the Towres of *Calidon*
They batter, and at gates they thump, they put their forces on
To enter by all meanes they may, then of the wretched towne
The chiefest Lordes (in danger great to be al beaten downe)
Do throng and pray Meleagers helpe, but nothing could they do,
The Clergie come, and vnto him pray for their Wailers to.

And

And offer at his choise great part of all their goodly landes,
His sire Oneus hopes to spéede, and at his doore he standes,
Ye him intreats vpon his knées to let his anger passe,
And saue the Citie all forlorne, his suite not heard, alas.
With held vp handes his mother doth the like, his brethren eake,
And all his friends, yet list he not their wretched woe to weake.
This while the foes past vp the walles, & forcst the towne by sight,
And crueltie none wanting was, that happes in such a sight.
His wife the grunting hearing then, and cries of those did yell,
The piteous fright, the flames, the folke and Citizens that fell:
To him she hastes with haire abroade, and teares she letteth fall.
Deare spouse (quoth she) this remnant saue (God knows) which is but
Both yoūg & old they die ỹ death, or weapons downe they lay, (small,
If women any doe suruiue, they slaues are led away.
Meleager this hauing heard, his armour on he packt,
And full of furie forth he goes, the enemies he hackt,
Their crownes he pares, and citie saues, and yet was all his ayde
No whit to them so worthy thankes, bicause so long he stayde,
And for vnto the succour he of the *Etoliens* yed
Not at their suite, but as the toy did take him in the hed.
Oh God thée shield Achilles now to thinke vs so to vse, Epilogus.
And for to leaue vs in this brake, such meaning doe refuse.
To you what corsée would it be to sée the enmies put
Our nauie to the wasting flame, and vs in péeces cut?
Then were your mightie strength to weake our cases to relieue,
A better way it were (my sonne) your forces for to prieue
To aide this wretched armie here, somewhat doth vrge the giftes,
And also that so hie renowme, which men so hiely liftes.
But if you doe forslowe the time to helpe in our defence,
Your succour slowe shall honour want, eke méede and recompence.
The ruler Phœnix here did end: Achill doth thus replie, Achilles aunſvvers to Phœnix
This honour now whereof you talke and bribes I néede not I,
The praise and glory me contents from God the which ariseth,
Who is reuenger of my wrong, his fauour me suffiseth.
Wherefore I yéld me to his will, and will in all degrées,
As long as this my bodie here shall goe vppon my knées,

As long as life in limmes shall last the world whole shall knowe,
To aide the Grékes I will no fote out of my vessell goe.
And as for you (good Phœnix mine) heare what I say and marke,
Me thinke there is no reason you with all this stirre and carke
So earnestly should me intreate being your friend at full,
To please the mortalst foe I haue, and it to sécke you wull.
More reason much it were for you, your selfe a friend to showe,
To such I fauour, and therein your trauaile to bestowe:
And chiefly, sith we equalles are, and doe in friendship sound
Possesse as parteners all our goods, wherein we so abound.
These princes two they shall returne to Grékes my answer right,
But you shall lodge with me, your host I will be for this night.
The morning come, we will consult in iourney home to glyde,
Or will perhap perswade our selues here longer to abyde.
Therwith Patroclus gaue a nodde that they a bed do dight,
A trimme and swéte, wherein should rest the noble aged wight.
Aiax to Vlysses. The worthy Aiax Telamon this heard, right well he knewe
They lost but time, it boteles was them further for to sewe.
Unto Vlysses, friend (quoth he) enough is done, away,
I sée this matter will not doe, the kings who for vs stay,
Let vs goe tell our message here, least other they pretend:
This man is madde, he shameles is, his senses he doth bend
To pride, and recks no whit of friends, full set vpon his follie,
There haue bene many worthy men of minde and manners iollie,
Who borne haue most hainous factes by filthy foemens déede,
Aiax directes his speeche to Achilles. Who children theirs and brethren néere haue deadly done to bléede,
Yet by entreatie haue forgiuen, what so th'offence hath béene.
Or else they haue accepted mendes, and willingly haue séene
In time the men who murthrers were. Achill, th'immortall Gods
Twéene you and those of courteous molde haue set a mightie odes.
Who hauing suffred no great wrong, great losse, or death of kinne,
But onely one poore simple fem, and yet you lodge within
Your hart such rage, the gifts are sent seuen times more worth in price
The person selfe, such presents brings you for to please likewise,
As many men would much request, Achilles, doe aduise
Your selfe on this, I you beséech, and vs not so despise.

Or

Of neighbourhood maintaine the right, which to vs all you owe,
Thinke on the state of vs are sent, your good friends aye you knowe.
Achilles thus an answere shapes: diuine Aiax (quoth he) Achilles to Aiax.
I doe allowe all that you say, and it of amitie
Procédes I know, but when I minde my wrong had in this warre,
The choler grafted in my hart I can no way debarre,
And chiefly, when some me account as of a base exile,
Disdaining me, who of the whole is worthiest many a mile.
Friends without more adoe procéde, goe tell them all therefore,
I minded am not for the Gréekes to trauaile any more.
At least, till by sir Hectors force, and Troyan souldiors I
In tents and shippes of *Mirmidons* behold the fire to flie,
And Gréekes slaine round about my tent, yet Hector doth not dare
I thinke for feare so nére to come, his bane least thence he bare.
This sayd, ech of the noble sort doe take a goblet rounde,
And heaue it sipping to their heades, the wine they weakly sounde.
On earth the rest they throwe, to Gods, to whom they them cõmend,
Vlysse the wisest takes his leaue, and forth doth formost wend:
A goodly bed they then prepare, a mattresse, linnen soft, Phœnix lodgeth in Achilles Tent.
Behong with curtines rounde about, a couerlet fine aloft.
Of woollen weaue, where Phœnix doth alone right soundly slépe, Diomede Achilles sweete hart.
Straight after doth the valiaunt Gréke to stately cabban crépe
To take his rest: King Phorbas bréde did come with him to be Iphis the sweete hart of Patroclus.
In bed, (the King of *Lesbos* Ile) the faire Diomede
His mate, also to sport himselfe lies downe betwéene his shétes,
With Iphis gaie the same to slépe, Patroclus with hir métes,
The which Achilles did him giue when *Scyros* citie strong,
Was by his force put to the spoile, downe raste, and laide along.
The Princes sone to campe are come of Gréekes from whence they went,
The councell they together finde still in the royall tent:
At their arriuall, eche presents in many a gorgeous cup
The wines to drinke, they welcomde are, and then they rising vp,
Doe offer place for them to sit, they long the whole to heare,
And of the substance of the cause they wilshe they priuie were.
The chiefe then spake Vlysses thus: you glory of Gréece that are, Agamẽnon to Vlysses.
Vlysses O thou noble he, a Gods name vs declare

Whether Achill our giftes will haue, what hope or cõfort tell yée
Of our relefe: doth he relent, or be in rage ſtill will hée:
Sith truth you will (quoth Vlyſſes) his furie nothing dies,
But dayly growes to more and more, your preſents he defies,
For your alliaunce he cares not, and laſt of all the reſt
He bad vs bid you flie this worſt, if ſo you thought it beſt,
And that the dawning next he would depart this countrey fro,
With like perſwaſion vnto vs that likewiſe we doe ſo,
Sith of this warre no end wil be, now brought to wretched plight,
And that the Gods to *Phrigians* aide, to vs haue death behight.
The Aiax hie and Heraults eke can witneſſe well his minde,
If ſo they liſt, thèy heard the talke, Phœnix is ſtaide behinde
By Achilles, he lodgeth there, and home with him he may,
Not by conſtraint, but if he pleaſe, ſo doth Achilles ſay.
The princes all of Grékiſh land, the whole aſſemblie quaild,
They ſtode abaſht whē this they heard, long while their ſpéech it faild,
Not holding vp their heads they ſat, till Diomede the Gréke
Of them ſo worthy of accompt the ſolempne ſilence bréke.

Vlyſſes anſwers to Agamemnon.

Diomedes to Agamemnon.

You miſt the marke Agamemnon, when legates you ſent out
To offer giftes, and him intreate, he is to proude and ſtout,
And you haue ſet him more a gog with meſſage ſent to him,
He thinkes himſelfe a iolly man, a goodly and a trimme.
Forget him ſirs, let him goe home, or as it pleaſe him tarie,
And when the Gods haue heald his rage, which raging him doth carie,
He warre will when he ſées his time, end we this cauſe in talke,
And to our meate and wonted reſt a good lucke let vs walke,
In morning we in armour all will ſtand before our ſailes,
Our horſemen and our chariots all, our fotemen in their railes.
Your valure there Agamemnon force you your ſelfe to ſhowe,
In former ranke let men you ſée Troyans to ouerthrowe.
This ſpéech and councell well allowde the princes euerie one,
And to his Tent or ſhip to leape they all departed gone.

Finis noni Libri.

The

¶ The tenth Booke.

THe Grækish kings did drawe aborde,
and downe to rest they lie,
But Agamemn for carefull griefe
no slæpe came in his eye.
As oft is sæne the stormes of haile
great showres and thunder blowes,
The boistrous blasts, the lightning flames,
when Ioue his flashes throwes,
Or when great bankes of snowe he sendes in countrey low that lies:
So out the Grækish Chiefetaines breast the grones and sighings flies.
His heart doth quake, his dolefull spyte doth stand in heanie plight,
And chiefly, when on Troyans campe hard by he castes his sight:
Where he beholdes huge fires to flame, great cries, vnwonted noyce,
And round the quarters to resound, with flutes and hie Hawboixe.
Againe, when he doth turne his eye vnto his beaten bandes,
A slæpe, forclone, at point to fall into their enemies handes,
For griefe from head his haire he pulles, and armes he beates aloft,
Intreating Ioue to pitie some his Godhead may be brought.
In this so sore conflict of minde what mæteft is to take,
He thinkes it best to goe in hast the Nestor slde to wake,
His counsellour graue with him t'aduise, and councell good to sæke,
To thwart this daunger from his folke, which happen them is læke.
He vp his wonted robes doth take, his shoes on fæte he tide,
And from his shoulders downe doth hang a mightie Lions hyde,
A large and beautifull to sæ, on ground it trailes behinde,
A dart he tooke, and to his side his faulchon he doth binde.
The while this king doth beare himselfe lesse carefull not a whit,
Was Menelau, for feare and griefe his etes he could not shit,
Calling to minde the perill great of such a masse of men,
In his reuenge who passe the sea to warre with the Troyen,
A nation stout and fierce in fight, in hope to gaine renowne,
His goodly Cyrets on he puts and Helmet on his crowne,

Agamenon full of care passeth the night vvith out sleepe.

Comparison.

Hawvboixe & musick in the Troyans campe.

Agamemnō for sorovv teares his haire.

Agamemnons apparell rising in the nighe.

Menelaus cannot sleepe.

The Poet giues Menelaus a Leopardes skinne, and Agamēnon a Lions.

His backe a Lyberds skinne doth hap, and launce in hand he haes,
He straight doth goe right to the shippes Agamemnon to raase,
He founde him newly full attirde, he ioyes at Menelawes,
Who to him doth aduaunce himselfe, and thus his tale he drawes:

Menelaus to Agamēnon.

You brother mine and eldest borne, what meane you thus to thrust
Your selfe in armes: the Troyan campe this night abroade you must
Send out a spie to viewe it well, to get such one I doubt
To serue the turne, the charge belongs to one right bold and stout.

Agemēnon to Menelaus.

Him answerde Agamemnon thus: both you and I good brother
Doe greatly nede good sound aduise our people for to further,
And eke our naue for to saue from Troyan sworde and fiers,
And most sith Ioue doth friend our foes, and leaues vs in the briers.
I neuer sawe, ne yet haue heard one man such partes to play
Of valiancie, as Hector hath vpon the Grekes this day.
He cōmes not of the Gods their line, yet flie we from his rage,
I leue the Grekes will nere forget this fright in after age.
I thinke it best you straight doe goe vnto the Grekish naue
To Aiax and the king of *Creete*, and tell them that now craue I
They will with spede to councell come, and I on th'other side
Procure will Nestor to the watch, for our state to prouide.

Menelaus to Agamemnon.

His sonne is captaine of the same ioynde with Meryon,
They both will doe what Nestor shall commaund for to be done.
Your minde performde quoth Menelau shall I returne againe,
Or will you that till they doe come, I doe with them remaine:

Agamemnō teacheth Menelaus to speake curteously to the princes.

Doe you with them abide quoth he, least they doe misse the way,
The campe it is so full of crokes they likely are to straie.
I further thus doe counsaile you, when you the princes call,
Doe gently vse your wordes and soft, and name their names withall,
Their state recite and eke their race, and doe not stuntly talke,
Still with a lowe and courteous grace let there the speeches walke.
We both must yelde our selues thereto, and arme vs to abide
Things much vnmete, sith Ioue that God of vs doth so deuide.

Nestors armour.

When Agamemnon well had schold his brother, soft he hies,
And quickly cōmes into the Tent wherras king Nestor lies,
Vnto the good olde man he cōmes, in bed he founde him laied,
His harneys bright, his helmet braue, his shield that waightie waied,

Two

Two dartes withall lay hard him by, and eke his gorgeous belt,
Wherwith he girdes, when Grékes he leades, as on that age not felt.
Nestor hearing Agamemnon with stealing step to stalke
So nie his bed, liftes vp himselfe, and thus beginnes his talke
Leaning vpon his elbowe mowde: a gods name what art thou
That in the night thus comes in campe: to our ships who brings you:
Who sends you forth while others slæpe: some mulet doe you misse:
Or fellowes lost doe you enquire: what ho, say what it is,
Tell me what chaunce you hether sends at time so out of season,
If nought you lacke, say on your case out spæch, else stay with reason.
Nestor to Agamemnon.
O worthy king, O noble fame, of Grékes the glory odde,
I am vnhappie Agamemn in griefe and sorowe sodde,
Agamemnon, whom cruell Ioue ouerchargeth so with shame,
And vile reproche, that nought I hope but mischiefe to my name.
I to you come, for that I cannot rest in this estate,
The tender care of Grékes I haue makes me my bed to hate:
Such dread & shame take hold of me, my heart doth trembling quake,
My soule despaire doth whole assault, my fæble legges doe shake:
For griefe my wearie minde sustaines, this is the chiefest cause,
And eke you rest no more thon I: wherfore now let vs pause,
I you beséeche this folke to shield, let vs some way deuise
From wasting hand of Troyan foes, and therefore (friend) arise,
And if you please we will repaire whereas the watch they kæpe,
And viewe if souldiors ouerhaeld with toile doe wearie slæpe.
Alas our enimies be at hand, and little doe we ken
Whether this night they will vs charge, what safetie haue we then:
Agamenon to Nestor.
King Nestor thus to him replies, thinke you that Ioue he will
So Hector friend, what Hector list that Ioue will it fulfill:
No, no I thinke that he himselfe is dæred and gallde at full,
He doubts Achill wil leaue his pottes, and ioyne with you he wull.
But vp I will and follow you, eke you to be about
Call vp the cunning Vlysses, and Diomede the stout,
The curteous Meges, and Aiax the second Oilee cald,
In whom the prowesse of Grecian land so dæpe and hie is stald.
O would to God some one did bid the Aiax great to sturre,
And Idomene, whose side large tents from vs are distaunt furre.
Nestor to Agamenon

Why

Why is not Menelaus here: hath he so little care,
He who should waite continually, and watching to repaire
With humble suite vnto the best, his eyes what can he close,
And of this warre leaue you the toile, which to such daunger groes:
For the good will I beare the man I bitterly must braule,
And with him chide, though him you loue, yea fall what will befall.

Agamẽnon to Nestor. Thus answerd him Agamemnon, you worthy aged sire,
His slackneſſe you to reprehend, you know is my desire.
No slouth or ignoraunce him holdes, him his assuraunce skales,
Sometimes which in my Actes he hath; the charge on me he laies.
In this he doth deserue no blame, but rather worthy praise,
To be imployde, well armde at full he first came me to raise,
To Aiax and our other friends I sent him out erst while,
Lets goe, they surely tarie vs, hard by the watch *Bastile*.
He hath them sayd they should not faile but to attend vs there:

Nestor to Agamẽnon If brother yours quoth Nestor tho so kindely doe him beare,
And carefull be as you doe tell, and if he bid and pray
With modestie, the Grecians all him serue will and obay,
As much as you, who is their chiefe, herewith his bed he leaues

Nestors apparell and armour. Full soft, and on his royall weede and richly robes he heaues.
Fine shoes of picked leather out his foote he tieth vnder,
A scarlet mantell on he throwes, for cost to see, a wonder,
Of *Lemster* woll the best it was, the workmanship was much,
A golden buckle made it fast, he in apparell such
In right hand takes his stubborne launce, to the pauilion
Of Vlysses forthwith he cõmes, him loude he calleth on,

Vlysses to Agemẽnon & Nestor. And bids him rise, hearing the voyce of the good aged man,
He starteth out his slẽpe, and vp to them he thus began:
Alone why goe you vp and downe in time so darke and still:

Nestor to Vlysses. What lacke or daunger are you in: what is it that you will:
Laertes heire so wise (quoth he) of vs no maruaile thinke,
For verie plaine necessitie hath brought vs to hir brinke:
Come, let vs raise some other prince, and what is to be done,
Let vs consult, as howe to fight, or else away to runne.
When Vlysses had Nestor heard, on shoulder straight he throwes,
And hanges his target at his backe, and after them he goes:

There

There right against the tent they finde of Diomede the Grecke,
That mightie man, out which he stepte, his armor not to secke,
For on it was, a mightie hyde of becke him vnderlay,
For pillow to his head he had a Carpet new and gay.
His mates, his bands, his men of war, they slepe him round about,
Their armor hangs them by, and as the lightning breaking out
Doth shine far off, so do the same their darts and bucklers by.
The Nestor old with noise ynough doth draw the Grecian nye,
His hele he touchte, and therewithall fault finding thus sayes he:
What, dost thou slepe O Diomede descended of Tydee?
Aslepe are you, knowing our foes at hande to kepe suche charme,
And loud to chaunt it in the plains, wherein so thicke they swarme?
So wakde, thus answerde Diomede: Nestor, I greatly muse
How that your yeares can bide and beare such trauaile as you vse.
Why yelde you stil your selfe to toile? haue you no youthful lads
To send about to call the kings, but Nestor stil he gads?
Yes sure I am, but your quicke spryte is neuer dull nor ydle,
Sound friend (quoth Nestor) what you say, as true is as the Byble.
I doubtie children haue, with men and subiects not a few,
Who zealous for my quiet rest themselues wil try and trewe,
And do what I shall wishe them doe: but for this vrgent bracke
Wherein I see vs and our folke, my helpe I can not slacke,
Wel knowing, that if presently we make not head with hede,
But slacke the time, we cannot holde, but downe we al must blede.
My yeares if that you pitie so, on fellowship call yee
Aiax Oilee, with Meges eke, who sonne is of Philee,
Straight Diomede him clad with skinne of boisteous Lyon weare,
And forth he goes, forgetting not his staffe and loftie speare,
To the two Grekes he hyed him fast, and sone he founde them out,
And them entreates to come to him who ruleth all the rout.
The Princes straight and al the kings here named, mete at watch,
They finde the watchmen all awake, and none with slumber latche,
By course they lively stand and hark, like souldiors fierce they fare,
As mastiffes, who for mightie flockes kepers appointed are,
Do carefull hede, the Lyons leape downe whirling from the rocke,
From wood, or field, for to assault the shepe within the flocke,

Diomedes sleepes on a Bulles hide

Nestor to Diomedes.

Diomedes to Nestor.

Nestor to Diomedes vanting of his children & subiects.

Comparisō of mastines keeping a flocke of sheepe.

The shepeheards plaste in quarters round about their sæmely solde,
Dæp scath in night least they receiue, hie noise twæne them is trold,
And slumber none from their regard one whit can make thē stoupe,
So careful moze, if moze may be, was al the Græckish troupe.
Foz slæpe was banishte from their eies, desire of watch augmented:
To whome did Nestor ioyfully, (when as he sawe thus tented
Their charge in hand) perfozme this spæch: watch, watch my childzē
Slæp not least ỹ our hateful foes shold now surpzise vs hære, (dære,
And wzeak on vs their spitefull tæne, vs taking at vnwares,
Foz want of loking to the watch, full great then were our cares.
The Kings with him, he past ỹ trench, whē he these wozds had said,
And commeth straight vnto the place, which ful of mozts was layde,
Where Hector had the day befoze so highly done in fight,
And bloudie victozie had pzolongde vnto the dzeadfull night.
There downe the gallant Pzinces sit low placed on the grounde,
To talke they fall, and Meryon, (whose match may not be founde
Foz valiantnesse) to councel him, and Thrasymede they call
That doubtie knight, next to the kings commended most of all.

Nestor to the vvatch men and scoutes.

Nestor to the Grecs kish Princes.

Nestor the flowze of Knighthod then thus al did speake thē there,
Beloued friends of you who doth in mind the valoz beare,
Whose hart and wisedom wil him serue the Troyan camp to view,
And sæke the meane to bzing vs wozde, that we may trust as true,
Whether they meane t'assaulte our ships, oz fozti fie the plaine,
And home to goe after they haue such Græckish number slaine?
Some captiue of the taile perhap the matter may him tell,
Oz hearkning where they lye at rest, he may it heare ful wel.
And if to vs he safe returne, and do their purpose bzing,
He wel may say he hath deserude, that we his fame do ring.
Beside in guerdon he shall haue rich gifts, and not a few,
Eche patrone of a ship shal giue a big blacke fatted Ewe
Yea with the Lambe, a gift in truth in pzice foz to be had,
In banquets welcome shall he be, and al men of him glad.

Diomedes to Nestor.

Pe done, good space the hearers stayde, no answere they replyed,
Diomede loude befoze the kings thus to his tale he hied:
My burning heart doth bid me goe, and fozth it pzickes me on
In this hazarde to serue a spie, and doubtie champion,

And

And go I will, so I may haue with me a dreadlesse mate,
For in a case of so great waight the wit of one mans pate,
Is not so good as that of two, when one doth counsel take
He forward feareth daunger none, him bolder doth it make.
But man alone, though stout and strong, yea resolute and wise,
At point sometime doth shrinke, to him doth feare and terror rise.
This offer great hearde of the kings so nobly by the Grécke,
The Aiax twaine wil followe him, they al wyl do the lécke:
To liue and dye in all assayes with him wil Merion,
The gallant Thrasimede so craues, Menelau wil be one.
The wise Vlysses he doth sweare he wil the hazard proue,
Who far for wilie ingenie was all the Gréckes aboue.
When Agamemnon from this cause did sée they did not starte, Agememns to Diomed.
O friende quoth he as deare to me as is yea life or heart,
Sith now you sée to followe you are ready al and some,
Chose one your self, who nearst wil stand when you in dãger come,
Let neither shame nor bashfulnesse cause you right iudgement misse,
Chose not for lignage great, but who most sage and hardie is.
No greater harme coulde be, than worst to haue, and best to lose.
So sayde Agamemnon for feare he Menelau woulde chose,
Because his parentage was great, which eke his wealth did fit. Diomedes nameth Vlysses to go vvith him.
Sith (quoth he doubtie Grécke) to me the choise you do remit,
Should I forget Vlysses here, whose wisedome is so famed,
Whose minde in dangers none so great could euer yet be tamed,
Of whome (yea) al the loftie Gods preserue a care and hécde,
And chiefly to direct his factes Minerua is agréede:
I thinke I with this noble minde the fiercest flames to flye,
I knowe the prudence is so great which in the man doth lye.
Chaunt not I pray you (quoth Vlysse) my factes, ne yet me blame Vlysses to Diomedes.
Before these Kings, my want and skil they knowe ful wel the same.
Lets goe, the night it runnes away, the stars are far agate: Diomedes and Vlysses be armed by the kings.
The dawning straight wil bring the day, it groweth very late.
With this the two renowmed Grécks were armed by the Kings,
His sword vnwéldy Thrasimede to the stout Grécke he brings,
Two edged with point of perfect trampe, for he to hast the more
His shield and faulchon in his tent he left behinde therefore,

And without creſt or plume at all his morian on doth pull,
Of bullish hyde, a yong mans weare, men do it call a scul.

Descriptiō of Vlysses sallet.

Meryon to Vlysses giues his quiuer and his bowe,
A mastie swoorde, and for his head doth tricke attire bestowe,
Within of lether fitly framde, and it of sensiue tanne,
So set with wilde swines téeth without, as cut it nothing can,
Howe kéene so ere the weapon be, and notwithstanding that
So stiffe it were, yet might one put within it wel his hat.
Antilochus ful long agoe it founde, as he begonne
To ransacke quite Ormenus house who was Amyntors sonne,
In *Eleon* where then it stoode, the shape so proper was,
That long who helde it noted stoode, he hight Amphidamas,
To warlike Molus he it gaue, who left it to his heire,
He ay it bare, to the trimme Grécke, and lent it now to weare.

Good signe by the Herons cry.

Thus armd as I haue sayd, right soone they from the others wēt,
And to them in their way, Minerue a mightie Heron sent,
Who chanted loude his cries aloft, they wel might heare the voice,
But nothing sée, bicause of might, yet greatly they reioice
At the good hap: Vlysses, who the Augure wel bewrayes,
Ful pleased is, to the Goddesse deuoutly thus he prayes.

Vlysses prayer to Pallas.

Heare me dame Pallas bréd of Ioue, who vouchsaues me to aide,
In daungers al, in toiles my guide, by whome I stil am stayed,
Graunt I returne with victorie, and that I glorie gaine,
That we two do atchieue some déede vnto the Troians paine.

Diomedes prayer to Pallas.

Eke Diomede thus softly prayes, deuoutly as he may,
Bowe downe thine eare thou Goddesse milde, thou dame Tritonia,
Thou daughter deare beloude of Ioue, be thou my luckie guide,
As to my sire Tydee thou werte, when he in message hide
Embassador the *Thebanes* to, the Grékes and them t'agrée,
At his returne he shewde himselfe right wel by meanes of thée.
O prudent Goddesse graunt to me such force and hardy hart,

Diomedes vovve.

As he then had, and so me guide, as out this cause I part,
My honor savde: In sacrifice I do thée here behight
Thy Altar on an Heiffer faire, on whome yoke neuer light,
I wil commaunde the hornes likewise shal be al ouer guilt,
And with good heart presented thée, if heare me now thou wilt.

Thus

Thus prayed both the noble Grækes, the goddesse bowde them to, Comparis
And graunted fully to them both what they wisht there to do.
Forth then they march two Liõs like, the bleeding corpse they tread
So grieuous was the Gretians losse, ore al the plaine they spread.
His people Hector lets not sleepe, the wise and graueſt sort
He sommons to his tent, to whom he doth his minde report. Hect. to the Troyans.
Who here (quoth) wil promise me my heſt for to fulfil,
He shal be sure of honor due, reward him wel I wil,
He shal receiue of me I say, to recompence his paine
A chariot guided with two stedes the beſt of Grækish traine,
I aske no more but that he go vnto the enmies naure
Whether they meane to tarie vs that therof knowledge haue I,
If in their ships their wonted watch they kepe, or (as I gesse) (lesse,
Thus cowed, they thinke to run their ways, when we hæde nothing
This was his speech, but none that heard did answere to the same,
A Troyan in this counsel was that Dolon had to name,
The only son of Herald good that Eumades was cleapt,
To whom great masse of wealthy store was in his treasure heapt, Dolon mis-
This Dolon was of ougly shape, but fit to do his dæde, hippen, but very lighte of foote.
Belovde of sire, the last of sire that left was of the brædе.
He hæding much the promise great that doughtie Hector told, The Troy. Dol. offers himselfe to espie the Greckes.
Straight standeth vp and thus begins: Hector stoute courage bolde
Doth force my minde to take in hand this voyage, and to bring
Word, whether that the Græks wil stād, or forth to flight wil fling.
As chieftaine iuſt sweare by your mace you beare by princely lawes,
To giue me braue Achilles chare, and coursers it that drawes.
Dread not your noble enterprise, by me it shal not quaile,
I straight wil to the Grækish barkes, and there I wil not faile
To enter in, yea of the hieſt, their secrets there to leare.
Quoth Hector then with sceptre vp aloft into the ayre, He sweareth to Do, by Iupiter.
Sith go thou wilt where I haue sayde, by thundring Ioue I bow,
None mount shal on those goodly stedes but only Dolon thou,
Ful iuſtly thou them conquer shalt, do them posſesse therfore
A guerdon iuſt for thy desart: thus noble Hector swore
This Troyan to, but he periurde, he bad him forth to gang.
An old woulfes skin doth Dolon take, it down his back doth hang.

His bow hung on his shoulder bent, his mantel was aloft,
A Sallet new vpon his head, of hide of geate not soft:
For made it was yea for the prwfe, a dart, it braue and bright,
In hand he takes, and dæmes himselfe right souldiour like to fight.
Thus being armde, not to returne in hast he forward hies,
To much beguilde, if hope he haue euer to set his eyes
On Hector, much lesse on his sire, such way he rides amaine
That sone he entred was ful far into the champion plaine.

Vlisses to Diomedes.

Vlisse then minding nothing else, but what he had to do,
Alouke perceiuing Dolon come, spake thus Diomede to:
From Troyan campe behold a foe, a spie he for our foes,
Or some to spoile in battel plaine I gesse he surely goes.
We shall do wel to let him passe til to our ships he drawes,
We following hard at hæles, on him shal easily lay our pawes.
Yet take good hæde, if he do straine to flie or runne awaye,
That we to force him to our ships do do the best we may,
Him driuing from the Troyan campe, where he wil thinke to go,
Him follow with your reaching staffe, and do your valure show.

Comparisō of Moyles and Oxen.

Here both the Grækes amongst the slayne out of the way they got,
And spie and hearke after the spie, who goes a spædie trot.
When as they saw him so far of, as moyles coupled in twaine
In trauel of the Oxen slow do space before them gaine:
They quickly out their ambush start, and fast vpon him come.
Dolon hearing the noyse they made, supposd them Troyans some
Partakers with him who would be, his iourney staying so.
This while the Grækes approch so nie, as one a dart may throw,
But when he founde what men they were, he forward runs apace,
And the two Grækes do part themselues, and follow fast the trace.

Comparisō of two Grevhoūds following an Hare or Hinde.

And as you sæ two Greyhoundes course in wood a Hinde or Hare,
And lay so hard vnto the beastes that they their conquests are:
Euen so these valiant Grækes do chase this Troyan badly hapt,
Who could not scape, but wel he found himself stil more intrapt.
So fast did Dolon scoure away, that nere vnto the scoute
Of the Grækes watch he draweth nie, to Diomede the stoute
The goddesse Pallas doth encrease his strength and swiftnesse both,
That other should the honour haue (him taking) she was loth.

He with these wordes him ouertakes: I charge the for thy heade
No further passe, for if thou do, my dart shal do thée deade.
And herewithal hard by his necke he made the same to fly,
And Dolon staide more colde than yee, he stode so tremblingly,
That one full wel might heare his téeth togither so to shake:
The noble Grékes far out of breath do there the Troyan take,
Who letting fal whole flouds of teares doth open thus his voyce,
O warlike wights do saue my life, and at your proper choyce
I wil it buy, my sire with gold, with brasse and yron flowes,
And iewels great, which he wil giue, when he aliue me knowes,
And prisner in your handes to bée: Vlisse of wit so rare
Hayd, Troyan take you heart of grace, and put away this care,
And feare not death here of vs two, and tel me not to lye,
Deceiue me not in what I aske, nor in what know would I:
What enterprise haue you in hand, thus in the night to créepe
Unto our campe stil and alone when al men are aslépe?
Come you to séeke some carcase dead, that yesterday was slaine,
And it to spoyle, did Hector else bid you to take this paine?
Did he send you to spie his foes? by his commaundmente come yée
Or of your selfe? which of the two? the truth declare to me.
Quoth trembling dreadful Dolon tho, dead like in euery guise,
The hope that Hector put me in, it hath me made so wise,
That at his wil here come I am, wherof I finde I misse
To try the thing, he promist me, the chare of Achilles
And al that did belong thereto, so that I to him brought
From out your campe some certain newes, & wherby̅ you thought,
Whether you meant to take the sea, or to your tackle stand,
And chiefely if you kept your watch, and if your ships were mande
Quoth Vlisse with a smyling faint, by your own wordes I sée
Your minde doth dreame on greater things than fit for your degrée.
Those coursers are of nature such, no mastling may them guide
Their master, but, whom Ioue decréede should come out Thetis syde.
Tel me I pray thée without guile, when Hector bad thée hie,
Where was the man? and he vnarmde where doth his armour lie
That is so famed ouer all? and also in what woke
Do chariots his and coursers lodge, their trauel when they broke?

Dolon is entrapt by the two grekes.

Dolon to Vlisses and Diomedes.

Vlisses to Dolon.

Dolon to Vlisses.

Vlisses to Dolon.

What,

What do his people lye a bed with toyle of battel tierd,
Or do they watch, and for to fight is it of them desirerd?
What wil they kéepe the fields, and vs charge in the morning tide,
Or with their victorie to *Troy* wil they victorious ride?
Quoth Dolon I wil tel you true: when I came on my way,
The worthy Hector at the tombe of Ilus he did stay,
When with the greatst he did consult of matters méetest ware,
To ouerthrow his enimies it was his chiefest care.
As for the watch wherof you aske, sure Hector doth it wil,
But finally do his souldiours reach his minde for to fulfil,
They soundly sléepe. Some Troyans yet enforst are for their liues
The fires to light, for feare they lose their children, town, and wiues,
And nought but for pure néede they do. The strangers on them lay
The charge of al, their wiues far off, they sticke not so to say.
Vlisses further askes him thus: the forraines lodge they where,
The Troyans with, or by themselues? it would I gladly heare.
Unto this question which you aske, I truely wil you tel,
And where ech band is placed right: The *Caries* and *Peones* dwel,
The *Caucons*, *Lelges*, and *Pelasges* along the sea do ly,
On the other side to *Thimbra* hil the *Lycians* campe them by,
The *Phrygians*, *Meons*, *Misians*, but to what purpose now
Tel I by name the Troyans power? if thither go wil you,
Ful true you shal my spéeches finde, the souldiours new from *Thrace*
Lye far vs off, their cariages and they do kéepe their place:
Where Rhesus I their king did sée and stéedes of ferlie might,
In colour they do passe the snow his horses are so white,
As swift they are as is the winde, when Rhesus wil them ride,
His chare I saw of mettals two both fine and perfect tryde,
Composde of gold and siluer bright, his armor al of gold,
In al the earth is not the like, it straunge is to be told.
No liuing man I worthy thinke of worthy armour such,
For Ioue or for some other God I thinke of worthy armour much.
I hauing tolde you all you would, I humbly do you pray,
Leade me vnto your ships, or bound here let me ly I say,
And haskly go vnto our campe, and eyely do behold
If I in ought haue failed you, or not the truth haue told.

Dolō to Vlisses Ilus sepulchre by Troy.

Vlisses to Dolō. Dolon to Vlisses.

Comparisō of the swiftnesse and whitenes of Rhesus horses.

This

This spæth Diomede (loking thwart) to the pwze spie did giue, Diomedes to Dolon.
Hope not to scape my hands I say, thou canst no longer liue,
Although of thée we learned haue some things foz our behowse,
I know if we should let thée go at libertie alwse
Hereafter thou wouldst spie our campe, oz else the same assault,
But as I may, if I thée kil, the Grækes thou shalt not fault.
Such were his wozds, but Dolon thought yet to entreate ỳ Græk,
And drew nie soft to touch his chin, and fauour to beséke. Dolon slain by Diome.
But in this thought he to his necke his swozd so sowzely set,
That down he ouerthzew him dead, the cozdes in pieces fet,
Wherwith the heade tumbles aside and murmurs in the sal:
His sallet then of geatish skin, his cozslet fine withal
Of wolnish heire, his bended bow and dart he taketh straight,
And to the welkin then Vlisse (heauing his hands on height)
The harneis held, to Pallas prayde with soft and silent voyce, Vlises prayer to Mucrua.
At this oblation here we bring oh goddesse do reioyce,
As wozthyest of th'immoztals all, and most of power and might,
To whom we ought al wozthily bowes shape and aulters dight:
Distrings of vne thy Godhead hie shal haue, graunt vs the grace
That we oh Lady, at this time may come where they of *Thrace*
Are sounde a sléepe, oh Ladie graunt that we those armours sée,
Their godly stédes and Chariot which, is of such golden blée.
His prayer when ended had the Græke, eft vp his hands he holds, Dolons apparel hãged on a Tamarin tree.
Hie in the ayze, and on an heape the habites then he soldes,
And hangs them on a bow, and cuts a branch of Tamarin
A loftie arme, it sets foz marke when they returned bin,
Their way the better foz to finde, among the dead they passe,
And to the *Thracians* come at last as it determinde was,
In mightie rankes of numbers thzée them fast asléepe they fouws, Rhesus K. of Thrace asleepe among his souldiours.
And by eeh one his furniture lay closely on the ground.
Their stuffe, their harneis and theyz hozse, were nere at hand to vse:
To sléepe in midst of all his men king Rhesus he did chuse,
His stout and startling stédes him by, and tyed to his chare
With strong and lasting geares at ful, they rich and chosen ware, Vlisses to Diomedes.
This ozder when Vlisses saw, sayd, loe the king (my mate)
And hozsse wherof (when of the campe) our Dolon spake alate

Now more than euer muſt you ſtriue, and put your force in vre,
Sallet on head, and ſword in hand, for nought muſt not be ſure.
Do one of two, vnlo theſe ſteedes, and I theſe beaſtes wil kil,
Or take your ſword and ſlye them to, and I vnlooſe them wil.
The goddeſſe Pallas did encreaſe the doughtie Greeke his ſpirites,
Ye ſlayes them dead on euery ſide, and them in pieces ſmites.
The place is purple with the bloud, the grunts and grones are harde
Of ſuch as are in peeces cut, and by his weapon marde.
And as a raging Lion, who findes goats and ſheepe at large,
Out hold and wandring vp and down (the ſhepheard frō his charge)
Doth fal thē on, & with his pawes thē teares, & takes their bloud:
Ene ſo the Greeke the *Thracians* ſlue, he nothing was withſtode.
Twice ſixe his edged ſword did paſſe, of morts the place is fillde,
The carcaſes Vliſſe aſide did draw as he them killde.
Ye made the way the wilhed ſteedes more willing that they wente,
Nor ſhould not feare the dead to treade, nor doubt it what it ment.
The king for thirteenth Diomede out life to death doth ſwap
Ye ſweetely ſlept, but (ſilly man) it was a deadly nap,
The which (aſſiſted by Pallas) that night the Greeke him brought.
This while Vliſſe vnlo the ſteedes he on his office thought,
And haſtily through the multitude he brings them as a riuer,
And with his boyſtrous ſtubborne bow he layes on many a ſtiuer,
For haſt he had forgot the whip their way which makes them rid.
A little paſt, ſpying his friend, who by his buſineſſe bid,
Ye whiſtled to him in his fiſte, and wel the ſound he knew,
Straight for to know what he ſhould do Diomede to him drew.
As whether for to draw the chare which ful of armour lay,
It by the beame, or on his backe to bring it quite away,
Or elſe to tend to murder ſtil, or to returne him backe,
Of theſe thre points the valiant Greeke did reſolution lacke.
Wherwith his further Pallas ſaide, the acts whiche done thou haſte
Be pleaſed with, get thee away, that thou mayſt come at laſt
Al dreadleſſe ſafe vnto thy ſhips, thou mayſt wel doubtſome ſtop.
And leaſt ſome God the Troyan power ſhould ſet vpon thy top.
Diomede to Vliſſes cōmes, he hearing in this caſe
The counſaile god, ech mounts a ſtede right ſwift and fleete of pace,

Diomedes kils the Thracians a ſleepe.

Compariſō of a Lion finding ſheepe or goats vvithout a ſhepheard.

Rheſus the thirtenth that is ſlain

Vliſſes indoeth the horſes and brings thē avvay.

Vliſſes vvhiſtles to his fellovv.

Pallas to Diomedes.

Diomedes and Vliſſes mount the horſes and come avvay.

Vliſſes

Vlysses layde on with his bowe, he made them foꝛ to flie.
Againe Phœbus with siluer bow bestirres right carefullye
The Troyans foꝛ. Foꝛ when he spide Minerua foꝛ to chat
With the stout Grœke, and folow him, he wroth did growe therat,
And at the damage lately done, to Troyans straight he hyes,
And wakes king Rhesus vncle there Hippocoon as he lyes,
His vncle and his counsellor greate, who when he vp did reare,
And did behold that (as before) the coursers were not there,
But couerd place with slaughtred men, he cries, he houles, he whines,
Condemne he doth the *Thracian* bands, foꝛ sone the losse he findes.
Ye Rhesus, Rhesus named oft, which was his nephewe deare,
And Pꝛince so tenderly beloude. When as the campe did heare
His roarings loud, it moued all, and most of it did runne
Unto the place to view the newes, and sée what there was donne,
They maruel at the crueltie, and on the slaughter stare,
They say the Grœkes foꝛ the exploite of too much courage ware.
When the two kings came to the place where they had slain ỳ spie,
Vlysses stopte, the other downe there lighted by and by
The bloudie habites him to reatch, which done, he mounts agen,
And shoꝛtly come vnto the shippes, where Grœks attend the men.
Among the kings was Nestor first of al did heare a sound,
And knew they came, thus spake he them: Of folk of Grœkish ground
Ye shæpeheards yée, and of this campe so great the guiders graue,
Shal I vnto you tell a lye, and what in dꝛeame I haue?
My minde doth wil me to beléeue before I sée the thing,
A galloping of certaine hoꝛse dœpe in mine eare doth ring.
O would to God our champions two were of such cunning sight,
As scaping daungers they could bꝛing two goodly coursers light,
But much I dꝛead these noble men haue had some deadly hap.
Scarce had he said, but the two kings downe from their hoꝛses flap
Amongst them al: Eche one them grœtes, good woꝛds vse euery man,
And aged Nestor of them al thus to Vlysse began:
O thou the gloꝛie of our *Greece*, of honoꝛ woꝛthy king,
Declare vnto me I you pꝛay, these hoꝛses which you bꝛing
So straunge foꝛ whitenesse of their blée, and like the sunnie raies,
What, hath some God them giuen you, oꝛ haue you any wayes

Tumulte in the Thracians campe, for the death of king Rhesus.

Diomedes reacheth Dolons apparel to Vlysses.

Nestor to the Greeks attending.

Nestor to Vlysses.

Vpon thē the Troians fro: long time with Troians I haue fought;
And of my valo: shewde good p:owfe, fo: age I neuer sought
Ye to withd:awe, no: yet to clime my shippes, me there to hide,
Yet in the war I neuer sawe two coursers of such hyde.
I thinke some of the lofty Gods right careful of your good
To you haue them a p:esent sent: fo: Iupiter hath shewde
Wel knowne a friend vnto yourboth, and Pallas neuer quailing
Is fo:ward alwayes at your hand, with fauour neuer failing.

Vlysses to Nestor.

O Nestor sage good Neleus sonne, such steeds and coursers od
Quoth Vlysses to mo:tall wight may easily giue some God,
When they rewarde wil any one their pow:e is mo:e to giue,
Than man hath pow:e to aske and take, that here doth mo:tal liue.
King Rhesus dead not eft to fight them hither lately led,
This countrey to: As fo: the bo:se out *Thracia* they are bred.
His knife Diomedes hath thrust into king Rhesus th:oate,
And to twelue mo:e him sleeping by: As fo: this bloudy coate
It was the garment of a spie, the which we did entrap,
Ye slaine when we had al be knewe, and thus you heare our hap.
The trenches deep the coursers passe, the kings come hard at heeles,
This happy gaine and voiage makes them al to toy alwheeles.
To the rich tent when Vlysse came of his companion mate,

Vlysses set teth vp the horses in Diomedes tent.

Ye careful tyde his bo:ses fast, and plasse them in such rate,
As placed were the gallaunt steedes of the stout Greeke in ranke,
And where with bread and fo:der both the Greek his own did frank.

Diomedes & Vlysses vvash themselues in the sea, thei go to the baines, and are noynted vvyth oyle.

Ye Dolons geare did on the poupe hie in his ship bestowe,
And mindes to Pallas sacrifice and seruice ay to owe.
And straight these two so valiant Greeks, th:ough toile who soundly
To wash and bath their wearie limmes into the sea they get, (swet,
And there so wel do rub their neckes, their backs, their legs, & thies,
As they are cleansed of the filth which on their bodies lies.
They neate and wel refreshed thus, to pleasant baines do goe,
And there with oile they nointed are without from top to toe.

They goe to meate & sacrifice to Minerua.

They then to meate, and Pallas ayde they p:ay in humble wise,
And bolles of wine vpon the earth they pow:e in sacrifice.

Finis decimi Libri.